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THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINEER

By John Fox, Jr.

DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTION OF R. C. BALLARD-THRUSTON,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

IT was only a little while ago that the materialists declared that humanity was the product of heredity and environment; that history lies not *near* but *in* Nature; and that, in consequence, man must take his head from the clouds and study himself with his feet where they belong, to the earth. Since then, mountains have taken on a new importance for the part they have played in the destiny of the race, for the reason that mountains have dammed the streams of humanity, have let them settle in the valleys and spread out over plains; or have sent them on long detours around. When some unusual pressure has forced a current through some mountain-pass, the hills have cut it off from the main stream and have held it so stagnant, that, to change the figure, mountains may be said to have kept the records of human history somewhat as fossils hold the history of the earth.

Arcadia held primitive the primitive inhabitants of Greece, who fled to its rough hills after the Dorian invasion. The Pyrenees kept unconquered and strikingly unchanged the Basques—sole remnants perhaps in western Europe of the aborigines who were swept away by the tides of Aryan immigration; just as the Rocky Mountains protect the American Indian in primitive barbarism and not wholly subdued to-day and the Cumberland range keeps the Southern mountaineer to the backwoods civilization of the revolution. The reason is plain. The mountain

dweller lives apart from the world. The present is the past when it reaches him; and though past, is yet too far in the future to have any bearing on his established order of things. There is, in consequence, no incentive whatever for him to change. An arrest of development follows; so that once imprisoned, a civilization, with its dress, speech, religion, customs, ideas, may be caught like the shapes of lower life in stone, and may tell the human story of a century as the rocks tell the story of an age. For centuries the Highlander has had plaid and kilt; the peasant of Norway and the mountaineer of the German and Austrian Alps each a habit of his own; and every Swiss canton a distinctive dress. Mountains preserve the Gaelic tongue in which the scholar may yet read the refuge of Celt from Saxon, and in turn Saxon from the Norman-French, just as they keep alive remnants like the Rhaeto-Roman, the Basque and a number of Caucasian dialects. The Carpathians protected Christianity against the Moors, and in Java, the Brahman faith took refuge on the sides of the Volcano Gunung Lawa and there outlived the ban of Buddha.

So, in the log cabin of the Southern mountaineer, in his household furnishings, in his homespun, his linsey and, occasionally, in his hunting shirt, his coon-skin cap and moccasins one may summon up the garb and life of the pioneer; in his religion, his politics, his moral code, his folk



Spinning Wool, Poor Fork of the Cumberland River.

songs and his superstitions one may bridge the waters back to the old country, and through his speech one may even touch the remote past of Chaucer. For to-day he is a distinct remnant of Colonial times—a distinct relic of an Anglo-Saxon past.

It is odd to think that he was not discovered until the outbreak of the Civil War, although he was nearly a century old then, and it is really startling to realize that when one speaks of the Southern mountaineers, he speaks of nearly three millions of people who live in eight Southern States—Virginia and Alabama and the Southern States between—and occupy a region equal in area to the combined areas of Ohio and Pennsylvania, as big, say, as the German Empire and richer, perhaps, in timber and mineral deposits than any other region of similar extent in the world. This region was and is an unknown land. It has been aptly called "Appalachian America," and

the work of discovery is yet going on. The American mountaineer was discovered, I say, at the beginning of the war, when the Confederate leaders were counting on the presumption that Mason and Dixon's Line was the dividing line between the North and South, and formed therefore the plan of marching an army from Wheeling, in West Virginia, to some

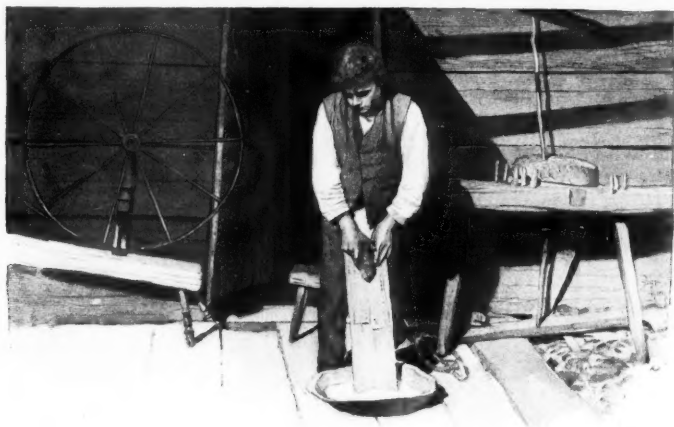


Washing at Flannery's Spring, Big Stone Gap, Wise County, Va.

point on the lakes, and thus dissevering the North at one blow. The plan seemed so feasible that it is said to have materially aided the sale of Confederate bonds in England, but when Captain Garnett, a West Point graduate, started to carry it out, he got no farther than Harper's Ferry. When he struck the mountains, he struck enemies who shot at his men from ambush, cut down bridges before him,

this non-slaveholding Southern mountaineer.

The war over, he went back to his cove and his cabin, and but for the wealth of his hills and the pen of one Southern woman, the world would have forgotten him again. Charles Egbert Craddock put him in the outer world of fiction, and in recent years railroads have been linking him with the outer world of fact. Religi-



"Gritting" Corn and Hand Corn-mill.

carried the news of his march to the Federals, and Garnett himself fell with a bullet from a mountaineer's squirrel rifle at Harper's Ferry. Then the South began to realize what a long, lean powerful arm of the Union it was that the Southern mountaineer stretched through its very vitals; for that arm helped hold Kentucky in the Union by giving preponderance to the Union sympathizers in the Blue-grass; it kept the East Tennesseans loyal to the man; it made West Virginia, as the phrase goes, "secede from secession;" it drew out a horde of one hundred thousand volunteers, when Lincoln called for troops, depleting Jackson County, Ky., for instance of every male under sixty years of age, and over fifteen, and it raised a hostile barrier between the armies of the coast and the armies of the Mississippi. The North has never realized, perhaps, what it owes for its victory to

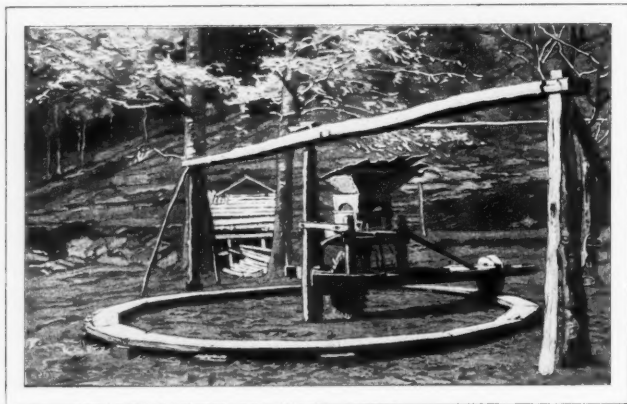
ous and educational agencies have begun work on him; he has increased in political importance, and a few months ago he went down heavily armed with pistol and Winchester—a thousand strong—to assert his political rights in the State capital of Kentucky. It was probably one of these mountaineers who killed William Goebel, and he no doubt thought himself as much justified as any other assassin who ever slew the man he thought a tyrant. Being a Unionist, because of the Revolution, a Republican, because of the Civil War, and having his antagonism aroused against the Blue-grass people, who, he believes, are trying to rob him of his liberties, he is now the political factor with which the Anti-Goebel Democrats—in all ways the best element in the State—have imperilled the Democratic Party in Kentucky. Sooner or later, there will be an awakening in the mountainous parts of the other seven

The Southern Mountaineer

States ; already the coal and iron of these regions are making many a Southern ear listen to the plea of protection ; and some day the National Democratic Party will, like the Confederacy, find a subtle and powerful foe in the Southern mountaineer and in the riches of his hills.

In the march of civilization westward, the Southern mountaineer has been left

stories of votes yet being cast for Andrew Jackson are but little exaggerated. An old Tennessee mountaineer once told me about the discovery of America by Columbus. He could read his Bible, with marvellous interpretations of the same. He was the patriarch of his district, the philosopher. He had acquired the habit of delivering the facts of modern progress



Horse Mill, Abner Branch of Left Beaver Creek, Kentucky.

in an isolation almost beyond belief. He was shut off by mountains that have blocked and still block the commerce of a century, and there for a century he has stayed. He has had no navigable rivers, no lakes, no coasts, few wagon-roads, and often no roads at all except the beds of streams. He has lived in the cabin in which his grandfather was born, and in life, habit, and thought he has been merely his grandfather born over again. The first generation after the Revolution had no schools and no churches. Both are rare and primitive to-day. To this day, few Southern mountaineers can read and write and cipher ; few, indeed, can do more. They saw little of the newspapers and were changeless in politics as in everything else. They cared little for what was going on in the outside world, and indeed they heard nothing that did not shake the nation. To the average mountaineer the earth was still flat and had four corners. It was the sun that girdled the earth, just as it did when Joshua told it to stand still, and precisely for that reason. The

to his fellows, and it never occurred to him that a man of my youth might be acquainted with that rather well-known bit of history. I listened gravely, and he went on, by and by, to speak of the Mexican War as we would speak of the fighting in China ; and when we got down to so recent and burning an issue as the late civil struggle, he dropped his voice to a whisper and hitched his chair across the fireplace and close to mine.

"Some folks had other ideas," he said, "but hit's my pussonal opinion that *niggahs was the cause o' the war.*"

When I left his cabin, he followed me out to the fence.

"Stranger," he said, "I'd ruther you wouldn't say nothin' about whut I been tellin' ye." He had been a lone rebel in sympathy and he feared violence at this late day, for expressing his opinion too freely. This old man was a "citizen" ; I was a "furriner" from the "settlements" —that is, the Blue-grass. Columbus was one of the "outlandish," a term that carried not only his idea of the parts hailed



Whip-sawing at the Head of Brownie's Creek.

from but his personal opinion of Columbus. Living thus, his interest centred in himself, his family, his distant neighbor, his grist mill, his country store, his county town; unaffected by other human influences; having no incentive to change, no wish for it, and remaining therefore unchanged, except where civilization during the last decade, has pressed in upon him

times the hominy block that the pioneers borrowed from the Indians, and a hand-mill for grinding corn like the one, perhaps, from which one woman was taken and another left in biblical days. Until a decade and a half ago they had little money, and the medium of exchange was barter. They drink metheglin still, as well as moonshine. They marry early, and only



A Characteristic Mountain Home of the Poorer Type.

the Southern mountaineer is thus practically the pioneer of the Revolution, the living ancestor of the Modern West.

The national weapons of the pioneer—the axe and the rifle—are the Southern mountaineer's weapons to-day. He has still the same fight with Nature. His cabin was, and is yet in many places, the cabin of the backwoodsman—of one room usually—sometimes two, connected by a covered porch, and built of unhewn logs with a puncheon floor, clapboards for shingles and wooden pin and augur-hole for nails. The crevices between the logs were filled with mud and stones when filled at all, and there were holes in the roof for the wind and the rain. Sometimes there was a window with a batten wooden shutter, sometimes no window at all. Over the door, across a pair of buck antlers, lay the long, heavy, home-made rifle of the backwoodsman, sometimes even with a flint lock. One can yet find a crane swinging in a big stone fireplace, the spinning-wheel and the loom in actual use; some-

last summer I saw a fifteen-year-old girl riding behind her father, to a log church to be married. After the service, her pill-ion was shifted to her young husband's horse, as was the pioneer custom, and she rode away behind him to her new home. There are still log-rollings, house-raising, house-warmings, corn-shuckings and quiltings. Sports are still the same—as they have been for a hundred years—wrestling, racing, jumping, and lifting barrels. Brutally savage fights are still common in which the combatants strike, kick, bite, and gouge until one is ready to cry "enough." Even the backwoods bully, loud, coarse, profane, bantering—a dandy who wore long hair and embroidered his hunting shirt with porcupine-quills—is not quite dead. I saw one not long since, but he wore store clothes, a gorgeous red tie, a dazzling brass scarf-pin—in the bosom of his shirt. His hair was sandy, but his mustache was blackened jet. He had the air and smirk of a lady-killer, and in the butt of the huge pistol buckled around him, was



Interior of a Log Cabin on Brownie's Creek.

a large black bow—the badge of death and destruction to his enemies. Funerals are most simple. Sometimes the coffin is slung to poles and carried by four men. While the begum has given place to hickory bark when a cradle is wanted, baskets and even fox-horns are still made of that material.

Not only many remnants like these are left in the life of the mountaineer, but, occasionally, far up some creek it was possible, as late as fifteen years ago, to come upon a ruddy, smooth-faced, big-framed old fellow, keen-eyed, taciturn, avoiding the main-travelled roads; a great hunter, calling his old squirrel rifle by some pet

feminine name—who, with a coon-skin cap, the scalp in front, and a fringed hunting-shirt and moccasins, completed the perfect image of the pioneer as the books and tradition have handed him down to us.

It is easy to go on back across the water to the Old Country. One finds still among the mountaineers the pioneer's belief in signs, omens, and the practice of witchcraft; for whatever traits the pioneer brought over the sea, the Southern mountaineer has to-day. The rough-and-tumble fight of the Scotch and the English square stand-up and knock-down boxing-match were the mountaineer's ways of settling minor disputes—one or the other, according

to agreement—until the war introduced musket and pistol. The imprint of Calvinism on his religious nature is yet plain, in spite of the sway of Methodism for nearly a century. He is the only man in the world whom the Catholic Church has made little or no effort to proselyte. Dislike of Episcopalianism is still strong among people who do not know or pretend not to know what the word means.

"Any Episcopalians around here?" asked a clergyman at a mountain cabin. "I don't



Sweep Mill or Hominy Mortar on Lick Branch, Knox County, Ky.



A "Meetin'-house" of the Better Class.

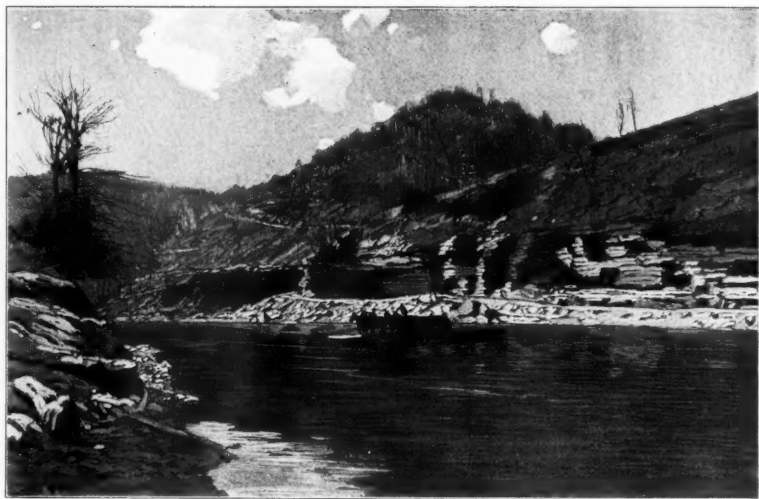
know," said the old woman. "Jim's got the skins of a lot o' varmints up in the loft. Mebbe you can find one up thar."

The Unionism of the mountaineer in the late war is in great part an inheritance from the intense Americanism of the backwoodsman, just as that Americanism came from the spirit of the Covenanters. His music is thus a trans-Atlantic remnant. In Harlan County, Ky., a mountain girl leaned her chair against the wall of her cabin, put her large bare feet on one of the rungs and sang me an English ballad three hundred years old, and almost as long as it was ancient. She said she knew many others. In Perry County, where there are in the French-Eversole feud, McIntyres, McIntoshes, McKnights, Combs, probably McCombs and Fitzpatricks, Scotch ballads are said to be sung with Scotch accent, and an occasional copy of Burns is to be found. I have even run across the modern survival of the wandering minstrel—two blind fiddlers who were about the mountains making up "ballets" to celebrate the deeds of leaders in Kentucky feuds. One of the verses ran:

The death of these two men
Caused great trouble in our land,
Caused men to say the bitter word,
And take the parting hand.

Nearly all songs and dance tunes are written in the so-called old Scotch scale, and like negro music, they drop frequently into the relative minor; so that if there be any truth in the theory that negro music is merely the adaptation of Scotch and Irish folk-songs and folk-dance, and folk-dances with the added stamp of the negro's peculiar temperament, then the music adapted is to be heard in the mountains to-day as the negro heard it long ago.

In his speech, the mountaineer touches a very remote past. Strictly speaking, he has no dialect. The mountaineer simply keeps in use old words and meanings that the valley people have ceased to use; but nowhere is this usage so sustained and consistent as to form a dialect. To writers of mountain stories, the temptation seems quite irresistible to use more peculiar words in one story than can be gathered from the people in a month. Still, unusual words are abundant. There are perhaps two hundred words, meanings, and pronunciations that in the mountaineer's speech go back unchanged to Chaucer. Some of the words are: afeard, afore, axe, help, crope, clomb, peert, beast (horse), cryke, eet (ate), farwel, fer (far), fool (foolish—"them fool-women"), heepe, hit (it), I is, lepte, pore



Ferrying at Jackson, Ky.

(poor), right (very), slyk, study (think), souple (supple), up (verb), "he up and done it," usen, yer for year, yond, instid, yit, etc. There are others which have English dialect authority: blather, doated, antic, dreen, brash, faze (now modern slang), fernent, ferninst, master, size, etc. Many of these words, of course, the upper classes use throughout the South. These the young white master got from his negro playmates, who took them from the lips of the poor whites. The double negative, always used by the old English who seem to have resisted it no more than did the Greeks, is invariable with the mountaineer. With him a triple negative is common. A mountaineer had been shot. His friends came in to see him and kept urging him to revenge. A woman wanted them to stop.

"Hit jes' raises the ambition in him and *don't do no good nohow.*"

The "dialect" is not wholly deterioration then. What we are often apt to regard as ignorance in the mountaineer is simply our own disuse. Unfortunately, the speech is a mixture of so many old English dialects that it is of little use in tracing the origin of the people who use it.

Such has been the outward protective effect of mountains on the Southern moun-

taineer. As a human type he is of unusual interest.

No mountain people are ever rich. Environment keeps mountaineers poor. The strength that comes from numbers and wealth is always wanting. Agriculture is the sole stand-by and agriculture distributes population because arable soil is confined to bottom-lands and valleys. Farming on a mountain-side is not only arduous and unremunerative—it is sometimes dangerous. There is a well-authenticated case of a Kentucky mountaineer who fell out of his own corn-field and broke his neck. Still, though fairly well-to-do in the valleys, the Southern mountaineer can be pathetically poor. A young preacher stopped at a cabin in Georgia to stay all night. His hostess, as a mark of unusual distinction, killed a chicken and dressed it in a pan. She rinsed the pan and made up her dough in it. She rinsed it again and went out and used it for a milk-pail. She came in, rinsed it again, and went to the spring and brought it back full of water. She filled up the glasses on the table and gave him the pan with the rest of the water in which to wash his hands. The woman was not a slattern; it was the only utensil she had.

This poverty of natural resources makes



Browning's Grist Mill, One Mile and a Half Northwest from Jonesville, Lee County, Va.—An Overshot Wheel.

the mountaineer's fight for life a hard one. At the same time it gives him vigor, hardihood, and endurance of body ; it saves him from the comforts and dainties that weaken ; and it makes him a formidable competitor, when it forces him to come down into the plains, as it often does. For this poverty was at the bottom of the marauding instinct of the Pict and Scot, just as it is at the bottom of the migrating instinct that sends the Southern mountaineers west in spite of a love for home that is a proverb with the Swiss, and is hardly less strong in the Southern mountaineer today. Invariably the Western wanderer comes home again. Time and again an effort was made to end a feud in the Kentucky mountains by sending the leaders away. They always came back. The last but one of the Turners in the Howard - Turner feud was urged by his friends to leave the mountains. The Howard leader was "waitin' in the lorrel" for him, as the mountaineers characterize waiting in ambush—a thing the Turner scorned to do. His answer was that he would rather stay where he was a year and die than live to old age away

from home. In less than a year he was waylaid and killed.

It is this poverty of arable land that further isolates the mountaineer in his loneliness. For he must live apart not only from the world but from his neighbor. The result is an enforced self-reliance, and through that the gradual growth of an individualism that has been "the strength, the weakness ; the personal charm, the political stumbling-block ; the ethical significance and the historical insignificance



Grinding Corn with a Hand Corn-mill, Poor Fork, Harlan County, Ky.

of the mountaineer the world over." It is this isolation, this individualism that makes unity of action difficult, public sentiment weak, and takes from the law the righting of private wrongs. It is this individualism that has been a rich mine for the writer of fiction. In the Southern mountaineer, its most marked elements are religious feeling, hospitality, and pride. So far these last two traits have been lightly touched upon, for the reason that they appear only

corn-bread and potatoes for supper and for breakfast, cooked by the mountaineer. The stranger asked how far away his next neighbor lived. "A leetle the rise o' six miles I reckon," was the answer.

"Which way?"

"Oh, jes' over the mountain thar."

He had stepped six miles over the mountain and back for that little bag of meal, and he would allow his guest to pay nothing next morning.



Primitive Cotton-gin on Poor Fork of Cumberland River.

by contrast with a higher civilization that has begun to reach them only in the last few years.

The latch-string hangs outside every cabin-door if the men-folks are at home, but you must shout "hello" always outside the fence.

"We 'uns is pore," you will be told, "but y'u're welcome ef y'u kin put up with what we have."

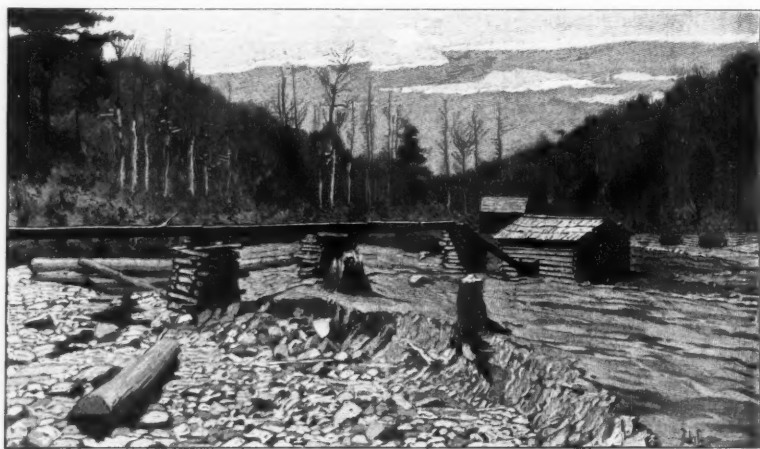
After a stay of a week at a mountain cabin a young "furriner" asked what his bill was. The old mountaineer waved his hand. "Nothin'," he said, "'cept come agin!"

A belated traveller asked to stay all night at a cabin. The mountaineer answered that his wife was sick and they were sorter out o' fixins' to eat, but he reckoned he mought step over to a neighbor's an borer some. He did step over and he was gone three hours. He brought back a little bag of meal, and they had

I have slept with nine others in a single room. The host gave up his bed to two of our party, and he and his wife slept with the rest of us on the floor. He gave us supper, kept us all night, sent us away next morning with a parting draught of moonshine apple-jack, of his own brewing by the way, and would suffer no one to pay a cent for his entertainment. That man was a desperado, an outlaw, a moonshiner, and was running from the sheriff at that very time.

Two outlaw sons were supposed to be killed by officers. I offered aid to the father to have them decently clothed and buried, but the old man, who was as bad as his sons, declined it with some dignity. They had enough left for that; and if not, why he had.

A woman whose husband was dead, who was sick to death herself, whose four children were almost starved, said, when she heard the "furriners" were talking



A Moonshine Still.

about sending her to the poor-house, that she "would go out on her crutches and hoe corn fust" (and she did), and that "people who talked about sending her to the po'-house had better save their breath to make prayers with."

It is a fact—in the Kentucky mountains at least—that the poor-houses are usually empty, and that it is considered a disgrace to a whole clan if one of its members is an inmate. It is the exception when a family is low and lazy enough to take a revenue from the State for an idiot child. I saw a boy once, astride a steer which he had bridled with a rope, barefooted, with his yellow hair sticking from his crownless hat—and in blubbering ecstasy over the fact that he was no longer under the humiliation of accepting \$75 a year from the State. He had proven his sanity by his answer to one question.

"Do you work in the field," asked the commissioner.

"Well, ef I didn't," was the answer, "thar wouldn't be no work done."

I have always feared, however, that there was another reason for his happiness than balm to his suffering pride. Relieved of the ban of idiocy, he had gained a privilege—unspeakably dear in the mountains—the privilege of matrimony.

Like all mountain races, the Southern

mountaineers are deeply religious. In some communities religion is about the only form of recreation they have. They are for the most part Methodists and Baptists—sometimes, Ironsides feet-washing Baptists. They will walk, or ride, when possible, eight or ten miles, and sit all day in a close, windowless log-cabin on the flat side of a slab supported by pegs, listening to the high-wrought emotional and, at times, unintelligible ranting of a mountain preacher, while the young men sit outside whittling with their Barlows and huge jack-knives, and swapping horses and guns.

"If anybody wants to extrIBUTE anything to the export of the gospels hit will be gradually received." A possible remark of this sort will gauge the intelligence of the pastor. The cosmopolitanism of the congregation can be guessed from the fact that certain elders, filling a vacancy in their pulpit, once decided to "take that ar man Spurgeon if they could git him to come." It is hardly necessary to add that the "extriBution to the export of the gospels" is very, very gradually received.

Naturally, their religion is sternly orthodox and most literal. The infidel is unknown, and no mountaineer is so bad as not to have a full share of religion deep down, though, as in his more civilized

brother, it is not always apparent until death is at hand. In the famous Howard and Turner war, the last but one of the Turner brothers was shot by a Howard while he was drinking at a spring. He leaped to his feet, and fell in a little creek where, from behind a sycamore-root, he emptied his Winchester at his enemy, and between the cracks of his gun he could be heard, half a mile away, praying aloud.

The custom of holding funeral services for the dead annually, for several years after death, is common. I heard the fourth annual funeral sermon of a dead feud leader preached a few summers ago, and it was consoling to hear that even he had all the virtues that so few men seem to have in life, and so few to lack when dead. But in spite of the universality of religious feeling and a surprising knowledge of the Bible, it is possible to find an ignorance that is almost incredible. The mountain evangelist, George O. Barnes, it is said, once stopped at a mountain cabin and told the story of the crucifixion as few other men can. When he was quite through, an old woman who had listened in absorbed silence asked:

"Stranger, you say that that happened a long while ago?"

"Yes," said Mr. Barnes; "almost two thousand years ago."

"And they treated him that way when he'd come down fer nothin' on earth but to save 'em?"

"Yes."

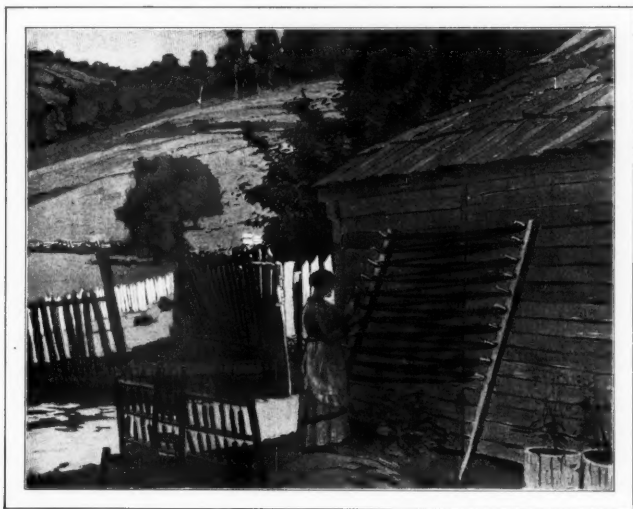
The old woman was crying softly, and she put out her hand and laid it on his knee.

"Well, stranger," she said, "let's hope that hit ain't so."

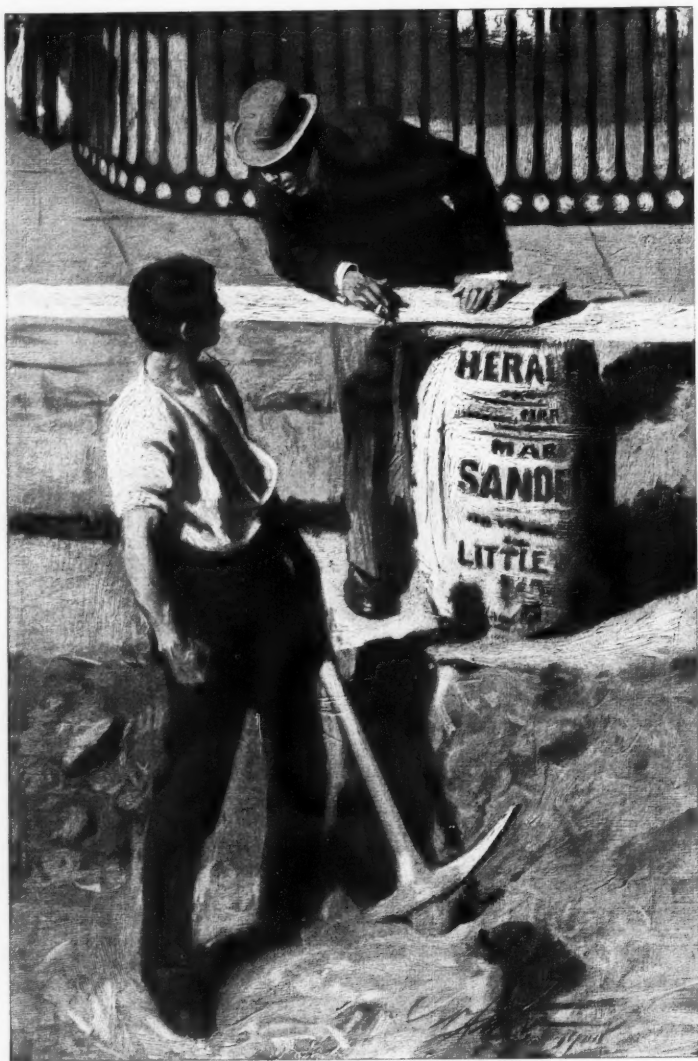
She did not want to believe that humanity was capable of such ingratitude. While ignorance of this kind is rare, and while we may find men who know the Bible from "kiver to kiver," it is not impossible to find children of shrewd native intelligence who have not heard of Christ and the Bible.

Now, whatever interest the Southern mountaineer has as a remnant of pioneer days, as a relic of an Anglo-Saxon past, and as a peculiar type that seems to be the invariable result of a mountain environment—the Kentucky mountaineer shares in a marked degree. Moreover he has an interest peculiarly his own; for I believe him to be as sharply distinct from his fellows, as the blue-grass Kentuckian is said to be from his.

(To be concluded in May.)



"Warping."



Drawn by C. W. Hawthorne.

"How'd you like to keep this job?" asked the walking delegate.—Page 406.

THE UNION AND BILLY BELL

By Robert Alston Stevenson



HE paymaster of the Vulcan Machine Shop shoved up the window of his office with a bang, looked deliberately at the waiting crowd of workmen in the office-yard, scowled a little as he thought of his importance on pay-day, and shouted, "William Bell."

A young machinist stepped quickly up to the window, received his yellow pay envelope with a brisk thanks, and set off across the yards to the shops.

"George Brews—" The paymaster stopped suddenly.

"Gee!" he ejaculated.

"What's up?" asked his assistant.

"It looks like a row between Marini and Billy Bell."

The office force rushed to the window, as men do when they hear the preliminaries of a dog-fight. Outside, a little way from the window, stood Billy Bell, looking straight into the eyes of Marini, the walking delegate of the Machinists' Union. Two hundred men, standing about the yard, knew that something always happened when Marini stopped a man on pay-day, and nervously awaited results. The walking delegate had come into the yard unnoticed, as Billy left the window, and his first remark had not been heard. Billy's answer was clean cut.

"You're a liar," he said, slowly; "look in that envelope."

"Come now," answered Marini, "that's an old game; how about the rebate you paid back to the boss?"

"Come into the office. Baxter'll tell you I am square."

"I made Baxter show me his pay-roll yesterday; it's all right; he's too old to put down proof against himself on his own pay-roll; no use kicking, you've been cutting the union rate, and paying part of your wages back; you're a traitor to the union, you're—"

"Look at Billy," whispered the paymaster, who was something of a sport, to his assistant.

Billy's face was flushed, his arms hung loosely at his sides, but his fingers were gradually coming up into a tight fist. His right arm looked uneasy.

"You're a sneak," Marini went on.

"Who told you, was it Lave?" asked Billy.

"None of your business," answered Marini; "we've got proof. I wanted to show you up before the shop. I've done that," waving dramatically toward the workmen. "The union'll take care of your case Saturday night."

"Is that all?" asked Billy.

"Yes," sneered Marini.

It was all over in a minute; Billy struck but once. The Italian staggered back, stumbled and fell; he was up in a moment, instinctively feeling for the knife he carried in the old days; but suddenly remembering his dignity, he stopped, and looked after the group of highly shocked machinists that was hustling Billy away.

"You're all witnesses," he observed to the men about him; "be sure you are at the meeting Saturday," and showing his teeth in a smile that made them feel chilly, he walked rapidly out of the yard.

"Wasn't that a bird of a punch?" remarked the paymaster, turning to his case of envelopes again.

"Beauty," answered his assistant, "but I wouldn't give much for Billy's job now: Marini will hound him out of the union for that knockout."

"I bet he fights, and dies game."

"It will be the fight of his life, then," observed the assistant, and the business of pay-day went on as if nothing had happened. But something had happened; out in the shop Billy Bell had sworn to his friend, Lank Herrick, that if the union believed Marini's lie and fined him, he'd fight, if it broke him.

"You can't win," urged Lank.

"Mebbe not," said Billy, "but—" and this was the unusual thing—"I'm square, and Marini ain't going to bully me."

No one in the Machinists' Union, for years back, had dared to lift a voice against

its walking delegate, Antonio Lucca Marini. Employers hated him, everybody admired his grit, few men liked him, and he was feared in the union more than the iron law of wages.

The trouble began two years before, when Billy Bell, fresh from a little shop up the State, persuaded the foreman of the Vulcan Shop to give him a job. A few days after he was taken on, he was asked to join the union. He said he would consider the matter, and didn't understand why the old hands smiled and hoped that he would find it convenient to give them a favorable answer within the week. He did consider the matter carefully, and finally entered the union because he thought the principle was right, and that workingmen ought to combine to protect their interests. Then he made the mistake of forgetting all about the principles of trades unions, and paying strict attention to his job. He was ambitious, had no grievance against millionnaires, or the piece price paid in the Vulcan Shop, and hoped some day, by hard work, to better his position. The result was, that he soon attracted attention; in the offices because he turned out good work, in the shop because he managed to earn more money than was considered judicious by less capable workmen. The older men liked him, but the younger crowd, the men who wore flashy ties and very yellow shoes on Sundays—Billy never joined them on their Coney Island trips—thought he was entirely too fresh, and ought to be called down.

One day Lave, one of the laziest men in the shop, and consequently most apprehensive of the vulture-like habits of Capital, lounged up to Billy's bench, borrowed a chew and began, "Look here, Billy, do you know what you're doing?"

Billy nodded.

"What?" asked Lave, trapped.

"Minding my own business."

He thought it was a good joke and laughed, but it angered Lave.

"You're too fresh," Lave went on, "and you're going to get the piece price cut, if you don't let up and work like a white man."

"Go worry about your own work." Billy was a little nettled.

"The men ain't going to stand it," Lave

continued; "you're working against them, and you'll be taking bread out of their mouths"—Lave made speeches occasionally—"and I warn you to look out, you green countryman!"

"Lave, go back to your work," said a voice from behind. It was Mr. Baxter, the superintendent, who had been listening. Lave hurried away, sheepishly, but not before he had caught the superintendent's remark, "Billy, go ahead, and do your best; you will not regret it."

Of course Lave told his cronies that Billy was trying to curry favor with the boss, and after consultation with his bosom friend, the walking delegate, a studied effort was made to annoy the young machinist.

His tools disappeared, his locker was broken open and rifled of some of his cherished note-books, working drawings entrusted to him were mutilated, and hardest of all, for he was sensitive, Billy frequently heard half-finished sentences about the country sucker.

It ended in a row. Billy kept his temper and plodded along, until one morning he discovered that someone had tampered with the gear of his lathe, on which he had left an unfinished job the evening before, and his work, a delicate piece of experimental machinery, was ruined. Blaming himself for his own carelessness in not seeing that every thing was right before he threw on his power, he was about to report the affair to the foreman, when Lave came along looking satisfied.

"Is that the way you farmers do work?" he asked.

"How did you know anything was wrong," demanded Billy, suspiciously.

Lave grinned.

"Look here," Billy went on, angrily, "you're a low sneak."

"I ain't a sucker, anyhow."

Billy lost his head completely; turning quickly he hit Lave, and he hit him hard.

"I ain't even with you yet," Lave announced, after the excitement was over and the foreman was ordering the men back to their work, and that was what made Billy so angry, when Marini accused him of taking wages under the scale. It flashed on him that Lave and Marini were planning to drive him out of the union. He felt the injustice of it all, and then, angered at Marini's taunts, did the most impolitic

thing a machinist in New York could do—he struck the man who controlled the trade on Manhattan Island.

During the rest of the week Billy went about his work as usual, never losing hope that his friends in the shop would stand by him, when it came to the question whether he or Marini told the truth. Even big Sam Davis, the foreman, mentioned the matter one night on the way uptown. "Marini'll have you fined, sure," he remarked; "better pay it."

"But I don't pay back a rebate," insisted Billy.

"I know it," said Sam, "and the best men in the shop know you wouldn't knife 'em, but they don't run the union these days. Lave's been laying for you; somehow he's the only man that can work Marini; between 'em they run the ring. Better eat dirt, pay your fine and keep your job."

"I'll go broke first."

"You're huntin' trouble," remarked Sam, as he left the car.

Harmony Hall was crowded and blue with a thin tobacco-haze when Billy pushed through the doors on Saturday night. The story of how Marini had been knocked down had been told all over town, and most of the men were discussing it, when Billy walked up the aisle toward a few vacant seats in front. The hum stopped for a second, and one of Billy's "How are you's," to a group of his shopmates sounded loud and very awkward. He took a seat, tried to fill his pipe and look around naturally, as he had always done before, but no one would look at him, so he puffed his pipe hot and watched the arc-light above the president's table sputter and spit, until Lank Herrick took a seat beside him.

"Ain't you afraid to sit by me?" asked Billy.

"Shut up," whispered Lank; "this meetin's packed; the fellows say to take you're dose and wait; you ain't got no show to-night."

"They do, do they; they're afraid, they're a lot of——"

"Don't be a fool," interrupted Lank.

"Come to order," shouted the chairman.

While the little secretary droned through his minutes the union smoked and chewed in silence; there was a little shuffle when Marini came in, looking sleek and capable. A moment later, the president poured a glass of water from the cracked pitcher beside him and took a drink, cleared his throat and asked, in a solemn voice, "Has the Executive Committee anything to report?"

The union took a long breath as Marini rose, put his right hand between the first and second buttons of his cutaway coat, and addressed the president in his public meeting voice:

"Mr. Chairman, I regret to report that there is a traitor in the union—in Harmony Hall to-night. During the past two weeks proof has come into the hands of the Executive Committee that a member of our brotherhood"—everyone turned to look at Billy, and then turned away again—"has been cutting our piece-work scale by paying back a rebate to his boss; that man is William Bell, of the Vulcan Shops. I move you, sir, that he be fined two hundred dollars, and suspended till he pays it."

"Seconded," from the back of the hall.

"All in favor," mumbled the president.

The ayes yelled and stamped their feet. A few noes popped out here and there, but they were very weak.

"Carried and so ordered," said the president, and mopped his face with a red handkerchief; he was glad his part was over.

Billy jumped to his feet. "It's a lie," he shouted, "I demand a hearing."

"Out of order," shouted the president; "a suspended member has no rights to the floor."

Billy stared round the hazy, quiet room, no one would look at him. The chairman sat tapping the table softly with his gavel. The secretary scratched down his notes. Feeling lonely and hopeless he was about to sit down, when he caught sight of Lave's face; it was filled with a satisfied grin. He sprang into the aisle and turned toward the audience. Everyone looked at him now.

"You call yourselves honest American workmen," he shouted, in a husky voice, "and you convict a man without hearing his side. I know what you'd say"—turn-

ing to Marini—"you'd say the Executive Committee can keep evidence secret if it wants to. I know there's no use saying I'm innocent, to a pack of cowards, but I do say that I'll never pay that fine, and I'll fight the lying, sneaking cowards that put it on me, if I starve for it."

He picked up his hat, walked down the aisle, and through the crowd in the back of the hall to the narrow stairway that led down to Third Avenue.

Harlem seemed very far away that night, as he sat in the jerking, screeching cable-car. Billy wondered whether the fat, perspiring German that sat opposite him knew what it was to have his friends go back on him, and then he wondered what Annie McCready would say. His refusal to pay the fine meant that Marini could shut him out of any shop in New York, and that would mean that they would have to give up the plans they had made for the winter.

Later, in the little parlor of a flat in Harlem, he told her the whole story.

"Billy," she asked, when he had finished, and sat staring at the flickering gas-stove, "are you going to pay that fine?"

"I said I wouldn't, but——"

"I'll never marry you if you do." Annie tossed her head.

"I knew you'd back me up," said Billy; and now you know one of the reasons why Billy had worked so hard.

Monday morning Billy went down to the shop as usual, although he knew that the ring would not allow him to go on with his work until the fine was paid. It was out of the question to hope that the boss would take up his fight; there were too many large contracts on hand; besides, a strike was a costly matter. He was not surprised that the men avoided him, and only grunted when Lank told him that he had messed the whole business, by calling the union a pack of cowards.

"We were trying to get the solid men together," he explained, "and if you'd only kept your mouth shut we might have done something; everybody's mad now."

"I ain't built that way," said Billy, shortly.

"Well," said Lank, "I'll stick by you; we'll get our chance some day."

"Mr. Baxter wants you," shouted the dirty-faced errand boy, coming up.

Billy put on his coat, took his dinner-bucket, and a moment later entered the superintendent's office. Marini was there, looking suave and a trifle bored.

"Billy," said Mr. Baxter, wheeling his chair about, "Marini here accuses me of taking a rebate from you; I've given my word that it isn't so, and I want you to prove it."

"It's no use," said Billy, "Marini fired me out of the union Saturday night, without giving me a chance to say a word."

"Is that so?" asked Baxter, turning toward Marini.

"The union suspended him," answered the delegate.

"But it isn't so." Baxter brought his feet down with a thump.

"Ain't it?" answered Marini, smilingly; "anyhow, Bell can't work in this shop until he pays his fine; otherwise——"

"Otherwise——" repeated Baxter.

"I strike the shop."

"Strike it, then," shouted Baxter.

"Billy, you go back to work. Marini, get out, quick; I'm running this shop."

"All right," answered Marini, picking up his hat.

Twenty minutes later, not a wheel was turning in the shop. Marini, leaning on his bicycle at the curb, waited until—dinner-bucket in hand, the men began to stream through the gates; then, satisfied that his order was being obeyed, he pedaled down Second Avenue, with Lave.

That afternoon the president of the company—a comfortable-looking gentleman with a white mustache, rose at a hastily summoned meeting of the directors, and in answer to Mr. Baxter's excited demand that an end should be put to Marini's tyranny, gently observed, "tut tut"—his game of golf had been interrupted at the sixth hole—"we must not be hasty; our Government contracts are under a penalty; besides, it appears to me that it would be a most extraordinary proceeding for us to champion a union man against his own union, most remarkable." He was wondering whether he could catch a train in time to play nine holes before dinner.

It was so voted. Two days later the shops were running, and Billy was looking for work.

Billy was not of the sort that stands on saloon corners and curses his hard luck. He knew that there was no use trying to get a job in New York, so, with a recommendation from Mr. Baxter, he crossed the Bridge and applied for work at the non-union shops in Brooklyn and Long Island City. Within a week he found a temporary position in a small shop in Astoria, and took it, hoping by hard work to make it permanent.

"I told you so," said Annie McCready, when he told her of his good luck; "you'll get there, in spite of them," and Billy worked hard and happily, until Lank told him that Marini and Lave had found out where he was and were watching him.

Not long after, as he came off the ferry one evening, he saw Lave and Marini waiting in the cage for the outgoing boat, and the next morning learned that they had been hobnobbing with the men in his shop whose non-union sympathies were weakest. From that day on he felt uneasy. Little by little he saw the union sentiment grow. Marini was working quietly and skilfully, and finally, timing his plans with a big contract, addressed a meeting of the men, talked them into the union, and informed their employers that if they didn't like it, and discharged the union men, he would have to order a strike.

The result of it all was that Billy was discharged without reasons, and found himself in midwinter without a job, willing, almost crazy to work, but unable to swing a hammer in his own trade. The non-union shops were running full-handed. He applied at all of them for work, even as far as Bergen Point, but nothing came of it. Gradually his savings disappeared, and the longing to work for work's sake gave way to the desperate, panicky feeling that comes when no work means suffering, helplessness, the charity organization perhaps; and that is a loathsome thing to the workingman.

Day after day he trudged up and down town, looking for work, any kind of work, but there were three men to every job, even the sandwich-board jobs, and he had to return at night to the hot, foul rooms and dirty bed of a fifteen-cent Bowery lodging-house. He had given up his old boarding-house long ago.

He found out what it was to envy a man with a hod and a steady job, and to look upon snow as a Godsend. He had often seen shivering men, in derby hats, shabby cutaway coats with the collars turned up and buttoned tight, shovelling snow, with hands bare, and thought they were queer-looking hoboes.

Then he thought unskilled labor beneath him, and that it was a man's own fault if he couldn't earn more than a dollar and a half a day. Now he was glad to stand, stamping, for hours before daylight in the cold, waiting for a brass check and the privilege to earn something to eat and a place to sleep. Of course it hurt his pride. To be compelled to give up your own business, and take a small clerkship would gall you—it was pretty much the same thing with Billy, only he had to hunt for a pick and shovel, instead of a pen and three-legged stool.

He grew sullen, and even found it hard to be cheerful on Saturday nights, when Annie called him her own gritty Bill, and a great many other things that used to give him courage to face a whole week's disappointment.

Lank Herrick, whom he occasionally met, said bluntly that he was a fool, but never stopped working to organize an opposition against the ring. He found the task easier, as the winter passed by. Marini had become insufferably ambitious; he ordered strikes on the slightest provocation in some shops and never found anything wrong in others, and it was whispered, as it always is whispered by union men against their leaders, that he was being bought off. Steady men, earning good wages, compelled to go out—they didn't know why, and after a week or two's idleness, at Marini's word ordered back, having won they didn't know what—began to chafe at the insecurity they felt. But Marini was a capable and clever leader. Learning of the discontent, he made the most brilliant speech of his whole career; told them that he was only establishing the power of the union; told how, single-handed, he had organized it and fought for it, during its early struggles for a shorter working day and better pay, and asked for harmony and support until the union was invincible. It was all true; he really believed that he was working for a great cause, and

The Union and Billy Bell

the grumblers, winking at his personal ambitions and spites, forgave and forgot for a month or two, but Lank kept the discontent brewing.

Meanwhile, Billy struggled on. When winter broke it was somewhat easier to live, for he wasn't obliged to spend the few stray dollars he earned now and then, at odd jobs, on the detested lodging-house. He carried the banner. If you don't know what that means, follow the seedy individual whom the policeman pokes out of a stolen nap on the park bench. He can't afford even the Mills Hotel, and the law does not approve of his sleeping in the open air. It does permit him to walk all night, and he walks, stealing a nap here and there when he can, and the policeman's "move along" is his bad dream.

It's numbing work, from midnight to dawn, whether you're a tramp or only out of work, and the sleepy unwary are lucky if they escape the Island on a vagrancy commitment.

Billy carried his banner through the long nights, in the downtown parks, along the vacant lots on the river-front, and sometimes as far north as Harlem, until one red-letter morning he got a job with a pick in the Madison Avenue trolley ditches.

His back ached for days after he began work, but the mere thought of having something regular to do every day was grateful, and he was as cheerful as a discouraged, high grade mechanic, swinging a pick in a ditch with men he considers his inferiors, can be, until he found that his health was failing.

One afternoon, aching and tired, he was wearily drudging through the hard last hours when he heard his name called. He looked up and saw Marini leaning over the guard-rail. "How'd you like to keep this job?" asked the walking delegate.

Billy leaned against the ditch and looked at Marini.

"After blackmail are you?" He knew that Marini's political influence was worth while to the contractor.

"I'd call it interest on the fine," said Marini; "three dollars a week sent to my address will keep this job."

"Marini," said Billy, slowly, "if I wasn't too weak I'd smash in your face with this pick."

"No you wouldn't, you'd have more

sense. Think it over. I'll stop to-morrow to get your answer," said the delegate, moving away. He called the next day, but Billy was not in the ditch. The night before he had been taken to Roosevelt Hospital, delirious and down with typhoid fever.

Three months later, convalescent and almost well, Billy was standing looking through the iron fence of the Hospital yard at the bustling, hurrying crowd, dodging cars and a swarm of newsboys at the Fifty-ninth Street corner, when he saw Mr. Baxter hurrying along Ninth Avenue.

"Well, Billy," called out the superintendent, thrusting his hand through the fence, "just the man I'm looking for; could you go to work next Wednesday?"

"I guess so," said Billy; "I get out day after to-morrow."

"Good," said Baxter; "heard the news? Marini has got up new demands about apprentices, shop rules, and a lot of nonsense no one can stand. He threatens a general holdup if we don't give in, but Lloyd & Rush, the Acton people, and our own concern have got up a combination to fight, and we're going to win, too. Sam Davis and Lank will stick by us, and we've got a job for you as assistant foreman; will you take it?"

"Yes," said Billy, "but you know I'm a union man."

"That's all right; we're not fighting the union; we're fighting Marini; we'll take on any union man that wants to work. Lank says that over half our men don't want this thing. They are tired of Marini's fool nonsense."

"All right," said Billy; "when do you want me?"

"Next Wednesday," answered the superintendent, running for his car.

Early the following Thursday morning Marini unlocked the door of the union's headquarters, over Lannigan's saloon, on Third Avenue. He threw up the windows, to get rid of the over-night beery, cigar-stump smell, sat down at his table, lighted his pipe and smiled. It was the day he had been waiting for. That afternoon the capitalists must give their answer—if they didn't submit, New York would see one of the biggest strikes in its history,

and he, the son of a banana vender, would lead it. Controlling large blocks of labor is just as much fun as playing with millions, and Marini felt comfortable.

He looked over the reports he had received from his delegates the night before, made a note of those shops where discontent over his demands was strongest, and was preparing to go out on a tour of the shops, when Lave came running up the steps, three at a jump.

"Locked out," he gasped.

"What?" shouted Marini.

"Vulcan people—here's a copy of the notice." It read:

"These shops will not operate until one week from date. No communication or interview will be held with the present head of the union organization. Union men, however, who are willing to assert their independence, can secure their former positions on application."

"The fools," sneered Marini, reaching for his telegraph blanks; "I'll strike the whole trade this morning."

But he was too late. Messages reporting a similar notice and lockout from all over Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Long Island City, began to pour in.

LABOR TRICKED, a foot high, in red ink, flared from the extras that invaded even the outlying districts, and by noon it was known all over New York that Marini, the walking delegate, had been caught napping.

For an hour or two everything was in confusion at head-quarters, but Marini's influence was soon felt. After telling the reporters what he thought about it, he sent delegates to bolster up the men who were known to be opposed openly to the recent demands, and then locking himself in, he wrote his famous speech on "Scab Labor."

That night it was delivered to a crowded public mass-meeting at Cooper Union, and while it did not openly advocate force, every one knew what would happen if the capitalists tried to run their works. The Governor read it and sent for his adjutant. Three regiments were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for service at an hour's notice. Marini used that as a text for two more speeches. The capitalistic combination had nothing to say.

Meanwhile, Billy, Sam Davis, and Lank were preparing for the approaching struggle. Many of the older men, as soon as they found out that the Vulcan directors were not going to import non-union labor, as most of the other mills were doing, agreed to go back to work. It was to be a fight, in the Vulcan Shops, of discontented workmen against a schemer. Lank had not been working in vain, during the winter. His friends volunteered in a body, and it's not an easy thing to work in strike times. It means more than stones, rotten eggs, and a beating or two; any man can stand that, with the police to help now and then. The hard part comes when children race through the street yelling, "Scab, scab, look at the scab," and women spit and scratch, shrieking out things that no man likes to hear.

The last day of the armistice Billy reported to Mr. Baxter that seventy men would go back to work, and was shot at as he left the works that night. The sensationals had been encouraging cranks to remember the rights of labor. Next morning, stonings took place all over town. Ten non-union men at Acton's were clubbed into the union, many others were frightened off, and the fight was on.

It was a busy day for Marini; all morning he sat in his office, listening to the excited reports of his men, who hurried in from the various shops.

"Work the crowds up," he advised, "but don't get caught yourselves."

Once he lost his temper; it was when Lave came in with the announcement that Billy Bell was successfully running the Vulcan scabs. "Make it hot for him," he ordered, and Lave went off with a picked crowd.

That afternoon the public, on its way uptown, read in the late editions that the leader of the strike regretted that outside loafers had used violence. He couldn't be responsible for the acts of a gang of bummers; anyhow, it was all the fault of grinding capital.

At that moment, Billy was looking out of the Vulcan offices at the mob that filled the street, opposite the big gate. "If the men stand this," he said to Lank, "they'll stand anything."

Outside, the crowd was waiting for the

quitting whistle. Women, with shawls over their heads, stood along the curb, innocent-looking men moved through the crowd, curious sightseers stood on tiptoe, back in the doorways, while excited boys darted everywhere, shouting, "Down with the scabs; we'll show 'em."

The big policemen, swinging their clubs by the wrist-straps, stared solemnly into space until the hoarse whistle began its evening moan, and then they gripped. A moment later the big gates swung back, a little sergeant walked slowly out, followed by a squad of officers, and then came the men. The crowd moved up a pace, but stopped as the policemen faced them. Slowly they were pushed back, and nothing might have occurred that night had not one of the men become panicky and started to run. It may have been the small boy that threw the egg, or the man that yelled, "Soak him," perhaps it was the evil genius of crowds; something turned that crowd into a swearing, fighting, One Idea'd Thing, and the air was full of bricks and fists. Policemen forgot politics in the face of the crazed mob, locust clubs swung out straight, in the skull-cracking end blow. A man went down, the mob was frantic, a policeman lost his club and was overpowered; it was hand-to-hand now, with bricks flying from behind, and gradually the workmen, with their guard, were forced back to the gate.

"Don't shoot," yelled the little sergeant to one of his men who, struck in the mouth with a stone, was spitting out teeth and profanity over his levelled revolver. "They're going to shoot yez down," shrieked a woman, and someone in the crowd fired, another revolver popped, and in a second the little sergeant was at the head of forty men, with revolvers levelled.

"Kill 'em," screamed a woman's voice from somewhere. "Fire high," ordered the sergeant, barked on the shoulder with a bullet. His orders were to shoot only in case of necessity.

The volley only maddened the mob. There was a sudden rush—the officers looked into barrels as impressive as their own, and the little sergeant, shouting, "Damn international complications," gave the order that left seven men lying on the cobble-stones. The mob stopped for a second and then broke, only to run into two

relieving squads that were closing in on the run along the side streets. The streets were clubbed clear in five minutes and it was over. People, living not ten blocks away, wondered why the ambulances were racing toward the East Side.

Before midnight, young fellows who drilled and danced in the imposing armories for the fun of the thing, looked serious as they laced their yellow leggins and stuffed their belts with real cartridges. The Governor had taken a hand in the fight.

The days dragged by, the State's show of force made riots impossible, and, barring occasional beatings and an attempted murder or two in the dark, the strike became orderly. The killing at the Vulcan Shops made the yellows froth head-lines, while the solemn press wrote long editorials on constitutional law. Marini's position was strengthened somewhat, and, although only two of the killed were machinists, he delivered the funeral oration. Three of the striking owners were compelled to shut down; they had taken on timid non-union labor, but the others, supported by anti-Marini men, managed to keep moving, short-handed as they were.

At the Vulcan Shops, Billy and his associates worked double time. A few of the men had deserted, but enough remained to keep the wheels moving, and gradually the force was recruited. It leaked out that Marini was having difficulty in keeping his ring together. The union meetings were stormy affairs, for the strikers were taking sides, it being openly known that Lave had fired the first shot at the Vulcan Shops. Some of them, sullenly, wanted to know why they should be kept out while union men were getting union wages in shops that agreed to employ union men and no others, reserving only the right to employ as many apprentices as they wanted, and to regulate their own shop-rules.

Marini pleaded principle, but he knew that he was not convincing. He gritted his teeth next morning, when he heard that twenty men, whom he had relied upon, had deserted to the Vulcan Shops.

"If we could only break that scab, Bell, and his gang, we'd win," he confided to Lave.

"We can," said Lave.

"How?" asked Marini.

Lave locked the doors before he whispered his answer.

The following night, Billy, who slept on a cot in the offices of the works, suddenly found himself on his feet, listening for the something that startled him. Outside on the pavement the sentry was pacing up and down, humming quietly to himself. He looked out of the window, facing the yard, and saw the flicker of a lantern down in the boiler-house. Sure that old Dan, the watchman, would call him if anything were wrong, he was getting into his cot again, when a low moan from below caught his ear. Grabbing his revolver, he ran down-stairs, opened the door and almost stumbled over the body of old Dan, who lay on the gravel, stunned and bleeding. He turned the old man over and tried to revive him, but could get no answer. Knowing that some devilry was afoot, he ran quickly to the boiler-house, and, standing in a shadow, peered through an open window. On their knees, in front of the main battery, two men were fumbling with a large package.

"Hurry," said one of them; "mebbe Dan'll come to."

"He's fixed," said the other, laying several yellow sticks on the floor. "Got the fuse? We'll lay it out to the fence; that'll give us time to get to the pattern-shop before she goes; mind, when you get over the fence, don't run away, yell fire till the crowd comes, then sneak."

"All right," answered the other, raising his face so that the red glow from the grate-bars fell on it. It was masked, but Billy recognized Lave.

"Come on," said his companion, and they moved toward the door. When they reached it Billy met them, covered Lave and said, suddenly, "Hands up; don't move or I'll shoot."

But Lave was too quick for him. Billy saw his arm go up, saw the flash, pulled his own trigger, and then — everything seemed to flash, he seemed to be moving rapidly backwards, there was an awful jolt and he shut his eyes. When he opened

them, a gentle face, wreathed with wavy hair and white crinkly things, was bending over him.

"What dropped?" asked Billy, weakly.

The nurse put her finger to her lips and made him drink something that put him to sleep.

In a few days, Billy was strong enough to hear the news. Lank Herrick, thinking ugly things about his creaky boots, came tiptoeing into the room, sat down awkwardly, and asked, "How are you feeling, Billy?"

"Fine," said Billy, "why don't you tell a fellow the news?"

"Oh, nothing's happening now," said Lank; "you and Lave were blown clean across the yard, and how you missed passing in your checks, nobody knows. Marini did. I guess your shots set the dynamite off, for Lave says they didn't. Anyhow, the boilers kept coming down in little pieces for an hour. When Lave came to he thought he was going to die, and owned up the whole business. He told a lot, too, the police wanted to know, about that row in Rinkle's saloon eight years ago, when Eddy Ross was stabbed, and nobody did it. I guess that's why Marini was always such good friends with Lave. That night I got the solid men together, and you just ought to have seen the way we run things for about fifteen minutes. Walking delegates and rings ain't popular with us just now. The strike's off. All the shops are running, except the Vulcan, and we will, as soon as we get new boilers."

"That puts me out," said Billy; "I'll never pay—"

"Who asked you to?" exclaimed Lank, "you blamed idiot; out of it! you're strictly in it; you're famous, your whole life history has been in the papers, picture and all, and you wouldn't know yourself. They say you showed up how unions oughtn't to be run, you've been elected to the Executive Committee, you're——"

"What did I tell you?" said a voice at the door. It was Annie McCready, with the nurse.

"I guess I'll go," said Lank.



THREE DEATH-MASKS

By Marguerite Merington

A COMÉDIENNE

SHE has given us youth for years ;
She has brought us smiles with tears,
Laughter, light-hearted wiles.
Like an April wind that veers
From wet to shine were her smiles,
Forever akin to tears.

O Time, with terrible ruth
Robbing the years of youth,
Turn down your wrinkled glass.
Smiles were her prayers, in sooth,
So, with a smile, let her pass
From age to immortal youth !



THE FOOL

With whimsy bauble in his hand,
With quip grotesque, grimask bizarre,
He had not made us understand. . .
But Death shows men for what they are.

Never (as we remembered now)
That heart of his could he disguise ;
No paltriness was on his brow ;
And, oh, the sadness of his eyes !

The mocking measure of his choice
Had carried no unkindly slur :
'Twas wisdom smote with folly's voice ;
And, oh, his eyes—how sad they were !

Then, that he wore the motley's rôle
When life held higher state to give,
It was the armor of a soul
Too finely wrought and sensitive.

So, as we laid him to the earth,
This thought made bitterness of dule :
That we who had not dreamed his worth,
His world—not he—had been the fool !

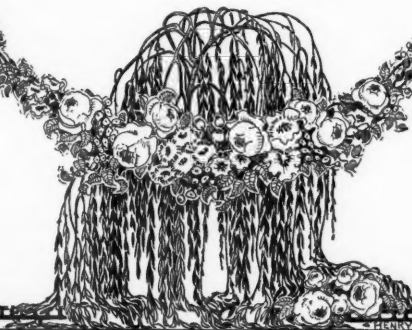


A TRAGEDY

In a cloistered calm, by a kneeling hill,
Where the wild winds hold their breath,
For dreamless ages the lake lay still
As who sleep in the peace of death.

Fell into its breast, like a plummet-line,
One quivering golden shaft,
Waking its life with a call divine
Till the soul of the waters laughed.

Then that wanton beam danced over the hill,
Wherever his sweet day led,
And the deep grew still as death is still,
But not with the peace of the dead !





SKIPPER

(BEING THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BLUE-RIBBONER)

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



words and an occasional friendly pat on the flank. So Skipper's disposition was sweet and his nature a trusting one.

This is why Skipper learned so soon the ways of the city. The first time he saw one of those little wheeled houses, all windows and full of people, come rushing down the street with a fearful whirr and clank of bell, he wanted to bolt. But the man on his back spoke in an easy, calm voice, saying, "So-o-o! There, me b'y. Aisy wid ye. So-o-o!" which was excellent advice, for the queer contrivance whizzed by and did him no

harm. In a week he could watch one without even pricking up his ears.

It was strange work Skipper had been brought to the city to do. As a colt he had seen horses dragging ploughs, pulling big loads of hay, and hitched to many kinds of vehicles. He himself had drawn a light buggy and thought it good fun, though you did have to keep your heels down and trot instead of canter. He had liked best to lope off with the boy on his back, down to the Corners, where the store was.

But here there were no ploughs, nor hay-carts, nor mowing-machines. There were many heavy wagons, it was true, but these were all drawn by stocky Percherons and big Western grays or stout Canada blacks who seemed fully equal to the task.

Also there were carriages—my, what shiny carriages! And what smart, sleek-looking horses drew them! And how high they did hold their heads and how they did throw their feet about—just as if they were dancing on eggs.

"Proud, stuck-up things," thought Skipper.

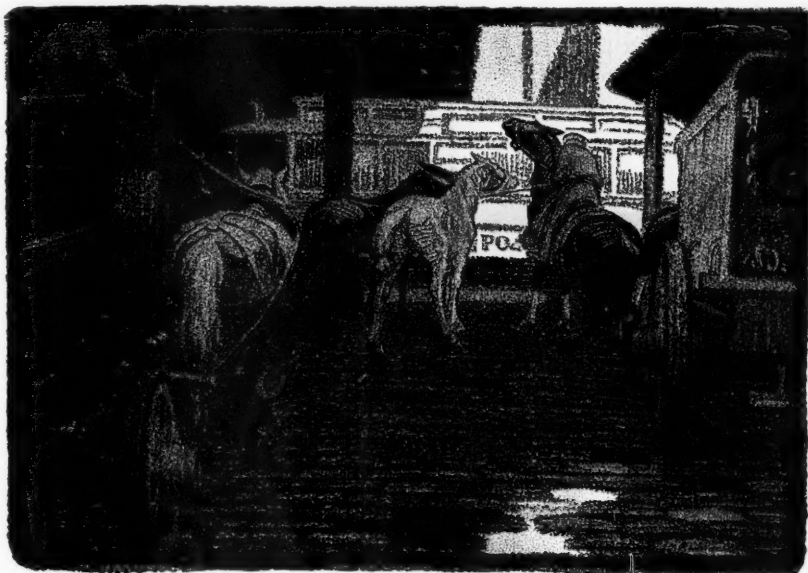
It was clear that none of this work was for him. Early on the first morning of his service men in brass-buttoned blue coats came to the stable to feed and rub down the horses. Skipper's man had two

names. One was Officer Martin; at least that was the one to which he answered when the man with the cap called the roll before they rode out for duty. The other name was "Reddy." That was what the rest of the men in blue coats called him. Skipper noticed that he had red hair and concluded that "Reddy" must be his real name.

As for Skipper's name, it was written on the tag tied to the halter which he

said, "Halt" and "Forward!" But "Reddy" used none of these terms. He pressed with his knees on your withers, loosened the reins, and made a queer little chirrup when he wanted you to gallop. He let you know when he wanted you to stop, by the lightest pressure on the bit.

It was lazy work, though. Sometimes when Skipper was just aching for a brisk canter he had to pace soberly through the



The first time he saw one of those little wheeled houses . . . he wanted to bolt.—Page 412.

wore when he came to the city. Skipper heard him read it. The boy on the farm had done that, and Skipper was glad, for he liked the name.

There was much to learn in those first few weeks, and Skipper learned it quickly. He came to know that at inspection, which began the day, you must stand with your nose just on a line with that of the horse on either side. If you didn't you felt the bit or the spurs. He mastered the meaning of "right dress," "left dress," "forward," "fours right," and a lot of other things. Some of them were very strange.

Now on the farm they had said, "Whoa, boy," and "Gid a-a-ap." Here they

park driveways—for Skipper, although I don't believe I mentioned it before, was part and parcel of the mounted police force. But there, you could know that by the coat of arms in yellow brass on his saddle blanket.

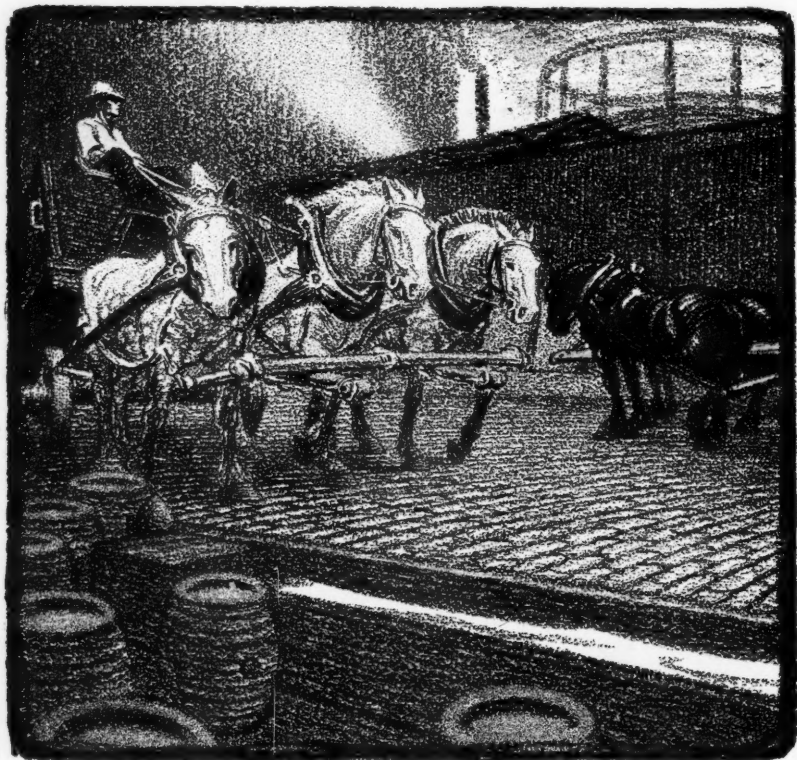
For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway and at an exact right angle with it, motionless as the horse ridden by the bronze soldier up near the Mall. "Reddy" would sit as still in the saddle, too. It was hard for Skipper to stand there and see those mincing cobs go by, their pad-housings all a-glitter, crests on their blinders, jingling their pole-chains and switching their absurd little stubs of tails. But

it was still more tantalizing to watch the saddle-horses canter past in the soft bridle path on the other side of the roadway. But then, when you are on the force you must do your duty.

One afternoon as Skipper was standing

But what was Reddy going to do? He felt him gather up the reins. He felt his knees tighten. What! Yes, it must be so. Reddy was actually going to try a brush with the runaway. What fun!

Skipper pranced out into the roadway



There were many heavy wagons.—Page 412.

post like this he caught a new note that rose above the hum of the park traffic. It was the quick, nervous beat of hoofs which rang sharply on the hard macadam. There were screams, too. It was a runaway. Skipper knew this even before he saw the bell-like nostrils, the straining eyes, and the foam-flecked lips of the horse, or the scared man in the carriage behind. It was a case of broken rein.

How the sight made Skipper's blood tingle! Wouldn't he just like to show that crazy roan what real running was!

and gathered himself for the sport. Before he could get into full swing, however, the roan had shot past with a snort of challenge which could not be misunderstood.

"Oho! You will, eh?" thought Skipper. "Well now, we'll see about that."

Ah, a free rein! That is—almost free. And a touch of the spurs! No need for that, Reddy. How the carriages scatter! Skipper caught hasty glimpses of smart hackneys drawn up trembling by the



For half an hour at a time he would stand, just on the edge of the roadway.—Page 413.

roadside, of women who tumbled from bicycles into the bushes, and of men who ran and shouted and waved their hats.

"Just as though that little roan wasn't scared enough already," thought Skipper.

But she did run well; Skipper had to admit that. She had a lead of fifty yards before he could strike his best gait. Then for a few moments he could not seem to gain an inch. But the mare was blowing herself and Skipper was taking it coolly. He was putting the pent-up energy of weeks into his strides. Once he saw he was overhauling her he steadied to the work.

Just as Skipper was about to forge ahead, Reddy did a queer thing. With his right hand he grabbed the roan with a nose-pinch grip, and with the left he pulled in on the reins. It was a great

disappointment to Skipper, for he had counted on showing the roan his heels. Skipper knew, after two or three experiences of this kind, that this was the usual thing.

Those were glorious runs, though. Skipper wished they would come more often. Sometimes there would be two and even three in a day. Then a fortnight or so would pass without a single runaway on Skipper's beat. But duty is duty.

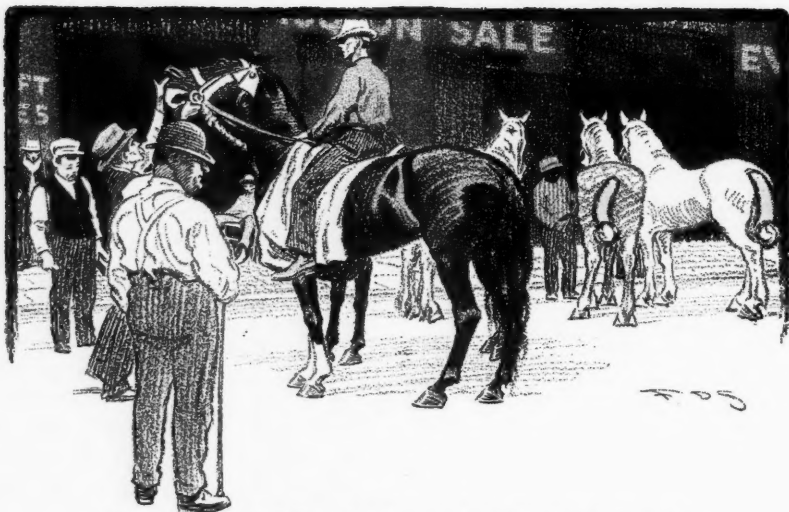
During the early morning hours, when there were few people in the park, Skipper's education progressed. He learned to pace around in a circle, lifting each forefoot with a sway of the body and a pawing movement which was quite rhythmic. He learned to box with his nose.

He learned to walk sedately behind Reddy and to pick up a glove, dropped apparently by accident. There was always a sugar-plum or a sweet cracker in the glove, which he got when Reddy stopped and Skipper, poking his nose over his shoulder, let the glove fall into his hands.

As he became more accomplished he noticed that "Reddy" took more pains with his toilet. Every morning Skipper's coat was curried and brushed and rubbed with chamois until it shone almost as if it had been varnished. His fetlocks were carefully trimmed, a ribbon braided into his forelock, and his hoofs polished as brightly as Reddy's



He learned to box with his nose.



He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind.—Page 418.

boots. Then there were apples and carrots and other delicacies which Reddy brought him.

So it happened that one morning Skipper heard the Sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the Horse Show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

"Sure an' it's app'arin' before all the swells in town you'll be, me b'y. Phat do ye think of that, eh? An' mebbe ye'll be gettin' a blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad; an' mebbe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the year's out."

The Horse Show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light almost dazzled Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him. But he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chirrup softly, and soon felt at ease on the tank.

Then there was a great crash of noise and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to troop front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

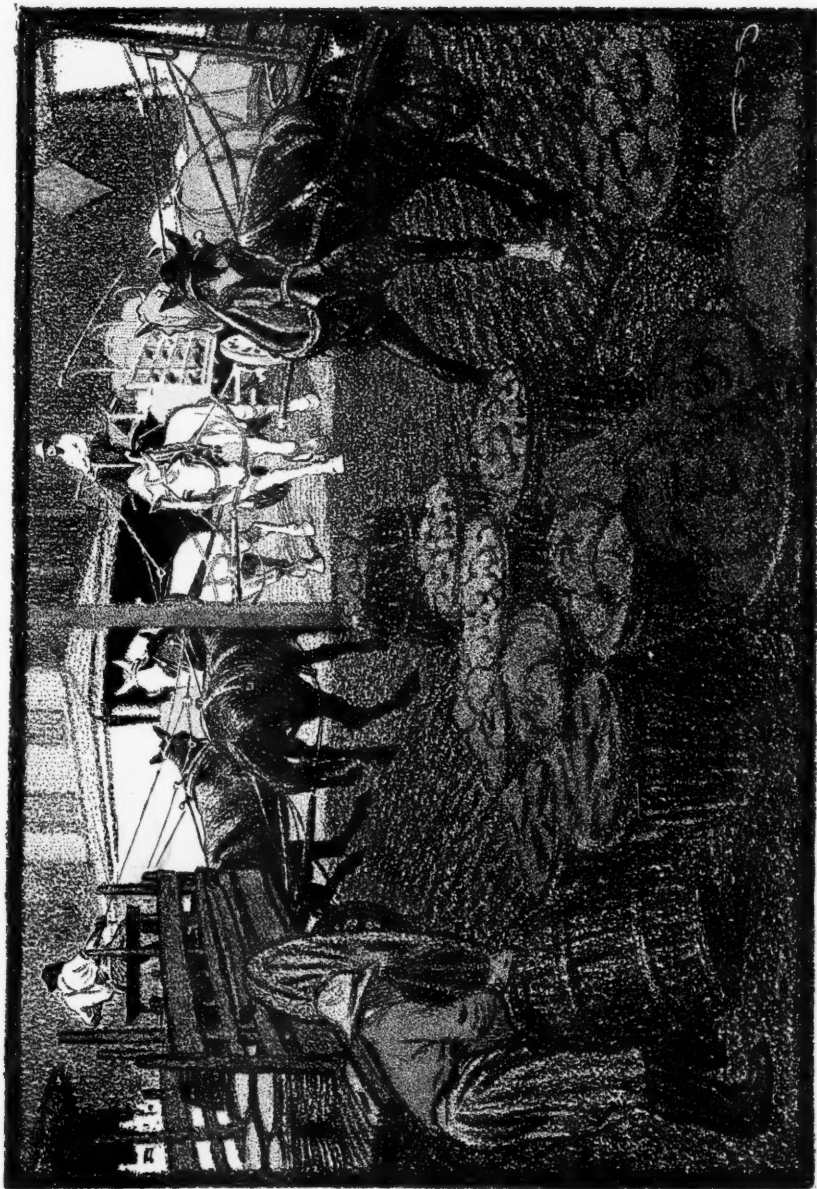
After some more evolutions a half-dozen

were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the centre of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall black hats, showing much white shirt-front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose. At last one of the men in tall hats tied a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle.

When Reddy got him into the stable, he fed him four big red apples one after the other. Next day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

For a whole year Skipper was the pride of the force. He was shown to visitors at the stables. He was patted on the nose by the Mayor. The Chief, who was a bigger man than the Mayor, came up especially to look at him. In the park Skipper did his tricks every day for ladies in fine dress who exclaimed, "How perfectly wonderful!" as well as for pretty nursemaids who giggled and said, "Now did you ever see the likes o' that, Norah?"



Dream by Frederic Dorr Steele.

Drove him . . . to a big down-town market.—Page 418.

And then came the spavin. Ah, but that was the beginning of the end! Were you ever spavined? If so, you know all about it. If you haven't, there's no use trying to tell you. Rheumatism? Well, that may be bad; but a spavin is worse.

For three weeks Reddy rubbed the lump on the hock with stuff from a brown bottle, and hid it from the inspector. Then, one black morning, it was discovered. That day Skipper did not go out on post. Reddy came into the stall, put his arm around his neck and said "Good-by" in a voice that Skipper had never heard him use before. Something had made it thick and husky. Very sadly Skipper saw him saddle one of the newcomers and go out for duty.

Before Reddy came back Skipper was led away. He was taken to a big building where there were horses of every kind—except the right kind. Each one had his own peculiar "out," although you couldn't always tell what it was at first glance.

But Skipper did not stay here long. He was led out before a lot of men in a big ring. A man on a box shouted out a number, and began to talk very fast. Skipper gathered that he was talking about him. Skipper learned that he was still only six years old, and that he had been owned as a saddle-horse by a lady who was about to sail for Europe and was closing out her stable. This was news to Skipper. He wished Reddy could hear it.

The man talked very nicely about Skipper. He said he was kind, gentle, sound in wind and limb, and was not only trained to the saddle but would work either single or double. The man wanted to know how

much the gentlemen were willing to pay for a bay gelding of this description.

Someone on the outer edge of the crowd said, "Ten dollars."

At this the man on the box grew quite indignant. He asked if the other man

wouldn't like a silver-mounted harness and a lap-robe thrown in.

"Fifteen," said another man.

Somebody else said, "Twenty," another man said, "Twenty-five," and still another, "Thirty." Then there was a hitch. The man on the box began to talk very fast indeed:

"Thutty-thutty-thutty-thutty—do I hear the five? Thutty-thutty-thutty-thutty—will you make it five?"

"Thirty-five," said a red-faced man who had pushed his way to the front and was looking Skipper over sharply.

The man on the box said "Thutty-five" a good many times and asked if he "heard forty." Evidently he did not, for he stopped and said very slowly and distinctly, looking expectantly around:

"Are you all done?"

Thirty-five—once. Thirty-five—twice. Third—and last call—sold, for thirty-five dollars!"

When Skipper heard this he hung his head. When you have been a \$250 blue-ribboner and the pride of the force it is sad to be "knocked down" for thirty-five.

The next year of Skipper's life was a dark one. We will not linger over it. The red-faced man who led him away was a grocer. He put Skipper in the shafts of a heavy wagon very early every morning and drove him a long ways through the city to a big down-town market where men in long frocks shouted and



handled boxes and barrels. When the wagon was heavily loaded the red-faced man drove him back to the store. Then a tow-haired boy, who jerked viciously on the lines and was fond of using the whip, drove him recklessly about the streets and avenues.

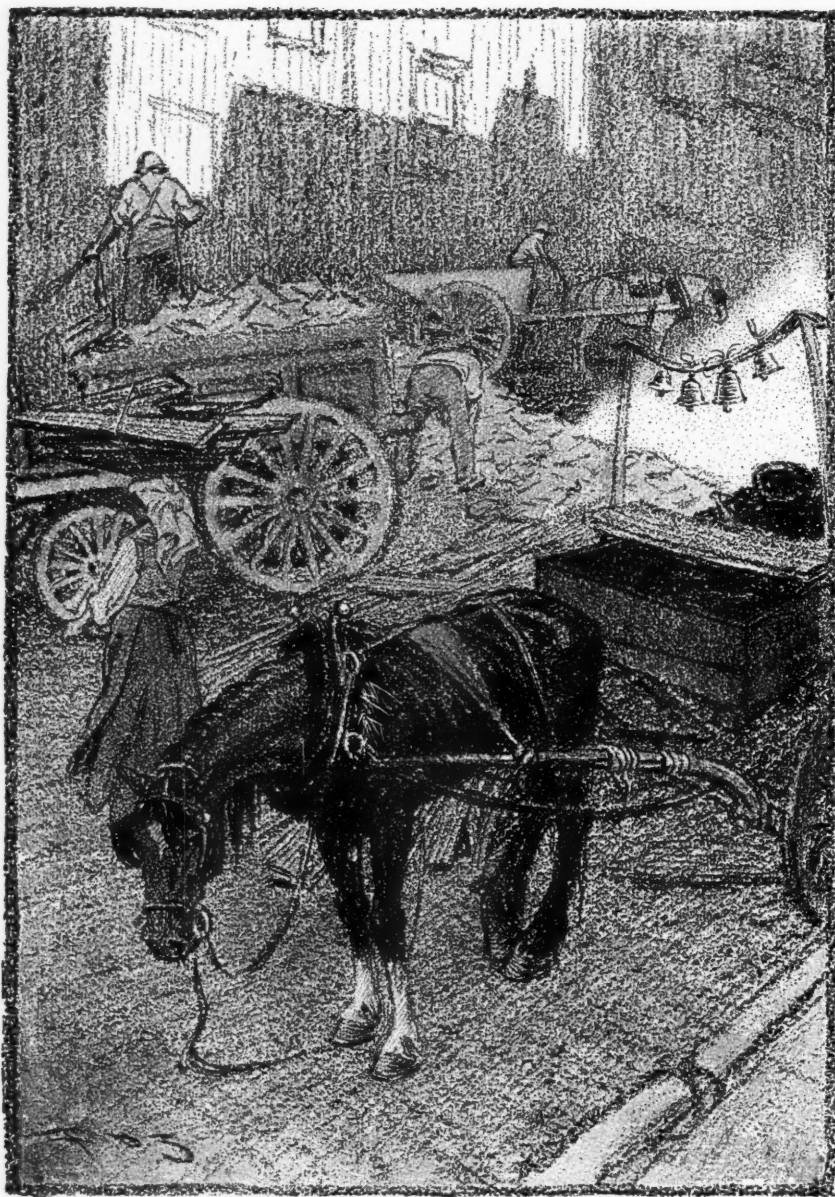
But one day the tow-haired boy pulled the near rein too hard while rounding a corner and a wheel was smashed against a lamp-post. The tow-haired boy was sent head first into an ash-barrel, and Skipper, rather startled at the occurrence, took a little run down the avenue, strewing the pavement with eggs, sugar, canned corn, celery, and other assorted groceries.

Perhaps this was why the grocer sold him. Skipper pulled a cart through the flat-house district for a while after that. On the seat of the cart sat a leather-lunged man who roared: "A-a-a-a-puls! Nice a-a-a-a-puls! A who-o-ole lot fer a quarter!"

Skipper felt this disgrace keenly. Even the cab-horses, on whom he used to look with disdain, eyed him scornfully. Skipper stood it as long as possible and then one day, while the apple fakir was standing on the back step of the cart shouting things at a woman who was leaning half way out of a fourth-story window, he bolted. He distributed that load of



Into one of these shanties . . . Skipper . . . was driven.—Page 421.



Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele.

For many weary months Skipper pulled that crazy cart.—Page 421.

apples over four blocks, much to the profit of the street children, and he wrecked the wagon on a hydrant. For this the fakir beat him with a piece of the wreckage until a blue-coated officer threatened to arrest him. Next day Skipper was sold again.

Skipper looked over his new owner without joy. The man was evil of face. His long whiskers and hair were unkempt and sun-bleached, like the tip end of a pastured cow's tail. His clothes were greasy. His voice was like the grunt of a pig. Skipper wondered to what use this man would put him. He feared the worst.

Far up through the city the man took him and out on a broad avenue where there were many open spaces, most of them fenced in by huge bill-boards. Behind one of these sign-plastered barriers Skipper found his new home. The bottom of the lot was more than twenty feet below the street level. In the centre of a waste of rocks, ash heaps, and dead weeds tottered a group of shanties, strangely made of odds and ends. The walls were partly of mud-chinked rocks and partly of wood. The roofs were patched with strips of rusty tin held in place by stones.

Into one of these shanties, just tall enough for Skipper to enter and no more, the horse that had been the pride of the mounted park police was driven with a kick as a greeting. Skipper noted first that there was no feed-box and no hay-rick. Then he saw, or rather felt—for the only light came through cracks in the walls—that there was no floor. His nostrils told him that the drainage was bad. Skipper sighed as he thought of the clean, sweet straw which Reddy used to change in his stall every night.

But when you have a lump on your leg—a lump that throbs, throbs, throbs with pain, whether you stand still or lie down—you do not think much on other things.

Supper was late in coming to Skipper that night. He was almost starved when it was served. And such a supper! What do you think? Hay? Yes, but marsh hay; the dry, tasteless stuff they use for bedding in cheap stables. A ton of it wouldn't make a pound of good flesh.

Oats? Not a sign of an oat! But with the hay there were a few potato-peelings. Skipper nosed them out and nibbled the marsh hay. The rest he pawed back under him, for the whole had been thrown at his feet. Then he dropped on the ill-smelling ground and went to sleep to dream that he had been turned into a forty-acre field of clover, while a dozen brass bands played a waltz and multitudes of people looked on and cheered.

In the morning more salt hay was thrown to him and water was brought in a dirty pail. Then, without a stroke of brush or curry-comb he was led out. When he saw the wagon to which he was to be hitched Skipper hung his head. He had reached the bottom. It was unpainted and rickety as to body and frame, the wheels were unmated and dished, while the shafts were spliced and wound with wire.

But worst of all was the string of bells suspended from two uprights above the seat. When Skipper saw these he knew he had fallen low indeed. He had become the horse of a wandering junkman. The next step in his career, as he well knew, would be the glue factory and the bone-yard. Now when a horse has lived for twenty years or so, it is sad enough to face these things. But at eight years to see the glue factory close at hand is enough to make a horse wish he had never been foaled.

For many weary months Skipper pulled that crazy cart, with its hateful jangle of bells, about the city streets and suburban roads while the man with the faded hair roared through his matted beard: "Buy o-o-o-o-olt ra-a-a-a-ag-s! Buy o-o-o-o-olt ra-a-a-a-a-ag-s! Olt boddles! Olt copper! Olt iron! Vaste baber!"

The lump on Skipper's hock kept growing bigger and bigger. It seemed as if the darts of pain shot from hoof to flank with every step. Big hollows came over his eyes. You could see his ribs as plainly as the hoops on a pork-barrel. Yet six days in the week he went on long trips and brought back heavy loads of junk. On Sunday he hauled the junkman and his family about the city.

Once the junkman tried to drive Skipper into one of the Park entrances. Then for the first time in his life Skipper balked.

The junkman pounded and used such language as you might expect from a junkman, but all to no use. Skipper took the beating with lowered head, but go through the gate he would not. So the junkman gave it up, although he seemed very anxious to join the line of gay carriages which were rolling in.

Soon after this there came a break in the daily routine. One morning Skipper was not led out as usual. In fact, no one came near him, and he could hear no voices in the near-by shanty. Skipper decided that he would take a day off himself. By backing against the door he readily pushed it open, for the staple was insecure.

Once at liberty, he climbed the roadway that led out of the lot. It was late in the fall, but there was still short sweet winter grass to be found along the gutters. For a while he nibbled at this hungrily. Then a queer idea came to Skipper. Perhaps the passing of a smartly groomed saddle-horse was responsible.

At any rate, Skipper left off nibbling grass. He hobbled out to the edge of the road, turned so as to face the opposite side, and held up his head. There he stood just as he used to stand when he was the pride of the mounted squad. He was on post once more.

Few people were passing, and none seemed to notice him. Yet he was an odd figure. His coat was shaggy and weather-stained. It looked patched and faded. The spavined hock caused one hind quarter to sag somewhat, but aside from that his pose was strictly according to the regulations.

Skipper had been playing at standing post for a half-hour, when a trotting dandy who sported ankle-boots and toe-weights, pulled up before him. He was drawing a light, bicycle-wheeled road-wagon in which were two men.

"Queer?" one of the men was saying. "Can't say I see anything queer about it, Captain. Some old plug that's got away from a squatter; that's all I see in it."

"Well, let's have a look," said the other. He stared hard at Skipper for a moment and then, in a loud, sharp tone, said:

"Ten-shun! Right dress!"

Skipper pricked up his ears, raised his head, and side-stepped stiffly. The trot-

ting dandy turned and looked curiously at him.

"Forward!" said the man in the wagon. Skipper hobbled out into the road.

"Right wheel! Halt! I thought so," said the man, as Skipper obeyed the orders. "That fellow has been on the force. He was standing post. Looks mighty familiar, too—white stockings on two forelegs, white star on forehead. Now I wonder if that can be—here, hold the reins a minute."

Going up to Skipper the man patted his nose one or twice, and then pushed his muzzle to one side. Skipper ducked and countered. He had not forgotten his boxing trick. The man turned his back and began to pace down the road. Skipper followed and picked up a riding-glove which the man dropped.

"Doyle," said the man, as he walked back to the wagon, "two years ago that was the finest horse on the force—took the blue ribbon at the Garden. Alderman Martin would give a thousand dollars for him as he stands. He has hunted the State for him. You remember Martin—Reddy Martin—who used to be on the mounted squad! Didn't you hear? An old uncle who made a fortune as a building contractor died about a year ago and left the whole pile to Reddy. He's got a fine country-place up in Westchester and is in the city government. Just elected this fall. But he isn't happy because he can't find his old horse—and here's the horse."

Next day an astonished junkman stood before an empty shanty which served as a stable and feasted his eyes on a \$50 bank note.

If you are ever up in Westchester County be sure and visit the stables of Alderman P. Sarsfield Martin. Ask to see that oak-panelled box-stall with the stained-glass windows and the porcelain feed-box. You will notice a polished brass nameplate on the door bearing this inscription:

S K I P P E R .

You may meet the Alderman himself, wearing an English-made riding-suit, loping comfortably along on a sleek bay gelding with two white fore-legs and a white star on his forehead. Yes, high-priced veterinaries can cure spavin—Alderman Martin says so.

A DAY WITH A TRAMP

By Walter A. Wyckoff



HE was an American of Irish stock ; his name was Farrell ; he was two-and-twenty, a little more than six feet high, and as straight as an arrow. We met on the line of the Rock Island Railway just west of Morris, Ill., and this was the manner of our meeting :

But first, I should like to explain that in the course of eighteen months' experience as a wandering wage-earner, drifting from the Atlantic to the Pacific, this was the only day that I spent in company with a tramp.

It was in the character of a workingman and not as a tramp, that I began, in the summer of 1891, a casual experiment, by which I hoped to gain some personal acquaintance with the conditions of life of unskilled laborers in America. Having no skill, I could count on employment only in the rudest forms of labor, and I maintained consistently the character of a laborer—a very indifferent one, I am bound to own—yet finding it possible everywhere to live by the work of my hands.

I did tramp, it is true, walking in all some twenty-five hundred miles of the distance from Connecticut to California ; but I did it from set purpose, discovering that in this way I could get a better knowledge of the people and the country and of opportunities for work, than if I should spend my savings in car-fare from place to place. It cost me nothing to walk, and I not infrequently covered two hundred miles in the course of a week, but it generally proved that, in actual cash from the savings of my last job, I was out quite as much as I should have been had I ridden the distance. This was because it was often necessary to pay for food and lodging by the way, an odd job not always being procurable, and the people being far readier to give a meal than to take the trouble of providing work in payment for it. I could little blame them, and I soon began to make use of the wayside inns, trusting for contact with people more to chance acquaintance

and the admirable opportunities that came with every event of employment, when my savings were gone.

Tramp is a misnomer, I fancy, as descriptive of the mode of motion of the members of the professionally idle class which in our vernacular we call *hoboes*. The tramp rarely tramps ; he "beats his way" on the railroads.

Everyone knows of the very thorough-going and valuable work that Mr. Josiah Flynt has done in learning the vagrant world, not only of America, but of England, and widely over the Continent as well, and the light that he has let in upon the habits of life and of thought of the fraternity, and its common speech and symbols, and whence its recruits come, and why, and how it occupies a world midway between lawlessness and honest toil, lacking the criminal wit for the one and the will power for the other.

That the hobo, in going from place to place, makes little use of the highways, I can freely testify, so far as my very limited experience goes. His name was legion among the unemployed in Chicago, and he flocked about railway centres, but he was a rare bird along the country roads where work was plentiful.

It is easy to recount individually all that I met : a lusty Yankee beggar who hailed me as a brother one blistering July day, not far from the Connecticut border, when I was making for Garrisons ; a cynical wraith, who rose, seemingly, from the dust of the road, in the warm twilight of a September evening, in eastern Pennsylvania and scoffed at my hope of finding work in Sweet Valley ; a threadbare, white-haired German with a truly fine reserve and courtesy, who so far warmed to me, when we met in the frosty air of late November, on the bare, level stretch of a country road between Cleveland and Sandusky, as to tell me that he had walked from Texas, and was on his way to the home of friends near Boston ; then Farrell, in central Illinois ; and finally, a bear-eyed, shaggy knave, trudging the sleepers of the Union Pacific

A Day with a Tramp

in western Nebraska, his rags bound together and bound on with strings, and a rollicking quality in his cracked voice, who must have had difficulty in avoiding work among the short-handed gangs of navvies along the line.

All this is by way of fruitless explanation that I myself was not a tramp, but a workman, living by day's labor; a fruitless explanation, because a reputation once established is difficult to dislodge. I have grown accustomed to references to my "tramp days," even among those who knew my purpose best, and I had no sooner returned to my university than I found that to its members I was already known as "Weary," in which alliterative appellation I saw the frankest allusion to a supposed identification with the "Weary Wilies" of our "comic" prints. And having incurred the name, I may as well lay bare the one day that I tramped with a tramp.

I am not without misgivings in speaking of Farrell as a tramp. He had held a steady job some weeks before, and our day together ended as we shall see; but if I was a hobo, so was he, and although clearly not of the strictest sect, and perhaps of no true sect at all, yet let us grant that, for the time, we both were tramps.

The line of a railway was an unusual course, for I much preferred the country roads as offering better walking, and far more hope of meeting the people that I wished to know. Heavy rains, however, had made the roads almost impassable on foot, and I was walking the sleepers from necessity.

The spring of 1892 had been uncommonly wet. The rains set in about the time that I quit work with a gang of road-makers on the Exposition grounds. So incessant were they that it grew difficult to leave Chicago on foot, and when, in the middle of May, I did set out, I got only as far as Joliet, when I had to seek employment again.

At the yards of the Illinois Steel Company I was taken on and assigned to a gang of laborers, mostly Hungarians. But my chief association of a week's stay there is with a boarding-house, and especially its landlady.

She was a girlish matron, with a face that made you think of a child-wife, but

she was a woman in capacity. Her baby was a year old, and generous Heaven was about to send another. Her boarders numbered seven when I was made welcome; and to help her in the care of a crippled husband and the child and guests, she had a little maid of about fifteen, while, to add to the income from our board, she took in all our washing, and did it herself with no outside help. She may have been twenty, but I should have guessed eighteen, and every man of us stood straight before her and did her bidding thankfully.

It was a proud moment, and one which made me feel more nearly on equal terms with the other men, when one evening she came to me and,

"John, you mind the baby this time while I finish getting supper," she said, as she put the child in my arms.

On the sofa in the sitting-room we would lay the little wide-eyed, sunny creature whom we rarely heard cry, and who never showed fear at the touch of our rough hands, nor at the thundering laughter that answered to her smiles and her gurgling attempts at speech.

The mother waited at the table, and joined freely in our talk. She had a way of saying "By gosh!" that fairly broke your heart, and at times she would stand still and swear softly, while her deep blue eyes widened in innocent surprise.

They were haunting eyes, and they followed me far out on the rain-soaked roads of the valley of the Illinois. The walking was not bad at first. Over a rolling country the way wound past woodland and open fields, between banks of rank turf and wild flowers; and, but for the evident richness of soil, and the entire absence of rock, it might have been a New England valley with nothing to suggest the earlier monotony of undulating prairie.

But the walking became steadily worse, until by nightfall each step was a painful pulling of a foot out of the mire then planting it in the mire ahead, with Morris a good ten miles beyond. I was passing in the late twilight a farm-house that stood close to the road. In his shirt-sleeves, and seated in a tilted chair on the porch, was a young farmer with a group of lightly clad children about him. He accepted the explanation that I found the

walking too heavy to admit of my reaching Morris that evening, and, readily giving me leave to sleep on his hay-mow, asked me in to have something to eat.

I was struck at first sight with a marked resemblance in him to my friend Fitz-Adams, the manager of the logging camp in Pennsylvania. All through our talk together, while seated on the porch in the evening, there were reminders in his manner and turns of speech and ways of looking at things of that very efficient boss.

He was living in apparent poverty. The house was small and slightly built and meanly furnished. Indeed, there was an effect of squalor in its scant interior, and in the unkempt appearance of his wife and children. But the man impressed you with the resolute reserve of one who bides his time and knows what he is about. It appeared in his evident contentment, joined with a certain hopefulness that was very engaging. It is true that the spring was wet, so wet that he had not yet been able to plant his corn, and it was growing late for planting, but, even if the crop should fail completely, he had much corn in the best condition, he said, left over from the uncommonly large crop of the year before, which would be selling in the autumn at a better price. He was depressed by the persistent rains, but not discouraged, and, as for the region in which he had cast his lot, he clearly thought it one of the best for a man beginning the world as a farmer. With land at fifty dollars an acre, there was a good market near at hand, and money on the security of the land could be had at five per cent. It was best to buy, he said. Four thousand dollars would secure a farm of eighty acres, and two hundred dollars would pay the interest, whereas the rental might reach three hundred or even three hundred and fifty. Unmistakably he was poor, but he was certainly not of the complaining sort, and I thought that it did not require a long look into the future to see him in full possession of the land and the owner of a more comfortable home besides.

When the barn-yard fowls wakened me in the morning the sun was rising to a cloudless dawn. But, by the time that I took to the road, all the sky was overcast

again, and progress was as difficult as on the night before. The stoneless soil was saturated, until it could absorb not another drop, and water formed a pool in every foot-print and ran in muddy streams in the wheel-tracks.

Two miles down the road was a railway. I reached it after an hour's hard walk and followed it to the tow-path of a canal, which afforded comparatively firm footing over the remaining eight miles into Morris. It was now ten o'clock, and for the past hour a steady drizzle had been falling, which increased to a down-pour as I entered the town. There I remained sheltered until nearly noon, when the rain ceased and I renewed the journey. The roads I knew by experience to be almost impassable, so I found the line of the Rock Island Railway and started west in the hope of reaching Ottawa by night.

Dense clouds lay heavily upon the fields that stood, many of them, deep in water. The moist air was hot and sluggish, but under foot was the hard road-bed, and the course was the straightest that could be cut to the Mississippi. The line was a double one, and the gutter between formed a good cinder-track, so that I had not to measure the distance from sleeper to sleeper at every step, which grows to be a horrible monotony.

I had cleared the town by two miles or more and was settling to the swing of a long walk when I saw, not far ahead, a gang of navvies at work; almost at the same moment there appeared, emerging from the fog beyond, the figure of a man. We were about equally distant from the gang, and I had passed the workmen only a few yards when we met. The impression grew as he drew near that here was a typical tramp, and, being unaccustomed to his order and its ways, I wondered how we should fare, if thrown together. But if I recognized him as a tramp, he had done as much by me; for, when we met, he hailed me as a *confrère* with,

"Hello, partner! which way?"

"I'm going to Ottawa," I said.

"How long will you hold Ottaway down?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm only passing through on my way to Davenport."

That was enough for Farrell as evidence of my being a hobo, however raw

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a recruit: but there was a certain courtesy of the road which he wished to maintain, if he could, in the face of my awkward ignorance. I was conscious of an embarrassment which I could not understand.

"How far is it to Morris?" he asked next, and the opening should have been enough for any man, but I answered dully, with painful accuracy as to the distance that I had come.

Clearly nothing would penetrate such density but the frankest directness, so out he blurted:

"Well, partner, if you don't mind, I'll go with you."

Light dawned upon me then, and I tried to make up in cordiality for a want of intuition. Embarrassment was gone at once, and with an ease, as of long acquaintance, Farrell began to tell me how that, on the day before, he had lost his partner and for twenty-four hours had been alone. The loneliness was a horror to him, from which he shrunk, even in the telling, and he expanded, in the companionship of a total stranger, like a flower in light and warmth.

Without a moment's hesitation he abandoned the way toward Morris and turned back upon his former course, with a light-heartedness at having a partner that was highly flattering.

Here certainly was life reduced to simple terms. As we stood at meeting on the railway line, Farrell was as though he had no single human tie with a strong hold upon him. The clothes that covered him were his only possessions, and a toss of a coin might well determine toward which point of the compass he would go. The casual meeting with a new acquaintance was enough to give direction to an immediate plan and to change the face of nature.

There was trouble in his blue eyes when we met, the fluttering, anxious bewilderment that one sees in the eyes of a half-frightened child. It was an appeal for relief from intolerable loneliness; all his face brightened when we set off together. He had the natural erectness of carriage which gives a distinction of its own, and, apart from a small, weak mouth, slightly tobacco-stained, and an ill-defined chin, he was good to look at, with his straight nose and

well set eyes and generous breadth of forehead, the thick brown hair turning gray about it and adding to his looks a good ten years above his actual two-and-twenty. A faded coat was upon his arm and he wore a flannel shirt that had once been navy blue, and ragged trousers, and a pair of boots, through rents in which his bare feet appeared. A needle was stuck through the front of his shirt, and the soiled white cotton with which it was threaded was wound around the cloth within the projecting ends.

However accustomed to "beating his way," instead of going on foot, Farrell may have been, he was a good walker. Stretching far ahead was the level reach of the road-bed, with the converging lines of rails disappearing in the mist. Our muscles relaxed in the hot, unmoving air, until we struck the gait which becomes a mechanical swing with scarcely a sense of effort. Then Farrell was at his best. Snatches of strange song fell from him and remembered fragments of stage dialogue with little meaning and with no connection, but all expressing his care-free mood. It was contagious. Oh, but the world was wide and fair, and we were young and free, and vagabond and unashamed! Walt Whitman was our poet then, but I did not tell Farrell so; for the new, raw wine of life was in his veins, and he sang a song of his own.

A breeze sprang up from the west, and the heavy mists began to move, but from out the east great banks of clouds rose higher with the sound of distant thunder, which drew nearer, until spattering rain-drops fell, fairly hissing on the hot rails. No shelter was at hand; when the storm broke it came with vindictive fury and drenched us in a few moments. We walked on with many looks behind to make sure of not being run down, for we could scarcely have heard the approach of a train in the almost unbroken peals of thunder that nearly drowned our shouts. Then the shower passed; the thunder grew distant and faint again, and from a clear sky the sun shone upon us with blistering heat, through air as still and heavy and as surcharged with electricity as before the storm.

Farrell had been quite indifferent to the rain, accepting it with a philosophic un-

concern that was perfect. There was certainly little cause to complain, for in half an hour our clothing was dry; meantime the expression of his mood was changed. He had been friendly before, but impersonal; now he wished to get into closer touch.

"Where are you from, partner?" he asked.

"I worked last winter in Chicago," I said.

"What at?"

"Trucking in a factory for awhile, then with a road-gang on the Fair Grounds. I had a job in Joliet, but I quit in a week," I concluded. I was short, for I knew that this was merely introductory, and that Farrell was fencing for an opening.

"I've been on the road seven weeks now, looking for a job, and, in that time, I ain't slept but two nights in a bed," he began.

"Two nights in a bed out of forty-nine?" I asked.

"Yes. In that time I've beat my way out to Omaha and back to Lima and up and down; and one night a farmer near Tiffin, Ohio, give me a supper and let me sleep in a bed in his wagon-house, and one wet night in Chicago I had the price of a bunk in me jeans, and I says to meself, says I, 'I'd sooner sleep dry to-night than get drunk.'"

It came then of itself, needing only an occasional prompting question, and the narrative was essentially true, I fancy; for, free from embellishment, it moved with the directness of reality.

Born in Wisconsin of parents who had emigrated from Ireland, Farrell was bred in an Illinois village, about fifty miles north of where we were walking at the time. His two sisters lived there still, he thought, but his mother had died when he was but a lad. His father was a day laborer at work in Peoria, so far as Farrell knew. He had not seen him for many years, and he kept up no contact with his people.

Much the most interesting part of the story to me was that which related to the past year. Farrell was twenty-two; he had grown up he hardly knew how, and was already a confirmed roadster, with an inordinate love for tobacco, and a well-developed taste for drink.

In the early summer he had drifted into Ottawa, the very town that we were nearing, and, being momentarily tired of the road, he sought and found a job in a tile factory. At this point his narrative grew deeply absorbing, because of the unconscious art of it in its simple adherence to life; but being unable to reproduce his words, I can only suggest their import.

It was a crisis in his history. The change began with an experience of a mechanics' boarding-house. He was a vagabond by breeding, with no clearly defined ideas beyond food and drink, and immunity from work. He was awaking to manhood, and there began to dawn for him at the boarding-house a sense of home, and of something more in the motherly care of the housekeeper.

"Say, she was good to me," was his own expression, "she done me proud. She used to mend me clothes, and if I got drunk, she never chewed the rag, but I see it cut her bad, and I swore off for good; and then I used to give her me wages to keep for me, and she'd allow me fifty cents a week above me board."

The picture went on unfolding itself naturally in the portrayal of interests undreamed of beyond idleness, and enough of plug and beer. The savings grew to a little store; then there came the suggestion of a new suit of clothes, and a hat and boots, and a boiled shirt and collar, and a bright cravat. Farrell little thought of the native touch of art in his description of how, when all these were procured, he would fare forth on a Sunday morning, not merely another man, but other than anything that he had imagined. A sense of achievement came and brought a dawning feeling of obligation, and a desire to take standing with other men, and to know something and to bear a part in the work of a citizen of the town.

Some glimmer had remained to him of religious teaching before his mother died, and, in the conscious virtue of new dress, he sought out the church, and began to go regularly to mass.

I knew what was coming then; there had been an inevitableness that foretold it in the tale, and I found myself breathing more freely when he began to speak without self-consciousness of the girl.

He said very little of her, but it was

not at all difficult to catch the ampler meaning of his words. Sunday began to hold a new interest, quite apart from Sunday clothes. He found himself looking forward through the week to a glimpse of her at church, but the week was far too long, and in the autumn evenings he would dress himself in his best, regardless of the jeers of the other men, and would walk past her father's corner grocery. Sometimes he saw her on the pavement in front of the shop, or helping her father to wait on customers within.

All this was very disturbing; a new world had opened to him with a steady job. It was unfolding itself with quite wonderful revelations in the home-life of his boarding-house, and the friendship of the matron, and the companionship of other workingmen, and the responsibility which was beginning to replace his former recklessness. Moreover, he was getting on in the tile factory. He was strong and active, and the chances of being transferred to piece-work was a spur to do his best at his present unskilled labor. Utterly unforeseen in its train of consequences had come into this budding consciousness, the vision of a girl. He had merely seen her at church, then seen her again, then found himself looking forward to sight of her, and unable to wait patiently for Sunday. The very thought of her carried with it a feeling of contempt for his former life, and a distressing sense of difference in their present stations, which developed, sometimes, into the temptation to get back to the road and forget. That was the temptation that was always in the background, and always coming to the fore when the craving for drink was strongest, or when the monotony of ten hours' daily labor grew more than commonly burdensome. For four months and more he had resisted now, and, as a reward, he had become just man enough to know feebly that he could not easily forget, even on the road.

How he plucked up courage to meet her I do not know, for he did not tell me, and not for treasure would I have asked him at this point of the story. He did meet her, however, and the wonder of it was upon him still, as he told me modestly, in quaint speech, that she smiled upon him.

Oh, ineffable mystery of life, that he, a hobo of a few months before, should be reading now in a good girl's eyes an answering liking to his own! He was little more than a lad, and she but a slip of a girl, and I do not know what it may have meant to her, but to him it was life from the dead. Very swiftly the winter sped and very hard he worked until he earned a job at piecework in the factory, and then harder than ever until he was making good wages. He could see little of her, for she had an instinctive knowledge of her father's probable displeasure, but there grew up a tacit understanding between them that kept his hope and ambition fired.

Nothing in experience could have been more wonderful than those winter months, when he felt himself getting a man's grip of things unutterable, that came as from out a boundless sea into the range of his strange awakening. And this new life was centred in her, as though she were its source. He lived for her, and worked and thought for her and tried to be worthy of her, and between his former and his present life was a gulf which by some miracle she had created.

It came upon him with the suddenness of a pistol-shot one evening late in March when they stood talking for a moment before saying good-night at her father's door. Thundering down the steps from the living rooms over the shop rushed the grocer, a large, florid Irishman. In a moment he was upon them, hot in the newly acquired knowledge that Farrell was "keeping steady company" with his daughter. His ire was up, and his Irish tongue was loosed, and Farrell got the sting of it. It lashed him for a beggarly factory laborer of doubtful birth, and, gaining vehemence, it lashed him for a hobo predestined to destruction, and finally, with strong admonition, it charged him never to speak to the girl and never to enter her home again.

If only he could have known, if only there had been a voice to tell him convincingly that now there had come a crucial test in his life between character and circumstance, a voice "to lift him through the fight"! But all his past was against him. In another hour he was dead drunk and he went drunk to work in the morning, and was discharged.

The pleading of his landlady was of no avail. He thought that he had lost the girl. Nothing remained but the road, and back to the road he would go, and soon, with his savings in his pocket, he was "beating his way" to Chicago. There he could live on beer and free lunches, and, at dives and brothels, he would blow in the savings of ten months and try to forget how sacred the sum had seemed to him, when, little by little, he added to it, while planning for the future. Its very sacredness gave a hellish zest to utter abandonment to loathsome vice while the money lasted; then he took again to begging on the streets with "a hard-luck story," until, in the warm April days, he felt the old drawing to the open country and began once more to "beat his way" up and down the familiar railway lines and to beg his bread from the kind-hearted folk, who, in feeding him, were fast completing his ruin.

We were entering Seneca now, and another thunder-storm was upon us, but, as it broke in a deluge of rain, we ran for shelter under the eaves of the railway station. A west-bound passenger-train drew in as we stood there.

"That's the way to travel," I heard Farrell say, half to himself. It was the sheltered comfort of the passengers that he envied, I supposed. But not at all.

"See that hobo?" he continued, and, following the line of his outstretched finger, I saw a ragged wretch dripping like a drowned rat as he walked slowly up and down beside the panting locomotive.

"Yes," I answered.

"The train's got a blind baggage-car on," he continued. "That's a car that ain't got no door in the end that's next the engine. You can get on the front platform when the train starts, and the brakemen can't reach you till she stops, but then you're off before they are and on again when she starts up. The fireman can reach you all right, and if he's ugly, he'll heave coal at you, and sometimes he'll kick you off when the train's going full speed; but generally he lets you be. That hobo come in two hours from Chicago and he's got a snap for as long as he wants to ride," he concluded.

Nevertheless, I was glad to see the train go without Farrell's saying anything

about joining our adventurous brother on the fore-platform of the "blind baggage-car."

In the seething sunlight that followed the storm we left the station and walked along the village street which lay parallel with the railway. At a mineral spring we stopped to drink, while a group of school-children who were loitering homeward stood watching us, the fascination in their eyes which all children feel in the mystery which surrounds the lives of vagabonds and gypsies.

On the outskirts of the village, when we were about to resume the railway, Farrell suggested that he should go foraging. He was hungry, for he had eaten nothing since early morning, while I had bought food at Morris. I promised to wait for him and very gladly sat down on the curbstone in the shade.

Two bare-foot urchins, their trousers rolled up to their knees, who had evidently been watching us from behind a picket-fence, stole stealthily out of the gate when Farrell turned the corner. Creeping as near as they dared, they gathered a handful of small, sun-baked clods and began to throw them at me as a target. It was rare sport for a time, but I was beyond their range and much absorbed in Farrell's story. Disappointed at not having the excitement of being chased back to the shelter of their yard, they gave up the game and seated themselves on the curb, with their naked, brown feet bathed in the pool which had formed in the gutter. I had become quite unconscious of them, when I suddenly realized that they were in warm discussion. It was about me, I found, for I heard one of them raise his voice in stern insistence.

"Naw," he said, "that ain't the same bum, that's another bum!"

Farrell returned empty-handed and a trifle dejected, I thought. His mind was evidently on food. A little farther down the line he pointed out a farm-house to the right and suggested our trying there. Along the edge of a soft meadow, where the damp grass stood high, nearly ready for mowing, we walked to a muddy lane which led to the barn-yard. A lank youth in overalls tucked into top-boots and a gingham shirt and a wide-brimmed straw hat stood in the open doorway of the

barn, calmly staring at us as we approached.

Farrell greeted him familiarly and was answered civilly. Then, without further parley, he explained that we were come for something to eat.

"Go up to the house and ask the boss," said the hired man.

The farmer was plainly well-to-do. His house was a large, square, white-painted, wooden structure topped with a cupola, and with well-kept grounds about it, while the farm buildings wore a prosperous air of plenitude. Just then a well-grown watch-dog of the collie type came walking toward us across the lawn, a menacing inquiry in his face.

"Won't you go?" suggested Farrell.

The hired man had caught sight of the dog, and there was a twinkle in his eye as he answered, airily,

"Oh, no, thank you."

"Does the dog bite?" Farrell ventured, cautiously.

"Yes," came sententiously from the hired man.

"We'd better get back to the road," Farrell said to me, and we could feel amused eyes upon us as we retraced our steps to the track.

Once more Farrell tried his luck; this time at a meagre, wooden, drab cottage that faced a country lane, a hundred yards from the railway. I watched him from the line and noticed that he talked for some time with the woman who answered his knock and stood framed in the door.

When he returned he had two large slices of bread in his hand and some cold meat.

"I didn't like to take it," he remarked. "Her husband's a carpenter and ain't had no work for six weeks. But she says she couldn't have me go away hungry. That's the kind that always helps you, the kind that's in hard luck themselves, and knows what it is."

He was for sharing the forage and, hungry as he was, he had not eaten a morsel of it when he rejoined me. That I would take none seemed to him at first a personal slight, but he understood it better when I explained that I had had food at Morris.

There was a cloudless sunset that evening, the sun sinking in a crimson glow

that foretold another day of great heat. The stars came slowly out over a firmament of slaty blue, and shone obscurely through the humid air. Farrell and I were silent for some time. Both of us had walked about thirty-six miles that day, and were intent on a resting-place. At last we began to catch the glitter of street-lights in Ottawa, and, at sight of them, Farrell's spirits rose. He was like one returning home after long absence. The sound of a church-bell came faintly to us. Farrell held me by the arm.

"You hear that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"That's the Methodist church bell."

I could see his face light up, as though something were rousing the best that was in him.

At the eastern end of the town, and close to the railway, we came upon a brick-kiln. Farrell was perfectly familiar with his surroundings now, and we stopped for a drink. For some reason the water would not run in the faucet, so we went around to a barn-like building in the rear. Through a large, open doorway he entered, while I remained outside. Soon I heard him in conversation with someone, who proved to be the night-watchman, and, finding that Farrell was not likely to rejoin me soon, I also entered.

Some moments were necessary to accustom one's eyes to the interior, but I could see at once the figure of a white-bearded old man lying at full length on a bed of gunny-sacks thrown over some sloping boards. His head was propped up, and he held a newspaper which he had been reading by the light of two large torches that hung suspended near him, and from which columns of black smoke rose, curling upward into dark recesses among the rafters. Everything was black with smut and grimy dust. Soon I could see that on one side were great heaps of coal that sloped away to the outer walls like the talus against a cliff.

Farrell was seated on a coal-heap, and was absorbed in the news of the town, as he gathered it from the old man. Quite unnoticed, I sat down on a convenient board and listened dreamily, hoping heartily the while that we should not have to go much farther that night.

Presently I found myself alert to what was being said, for they were discussing the question of a night's lodging. It was from the watchman that the suggestion came that we should remain where we were, and very readily we agreed. Taking a torch from its socket, he lighted us through a long passage to another room that was used as a carpenter's shop. A carpenter's bench ran the length of it, and the tools lay strewn over its surface. From a corner he drew a few yards of old matting, which he offered to Farrell as a bed; and he found a door off its hinges, which, when propped up at one end as it lay on the floor, made what proved that night a comfortable bed for me. With a promise to call us early, he left us in the dark, and, quickly off with our boots, we wrapped ourselves in our coats and were soon fast asleep.

The watchman was true to his word; for the stars were still shining when Farrell and I, hungry and stiff, set off down the track in the direction of the railway station. His mood was that of the evening before, as though, after years of wandering, he was returning to his native place. Recollections of those ten months of sober industry crowded painfully upon him, and he shrank like a culprit from possible recognition. Yet every familiar sight held a fascination for him. With kindling interest he pointed out the locality of the boarding-house, and again held me by the arm and made me listen, until I, too, could catch the sound of escaping steam at the tile factory where he had worked.

The iron was entering into his soul, but he knew it only as a painful struggle between a desire to return to a life of work and the inertia that would keep him on the road. We walked on, in silence for the most part, under the morning stars that were dimming at the approach of day. When Farrell spoke, it was to reveal, unconsciously, the progress of the struggle within him.

"It ain't no use tryin' for a job; I've been lookin' seven weeks now." That was the lie to smooth the road to vagabondage.

"I'd have a hell of a time to get square in this town again. Everybody that knowed me, knowed I got fired for drink-

in'." That was the truth that made straight the gate and narrow the way that led to life.

In a moment of encouragement he spoke of the boarding-house keeper and of her promise to take him back again, if he would return to work; but his thoughts of the girl he kept to himself, and deeply I liked him for it.

We were leaving Ottawa behind, and a fear as of great darkness was upon me. With a sharp curve the railway swept around the base of bluffs that rose sheer on our right from the roadbed, rugged and grim in the twilight, the trees on top darkly outlined against the sky. At our left were the flooded lowlands of the Illinois bottom. We could see the decaying corn-stalks of last year's growth just appearing above the water in the submerged fields, and, here and there, a floating out-building which had been carried down by the flood and was caught among the trees.

Was he man enough to hold fast to his chance, or would he allow himself to drift? This was the drama that was unfolding itself there in the dark before the dawn, under frowning banks beside a flooded river, while the silent stars looked down.

We came to another brick-kiln, with its buildings on the bank just above the railway. A light was shining from a shanty window, and a well-worn foot-path led from the road up through the underbrush of the hillside to the shanty door. A night-watchman was making a final round of the kiln to see that all was right before the day's work began.

Farrell stood still for a moment, the struggle fierce within him.

"Let's get a drink of water," he said, and I blessed the simple need.

The night-watchman led us to a spring and answered, encouragingly, Farrell's inquiry about a possible job.

"Go up and ask the boss," he said. "He's just finished his breakfast. That's his house," he added, pointing out the shanty with the light in the window.

From the foot of the path I watched Farrell climb to the shanty-door and knock. The door opened and the voices of two men came indistinctly down to me. My hopes rose, for it was not merely a question and a decisive reply, but the give and take of continued dialogue. The suspense

had grown to physical suffering, when I saw Farrell turn from the door and begin to descend the path.

I could not see his face distinctly; but, as he drew nearer, I caught its expression of distress, and my heart was lead within me. The half-frightened, worried bewilderment that I had noticed on the day before was back in his eyes, as he stood looking into mine, evidently expecting me to speak. I remained silent.

"I've got a job," he said, presently, and I could have struck him for the joy of it.

"Me troubles is just begun, for the whole town knows me for a bum," he added, while his anxious eyes moved restlessly behind frowning brows. I said nothing, but waited until I could catch his eye at rest. Then out it came, a little painfully:

"I'll go to the boarding-house to-night,

when me day's work is done, and put up there, if the missus can take me."

"Good," I said, and I waited again until his gaze was steady upon me.

For a day we had tramped together, and slept together for a night, and, quite of his own accord, he had given me his confidence. We were parting, now that he had found work, and I hoped that I might receive the final mark of his trust, so I waited.

He read my question, and his eyes wandered, but they came back to mine, and he spoke up like a man:

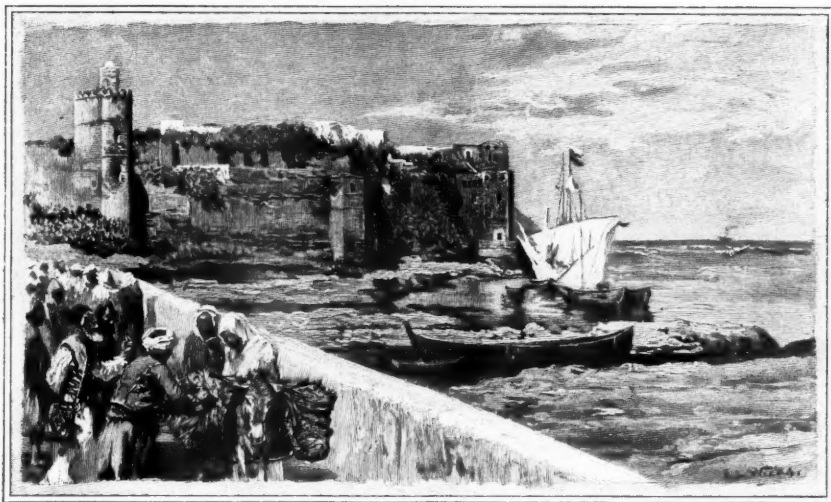
"I can't, till I'm a bit decent again and got some clothes; but I'll hold down me job, and, as soon as I can, I'll go back to her."

A warning whistle blew; Farrell went up the path to take his place in the brick-kiln, and I was soon far down the line in the direction of Utica.

TO SIXTEEN

By Charles Henry Webb

WHO could believe, my little queen,
 So many years were thine—sixteen!
 That sifting on thy head their gold
 So many moons had o'er thee rolled!
 But stranger still to me, a sage,
 And more appalling than thine age,
 Is that in all this waste of years—
 So saidst thou, and with smiles, not tears,
 Years that diplomas might have earned,
 To love as yet thou hast not learned.
 What, sixteen years! Were it a week!
 But in less time have girls learned Greek;
 And in less time have eyes less blue
 Won hearts, yes, worlds—and lost them too.
 In half the years that thou hast told
 And not half trying, I've grown old.
 If learned thou hast not, I, as true,
 Have not forgot what once I knew.
 Let me then straight thy teacher be—
 Since I can nothing learn of thee!



Rabat, — The Cashah and Rabat Bah from the Marina.

TWO CENTRES OF MOORISH ART

By Edwin Lord Weeks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

TANGIER may be likened to a gateway leading from the Present to the Past; from the Europe of to-day backward into the twelfth century. The road beyond the city walls, which forks at different points, one route leading to Fez, one to Tetuan, another to Larache, fringed for some distance by gardens and modern villas, bears the unmistakable stamp of antiquity. Over such roads as this marched the first Roman legions, and such must have been the prehistoric paths traced by the feet of men and beasts of burden, winding from one village of huts to another. Deep and narrow grooves have been worn in the hillsides, divided one from the other by steep ridges, or by pyramids of earth and clay, crested with the stunted stems and roots of palmetto bushes: from the very depth of these furrows, and the height and steepness of the intervening ridges, one may easily divine that the

slow process of disintegration has been going on for ages. Even where they cross ledges of granite, these paths have been deeply cut, as if caused by glacial action. But Tangier itself, if it has ever been dignified with any monuments dating from the best periods of Moorish art, such as may still be found in the decaying cities beyond, shows scarcely a vestige of them to-day. It gives us no inkling of what we are to find when we have passed the inland ridges over which the white tracks wind, thread-like, toward the hazy rim of mountains in the south, or the high granite ridges behind Tetuan. Beyond this alluring horizon, again, lie the mysterious cities of the Moor, unchanged and unchanging save in their ceaseless, inevitable decay. No other Moslem country has so long resisted and successfully baffled the aggressive progress of modern civilization. While India has become a net-work of railways, and smooth macadamized roads run northward to the mountain barriers of the empire; while

the Trans-Caspian Railway has opened an easy route for tourists even to Samarcand, there is not yet a single road over which wheeled vehicles may pass in the whole empire of Morocco. Although the isolation which has permitted the inhabitants to live on in the same conditions which were dear to their ancestors is mainly owing to the political and geographical causes which have made Morocco a bone of contention between European powers, not a little of its comparative immunity from the blessings attendant upon modern progress is due to the ingenious and subtle diplomacy of the Moorish race—a kind of diplomacy which consists in readily yielding an unimportant point, in promising, while eternally temporizing and always deferring the day of performance. Aided by the seemingly naive but devious policy of these natural diplomats, as well as by the mutual jealousy and mistrust with which each European power views its neighbor's advances in Morocco, we may yet have many years in which to enjoy what is almost the only country left to grow old in its own way. The world can well afford to neglect this corner of Africa for a few decades yet, or even a century, and allow it to exist as a museum of antiquity, a working model of the Middle Ages; the silence of its cities undisturbed by noise of factories and tramways, and its broad, sunny reaches of open country untraversed by railways or macadamized roads.

No great effort of imagination is necessary in order to feel that between the landscape of Morocco, or even of Moorish Spain across the Straits, and the character of its people, their ideas of decorative art, and even their music, a marked and subtle affinity exists—to realize that in its highest development their art has been largely influenced by its environment. The vast, unbroken stretches of breezy upland, over which one must ride to reach the inland cities, whether vividly green with spring grain or sunburned from the summer heats, and streaked with violet under brooding cloud-shadows, with always the glittering rim of the Atlantic or mountain ridges whitening as they recede, for a horizon, are characterized by a certain impressive monotony, sel-

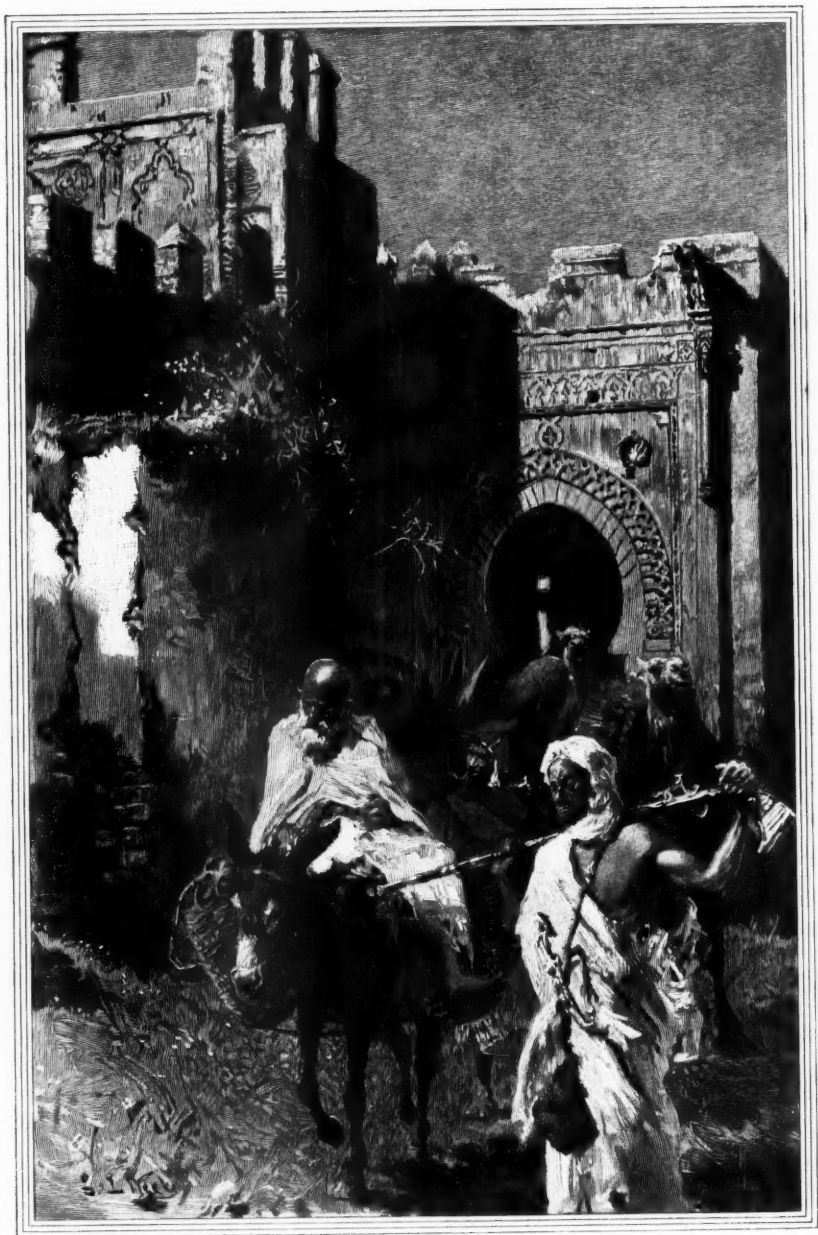
dom wearisome, since it serves to accentuate the charm of frequently recurring passages of surpassing beauty—

Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea.

The bridle-path lies often between brown, furrowed slopes, where the tall, dry thistles of last summer show in a silvery lining against the sky, or among meadows sprinkled with iris and asphodel; and there are veritable moorlands where the heather, here rank and woody, purples in its season, as in Scotland, but they have the added charm of the mellow golden sunlight of Africa. There are passages, too, of utter barrenness and sunbaked sterility, devoid of character but for occasional glimpses of the Atlas range, as on the route to Marrakesch from the sea-coast. Wherever a city appears in the distance, the horizontal lines of its walls, broken only by a rare mosque tower, repeat the forms of the mountain-ridges behind, which are seldom varied by peaks and pinnacles. These monotonous lengths of gray crenelated wall, stretching across level plains, or climbing steep hillsides in picturesque zigzags, as at Tetuan and Mequinez, might seem, like the barriers of the Atlas, designed to repel intruders and to hide what lies behind; and when once we have crossed the threshold, either of city gate or mountain-pass, we find ourselves among ruins and crumbling walls enclosing some gem of Moorish art, or among other waste and desert places, holding, in their solitude, a landscape of unexpected beauty.

II

THE aim of the Moorish architect seems to have been, first, to impress the beholder by the severe rectangular mass of his edifice, or by the stateliness of battlemented walls rising high against the deep blue of the sky, and then to relieve the feeling of monotony, just when it begins to be oppressive, by fixing his attention upon some panel or space of richly wrought and concentrated ornament. Undoubtedly these masses of wall have a greater pictorial value to-day, crumbling, hoary, weather-stained, and patched with sombre colors, than in



Drawn by E. L. Weeks.

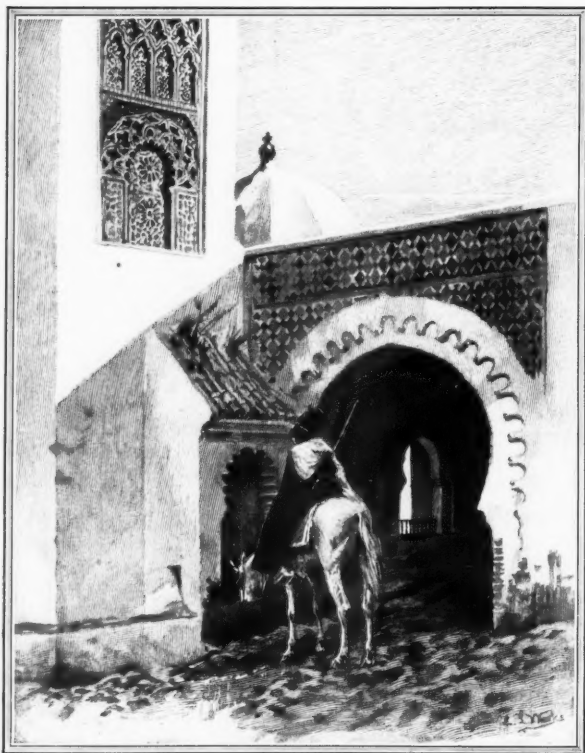
Inner Walls of Chella Gate.

their prime. So also have the gems of exquisite workmanship, whether gateway, recess, or fountain, framed by the desert spaces of wall. From one source or another, certainly remote, and certainly not from the Christians, who were beginning, even in these early days, to load their churches exteriorly with ornament, the Moorish artist received the lesson of simplicity and concentration.

In early Moorish architecture but little attention was paid to the decoration of the outer surfaces, whether on city walls or the blank exteriors of houses, mosques, or palaces. But wherever a gateway, door, or street-fountain afforded the opportunity, a wealth of invention, both in color and design, was lavished upon it; and these ornamented portions, usually confined within rectangular spaces, gain

in effect from the contrast afforded by the surrounding blankness. In the most successful examples of such surface decoration each motive tells with the force of a picture well framed, and may be studied independently of its surroundings. One of the most satisfactory instances of this treatment is on the outer wall of the mosque at Cordova, where there is a long series of small portals, each flanked by a window on either side; while all are of the same size the details are more or less varied.

In the matter of interior decoration Moorish architects seem often to have gone to the other extreme, and to have left hardly a square yard of plain surface. The "patios," or inner courts of their houses, whether ancient or modern, glitter with tiled flooring, the walls with painted

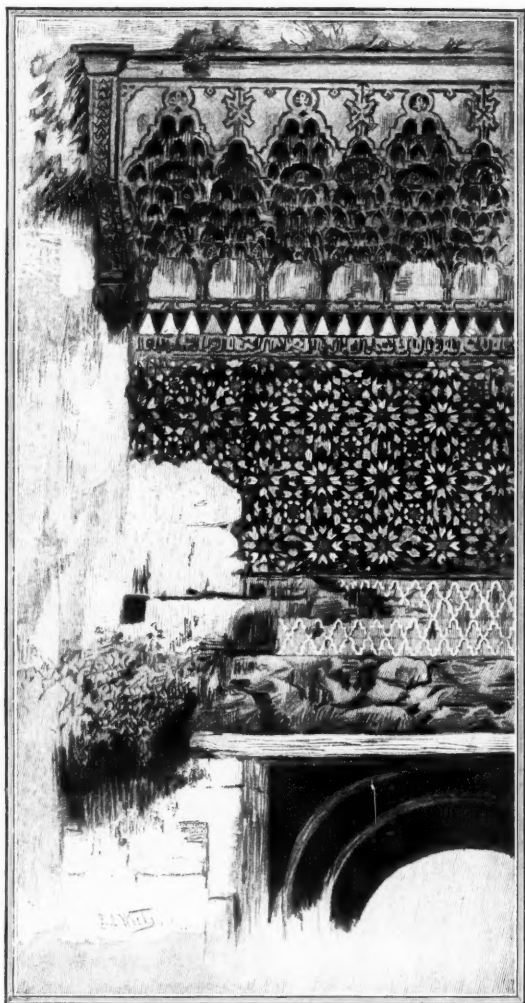


Mosque and Street Fountain, Tetuan.

Showing panel of ancient tile-work on the tower and more modern ornament below over the arch.

and stuccoed arabesques, and the doors are cunningly panelled or inlaid and enriched with color and gilding; domes similarly decorated rise above the stairways, and the rafters and ceilings of the rooms are treated in the same way. The narrow streets of Rabat, of Tetuan, and Sallee, heaped with the accumulated rubbish and filth of ages, trodden into a crusted paste, give not the faintest idea of what lies behind the rough stone walls freshly whitewashed, or streaked and patched with mould and moss. The first door we pass may open into a hovel, a stable, or into a courtyard surrounded by sculptured arcades, repeating the designs of the Alcazar or the Alhambra. The old houses built by Moorish dwellers on the Albaicin at Granada, and the few left at Cordova, differ but slightly from those created to-day across the Strait, and repeat the same fanciful designs.

The mosque tower, always the salient feature in the silhouette of a Moorish town, never varies from the traditional form of plain and severe outlines, inexorably determined by custom. It is always square and angular, with a smaller edition of itself perched on the top. Within these rigid lines Moorish architects have contrived to display a great deal of fancy and ingenuity in breaking up the plain surfaces with arabesques in relief, with colored tiles, and with graceful pointed windows, often approaching the Gothic in form, and which lend an air of lightness to the whole fabric. In spite of the unvarying monotony of their outlines, which, like everything Moorish, seems the result of some unwritten mysterious law,



Ancient Fondak at Sallee.

one would hardly wish them different, so well do they harmonize with their surroundings, giving the needed accent to the general horizontal tendency of walls and landscape. The finest examples are doubtless the Hassan Tower, the Kutubia, the Giralda of Seville, and the great shell which remains of the famous tower of Tlemcen. Many smaller towers are worthy, in actual beauty and in delicacy



Painted Wall-cupboard in the Old House at Rabat.

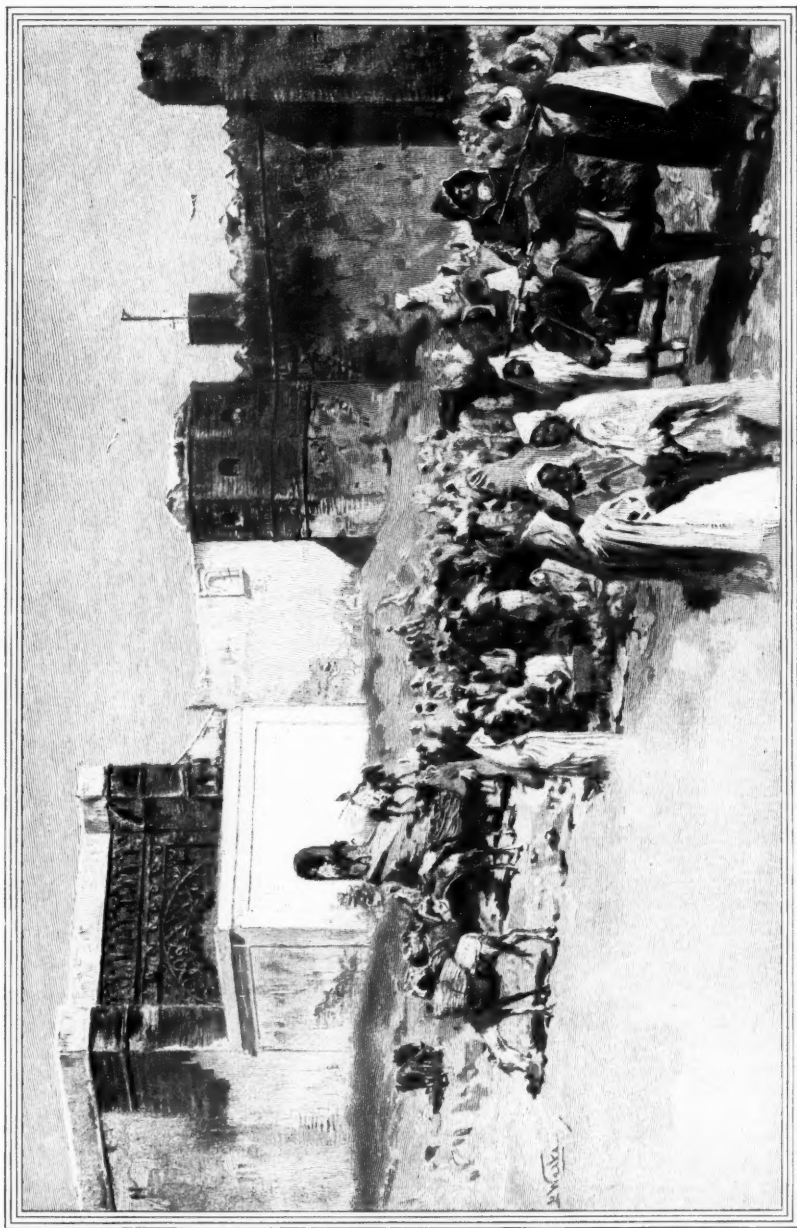
Moorish pottery above; below is shown a dado of straw matting made in Rabat, divided into panels, red and black, alternately.

of treatment, of being classed with them, like the tower of the ruined mosque at Chella, several at Tlemcen, and others at Granada, now converted into church towers, like those at Ecija in Andalusia. As we travel eastward it is interesting to note the gradual transition to the more slender minarets of Turkey and Persia. Beyond Algeria the square form no longer prevails, and at Tunis we find the hexagonal tower, surmounted by a gallery, where the muezzin chants his call to prayer; and at Cairo we begin to realize that the Arabian architect was a man of resources, of skill, and sometimes of genius. Thus by degrees we come to the slim circular minarets of the Turk, with extinguisher

tops, and one or more galleries, culminating at last in the round and slender glazed minars of Persia, Turkestan, and India. But, after all, we find nothing more stately, more dignified and impressive than the great, square towers of Morocco.

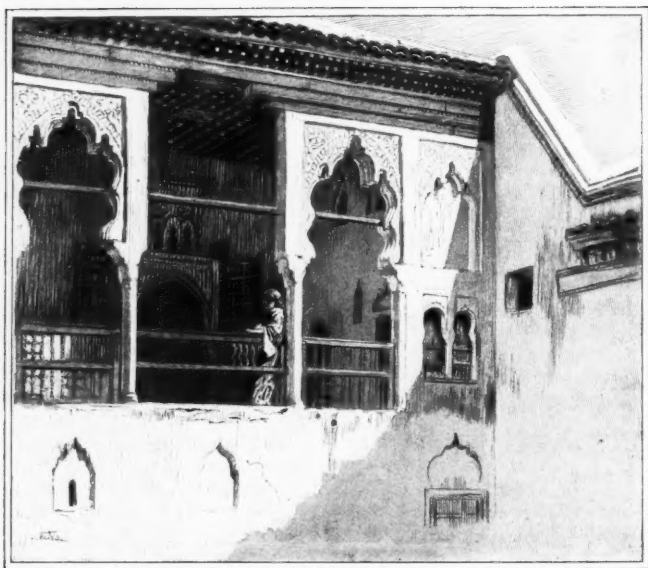
III

OVERLYING the rare and scattered remains of Roman colonial days, and those which still proudly bear witness to the glory of the Moorish caliphs, are the landmarks of the Portuguese ascendancy, which are numerous in all the cities of the coast from Tangier to Mogador. The most interesting of these towns, from an historical point of view, and from the artistic value of its few monuments, as well as for the beauty of its landscape setting, is Rabat. According to Leo Africanus, who visited Morocco at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Rabat, which was even then in a ruinous condition, was founded by the Sultan Mansor, in order to threaten Spain. The broad tidal river, Bou Ragrag, flowing past the rocky ledges on which Rabat is built, meets the Atlantic swells at a point just below the Red Castle, which rises like a lesser Alhambra, from the rocky promontory at its mouth. The river is bordered on the other side by a wide plain of sand, and beyond the sand lies Sallee, "the Holy," not long since undefiled by Christian feet. The Red Castle, or Casbah, of Rabat, overlooks the boiling surges of the bar formed by the gradual encroachments of the Sallee sands; and it is this bar which has destroyed the commerce of both cities, by rendering the river so difficult and uncertain of access. Night after night, when we wintered at Rabat, the little windows of our house, overlooking the Marina below the Casbah, shook and rattled to the thunder of the surf. For a month at a time it was impossible for the steamers, lying three miles out in the open, and ceaselessly rolling, to communicate with the shore. The great half-decked barges, or lighters, which took advantage of every lull to make for the outlet, were each manned by fifteen or twenty stalwart descendants of the famous "Sallee



Drawn by E. L. Weeks.

Walls of the Casbah, Rabat.



Gallery of Old House at Rabat.

Used as a Fondak, but partly falling into ruin. Had pointed arches of a rare design.

rovers." We often watched them on sunny and windless days, while we sat among the storks' nests on the upper terrace of the castle—days when by good rights the bar should have been quiet, but from some mysterious cause it was more boisterous than usual; and the valiant mariners, after struggling in vain, were chased back into the river by the serried ranks of breakers—for there is no anchorage, no roadstead or refuge of any kind, no land nearer, in a straight line, than Madeira, and the mountainous Atlantic swells roll in with resistless fury.

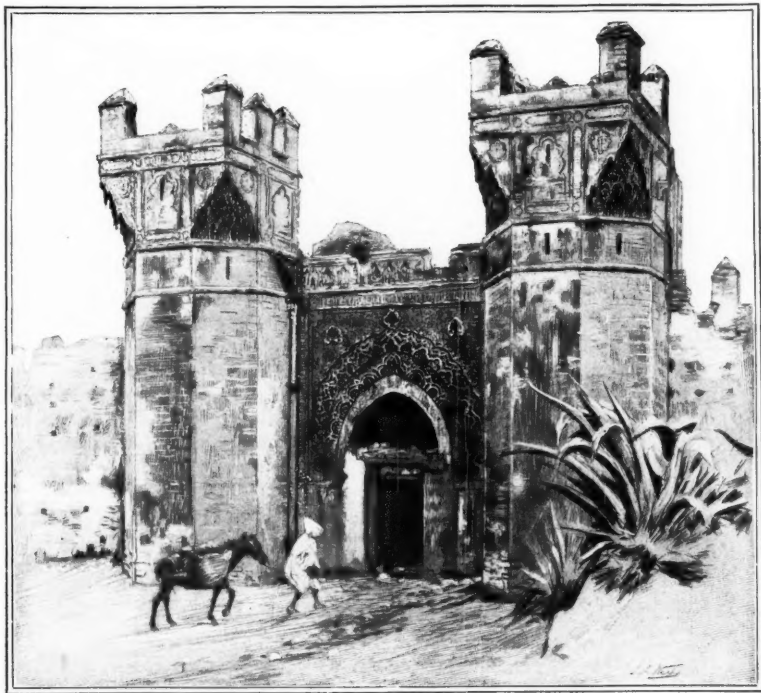
In the total absence of theatres, of horse-shows, of carnival or other mundane gayeties, we found no amusement more exciting than to descend the broad, green slopes of turf to the shore beyond the castle, there to lie among the rocks with the setting sun in our eyes, and to watch for the occasional mighty wave which thundered in through the caverns and gullies, to shoot upward through some circular opening, in a towering column of spray. An ancient battery, partly protected from the sea by a low wall of masonry, skirts the shore for some dis-

tance beyond the castle; some of the guns, those at least which are not dismounted, are on wooden trucks. One or two modern rifled guns, of as recent a date as the American Civil War, were hopelessly rusted and oxidized, so that the rifled lining could be pulled out by handfuls, but the bronze guns of Spanish and Portuguese workmanship, dating back to the days of the Armada, and which have been left to take care of themselves for centuries, are still in serviceable condition. With their arms and escutcheons, their grandiloquent inscriptions bearing the names and titles of various Christian majesties, and their handles wrought into the semblance of dolphins or sea-serpents, they would still do honor to any museum of artillery.

If the traveller does not care to tempt the bar and to run the risk of being carried on to Casa Blanca, the next seaport, he may go from Tangier by land in from two to four days. But there are wide and deep rivers to ford, and at the season when we started from Tangier there was also the chance of being overtaken by the autumn rains. Being burdened with

much baggage, including household utensils, as we knew that we should find neither hotel nor pension in Rabat, we preferred to face the perils of the sea. The evening preceding the sailing of the steamer West we passed at the German Legation, and the Chancellor, recalling his own experience and the tumultuous horrors of the bar, which he described to us with unnecessary and appalling realism, predicted that we should not be able to make a landing. Our misgivings did not, however, disturb our night's rest, and we were favored by fortune, for early in the morning we were gently wafted over the bar in a lighter and deposited, with our two Moorish servants and household effects, on the marina of Rabat. The circle of grave, and for the most part well-dressed, Moors which closed in around us expressed nothing of welcome in their attitude, nor, in fact, any emotion whatever; they seemed to be simply awaiting events. As our friend the Spanish Consul, Don S.

Gonsalvo Gomez de Melilla, was in a measure responsible for our coming, I set out in search of him, leaving the others, with the servants, to guard the luggage. The consul had written a most enthusiastic letter extolling the artistic glories of Rabat, and offering, with true Spanish hospitality, the shelter of his roof until we should be installed in a house of our own. I found him in bed, but having realized that his arduous duties of host and cicerone had fairly begun, he was soon ready to return with me to the custom-house and exert his official authority. Our friends were still undergoing the silent scrutiny of the same motionless circle. To say that the faces of these people expressed hostility, either open or concealed, might be going rather beyond the mark; but if any expression at all could be detected, it was of the nature of cold disapproval, and certainly not reassuring. But we were soon to learn that the Moor is not always to be read like an open book,



Gateway of Chella.

and before many days most of the circle to whom we were indebted for this chilly reception hastened to offer their friendship, in return for such trifling services as we could render. Every morning one or more of them would clamber up our steep stairway to beseech us, in broken English or Spanish, to translate a foreign letter or to straighten out a bill of lading.

A few were cosmopolitans and citizens of the world, who had taken the measure of London and Paris, and they afterward improvised fêtes and tea-parties for us after the fashion of Moorish hospitality. But the house which the Consul had described to us in his letter—the Moorish villa with tiles and horseshoe arches—which we were to have for eight dollars a month, had tumbled down. Our only alternative was a house in the Jewish quarter, on the only street where a Christian was permitted to reside. We soon took possession, although the mansion was not peculiarly inviting, either within or without, and the door-key, of enormous size and weight, as Moorish keys usually are, was formally handed over to us.

IV

THE great landmark of Rabat, visible far out at sea, is the "Hassan Tower." Majestic and square of outline, it rises from the steep bank of the river, its severe, vertical lines cutting sharply against the level horizon of the high table-land which here bounds the limit of vision to the eastward. Seen from the outskirts of the town, or from the opposite shore of the river, the fact that it is the only object in a landscape of vast, sweeping lines, makes it peculiarly impressive. The dismantled ruins and broken arcades of the mosque at its feet show that it was planned on the same grand scale as its

two rivals, the Kotubia tower of Marrakesch* and the Giralda of Seville. But the little supplementary tower at the top, which is complete in the Kotubia, and which in the Spanish tower has been replaced by a renaissance addition, is here wanting, showing that the tower was never completely finished. These three towers are believed by Moorish scribes to

have been erected by the same architect.† Leo Africanus speaks of this in his mention of Rabat, and says that three horses can ascend the ramp of the tower abreast. This "ramp" is a winding, inclined plane inside, which holds the place of stairway. With respect to its ornamental tracery it is, perhaps, the finest of all the three towers. In both this and the Kotubia there are details which have almost their counterparts in Gothic and Byzantine architecture, and they are both built of the same ruddy-colored stone, similar to that employed in some parts of the Alhambra, while the Seville tower is faced with



Sid Bou Bekr at the Door of his Fondak.

brick. The red castle, or Casbah, was formerly entered by a superb gateway of the same red stone, but the external opening is now partly masked and hidden by a low, white wall of modern construction. Upon entering the low door in this wall from the Sök, or market-place, a turn to the right leads through a dark paved passage and out into the square or end of the street, on which the inner gate faces, at right angles, as usual, with the first gate. They are nearly alike, differing only in a few details. Both have fine "horseshoe" arches, slightly pointed, as are all Moorish arches of this period. Upon either side are the little columns formerly supporting a projecting roof, and also the sculptured shells, never lacking in these

*Marrakesch is the Moorish name for the city of Morocco, one of the two capitals of the empire.

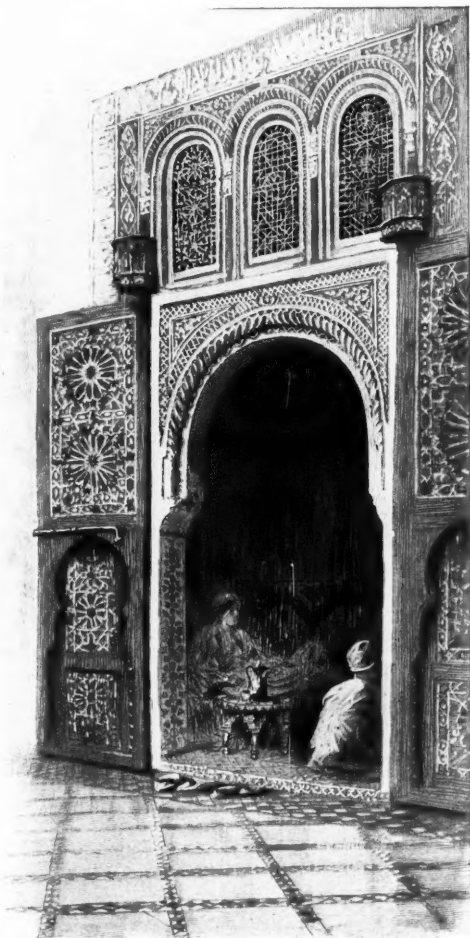
†Sir John Drummond Hay says, in his "Western Barbary," referring to the Kootsobia (Kotubia Tower): "Like in construction to the famous Giralda of Seville, and built by the same famous Geber."

monuments. In the great mosque tower at Tlemcen, which resembles in many respects the three towers mentioned above, these shells are nearly circular in form, suggesting a transition to the rosette employed by later Moorish architects. The arabesques and dentilated ornaments surrounding the inner arches of the Casbah gateways are bold in design and have sufficient relief to cast shadows both crisp and decided. The opening of the arch in the interior gateway has been walled up and whitewashed. This wall is pierced with a grated window above and a door below, giving access to the prison of Rabat. It was at the time of the great famine when we first saw this monumental prison, and we questioned Hadj Ben Aissa, a Moor with a sense of humor, in regard to the diet of the prisoners. The idea of feeding prisoners at all seemed to strike him as irresistibly ludicrous. For "if they gave them anything to eat," said he, "all the people would be clamoring to get in."

V

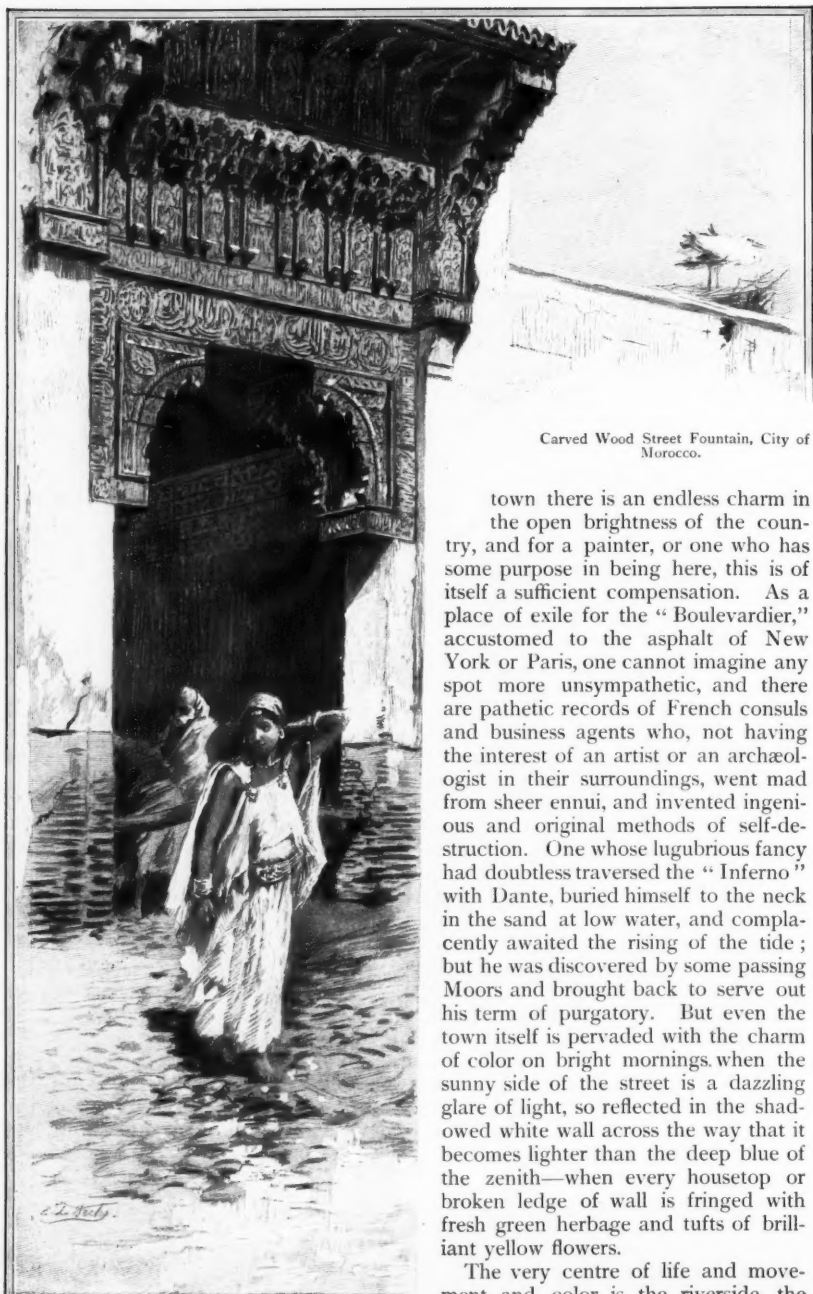
RABAT has a distinctive character of its own, besides being almost exclusively Moorish in its whitewashed solemnity, wherein it differs from most other coast towns, which all have a rather mongrel semi-Portuguese aspect, with the exception of Safi. This Moorish atmosphere is not altogether agreeable or salutary for the long residence of Europeans, being somewhat melancholy and suggestive of decay. The sad complexion of mind which grows upon one after being shut in for a length of time among the narrow lanes walled in by high buildings, so old that the oft-renewed layers of whitewash do not suffice to hide their mouldering decrepitude, is increased not a little by

the feeling one has of isolation, and of being cut off from Europe by the perpetual menace of the bar; it is almost as if one had made the final voyage across the Styx, to begin a ruminative and impersonal existence in a silent land where few echoes from the world one has left ever find an entrance. One may easily please himself, if he so wills, by indulging in this fancy, and the illusion is strengthened by the silent, shrouded figures of the people. But once outside the walls of the



Door in Old House of Sid Bou Bekr (Morocco).

Showing painted woodwork (doors) stucco, arabesque over doorway and old tile work.



Carved Wood Street Fountain, City of Morocco.

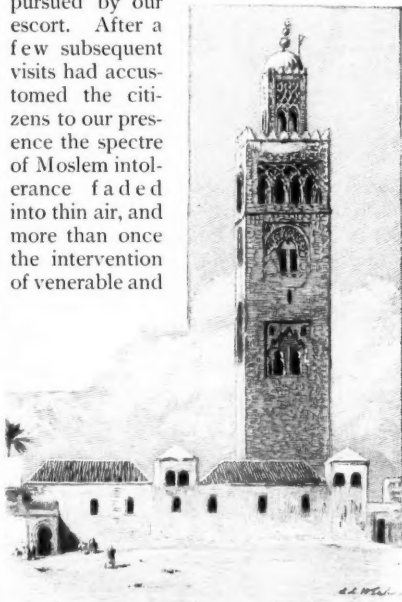
town there is an endless charm in the open brightness of the country, and for a painter, or one who has some purpose in being here, this is of itself a sufficient compensation. As a place of exile for the "Boulevardier," accustomed to the asphalt of New York or Paris, one cannot imagine any spot more unsympathetic, and there are pathetic records of French consuls and business agents who, not having the interest of an artist or an archæologist in their surroundings, went mad from sheer ennui, and invented ingenious and original methods of self-destruction. One whose lugubrious fancy had doubtless traversed the "Inferno," with Dante, buried himself to the neck in the sand at low water, and complacently awaited the rising of the tide; but he was discovered by some passing Moors and brought back to serve out his term of purgatory. But even the town itself is pervaded with the charm of color on bright mornings, when the sunny side of the street is a dazzling glare of light, so reflected in the shadowed white wall across the way that it becomes lighter than the deep blue of the zenith—when every housetop or broken ledge of wall is fringed with fresh green herbage and tufts of brilliant yellow flowers.

The very centre of life and movement and color is the riverside, the

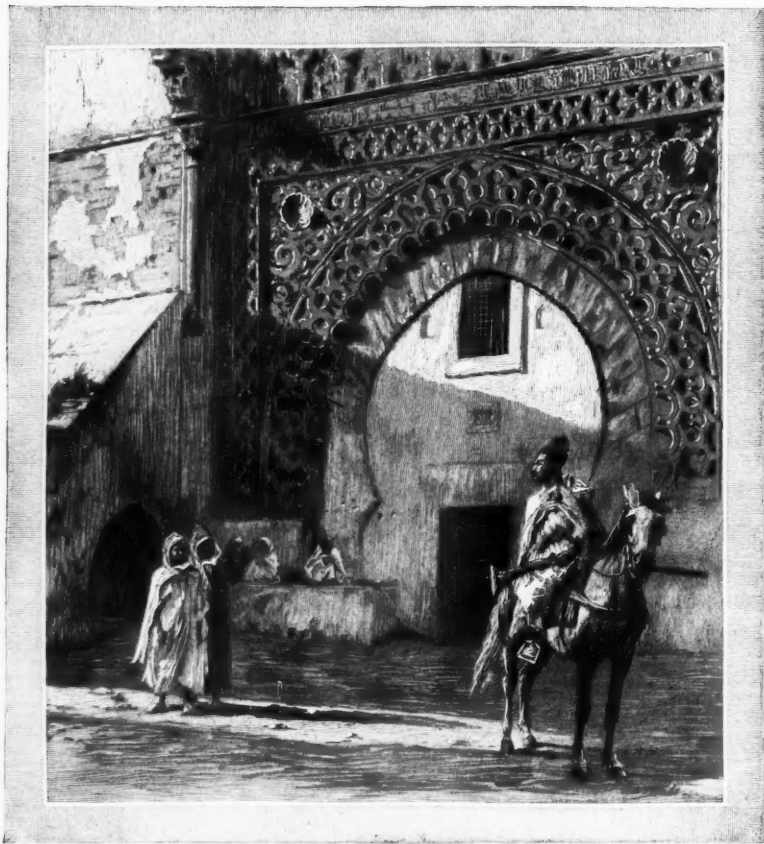
landing-place of the boats that ply across to the Sallee shore. The long main street of Rabat, which straggles off from the "marina," floored with flat circular mill-stones for much of its length, maintaining throughout a nearly parallel course to the river, turns sharply to the left near the water-gate at the end. Passing through the quarter of the dyers, who stand at their doors, with arms purple, violet, and crimson to the elbows, hanging up festoons of dripping woollen stuffs, wet and reeking from their malodorous vats, we descend a steep causeway down to the shore. Here we have to pick our way among green and fetid pools of filth, the drainage of the dyer's vats and the houses perched on the steep ledges above us. The broad river now lies before us, and the red, sandy shore opposite stretches away to the long walls of Sallee. The swiftly flowing current, full of eddies and swirls, reflects the varying tints of the sky, the steep bank of golden sand crowded with people, the black barges with their passengers and live-stock, suggesting a warp of changing azure crossed by threads of many colors.

Framed by the surrounding landscape—the lofty and solemn Hassan Tower on one side of the river, and on the other the glaring plain of sand dotted with moving figures in the direction of the gray walls of Sallee—this is one of the most animated spots in Morocco. I must admit that it was not without some degree of trepidation that we approached Sallee for the first time, escorted by our soldier, a cavalry trooper of a severe and sour countenance; for the Bashaw had allowed us a permanent guard of honor, quite as if we had constituted a legation by ourselves. The people of Sallee, we were told, were in the habit of receiving the infidel stranger with volleys of stones; and the Spanish Consul had said, while he grew eloquent over the attractions of the place, that it would be out of the question to attempt any sketches there. On this first occasion we elected to go on foot, the better to dodge such stray missiles as might find their way in our direction, and the lady of our party of three, whose curiosity was stronger than her discretion, refused to be left behind. As we trudged through the deep sand be-

tween half-picked skeletons—not of men, but of beasts which had succumbed to the famine—our first impression was a somewhat grewsome one, particularly as the guardian of this extra-mural cemetery was just then engaged in stacking up a donkey-load of bones, and other remains, against the wall near the gate. We had got well into the town, through the inner girdle of ruins and gardens, before the inhabitants began to realize that their sanctity was being profaned. Our reception was milder than we had been led to expect; most of the citizens who lined the walls and crowded the doorways contented themselves with merely staring at our companion with speechless amazement, for only those adventurous souls who had journeyed to Tangier, or whose business took them frequently to Rabat, had ever seen a European lady face to face, and there were but two living at that time on the other side of the river. A few stones were thrown, it is true, but by street urchins, who immediately took refuge behind the inviolable sanctity of mosque doors when pursued by our escort. After a few subsequent visits had accustomed the citizens to our presence the spectre of Moslem intolerance faded into thin air, and more than once the intervention of venerable and



Kotubia Mosque Tower, Morocco.



The Arch of the Inner Gateway of the Casbah.

authoritative Moors cleared the streets for us, and there was always some sturdy bystander who volunteered to perform police duty. But the most interesting and characteristic corner of Sallee, the little square flanked by the two entrances of the Great Mosque, we dared not attempt, at least not until the eve of our departure, for we could not have stationed ourselves there for five minutes without raising a riot, and even those enlightened Moors who had taken our part would have turned against us had we committed such a sacrilege. There were two entrances to this mosque, at right angles with each other, on either side of

the same corner in the square. Over these doors were massive cornices of carved wood, most elaborately wrought and evidently of great age. The colors, which still remain protected by the projecting portion above, are much obscured by dust and splashes of whitewash. The wall of the mosque within the left-hand door is covered with elaborate designs in stucco.

There is a gateway in the city wall on the eastern side, between two square towers of fine proportions, but the opening is walled up and unapproachable from without, for a dense and impenetrable thicket of prickly pear has grown up

around it. The road, which skirts the coast-line in the direction of Tangier, is spanned by an aqueduct of great height, built of massive blocks of stone; the road passes under three giant horse-arches, and the yellow wall just over the fountain, on the left, is an extraordinary patchwork of color, spotted, stained, and variegated with tufts of brilliant green; a good-sized fig-tree grows from a buttress, under the spring of the arch, more than thirty feet from the ground, and projects across one of the arches. This imposing work is probably of more recent date than those just referred to, and is believed to have been built by Christian captives. Sallee, or Sla, as it is called in Moorish, once a Roman city, was conquered by the Goths, afterward by the Arabs; in 660 of the Hegira it was besieged and taken by the King of Castile, who massacred or deported the inhabitants to make room for Christians. He only held his conquest for ten days, when it was surprised and recaptured by Yacoub, first king of the house of Marin. In those remote days Sallee probably included Rabat and its suburb of Chella, and being the port of the Kingdom of Fez, it became, according to old chronicles, a very flourishing city, with all the "ornaments, qualities, and conditions" necessary to make it an agreeable place of residence, and it was much frequented by foreign merchants, such as "Genoese, Venetians, Englishmen, and Flemings."

VI

A SANDY lane, hedged in by blue-bladed aloes and prickly pears leads out to Chella, rather less than an hour's walk from the walls of Rabat.

When first we set forth in search of the ruined city the road was bordered by a double line of dead and decaying beasts of burden, mere wrecks most of them, with their ribs half-buried in the red sand. The old saying, that "no man

ever saw a dead donkey," became a threadbare jest with us before we had passed many hours in this country. All these animals had perished from starvation months before, when the great exodus from the inland villages had taken place, and they

had fallen as their strength gave out; for at that time scarcely a blade of grass could be found, and the few scattered straws left in the furrows after the last poor harvests could have yielded but little nourishment. But at the time of our visit the winter rains, the failure of which the year before had caused the famine, had already set in, and the roadsides, with the fields on either hand, were rich with flowers and fresh-springing grain. Long lines of walls, often parallel, stretch across the country in every direction, arching above the road and enclosing other waste and stony places similar to those which we have already traversed.

In the last crumbling remnant of wall we came upon a magnificent gateway, giving entrance to the mausoleum of the dead sultans, and the sites of their fallen palaces.* I cannot remember in any country a more noble and beautiful portal, or any monument which gives a more vivid impression of age and loneliness, standing as it does on a desolate plateau swept by the winds from the Atlantic, and where the only vegetation is a clump of stunted palmettoes, marking the burial-place of some forgotten Moorish saint.

In artistic beauty and good taste this gateway is unsurpassed by any similar work which Arab art has left us, either in Morocco or in Spain, or the farthest East. The pointed arch of the entrance is flanked by two projecting battlemented towers, square above and half octagonal below. The most original feature of the edifice is the way in which the corners of



Detail of Hassan Tower.

*The northeast gate, defended by two hexagonal projecting towers, is the finest monument of Arab architecture in Morocco. I have seen nothing to compare with it, either in Morocco or Fez. On the other side of the gate, in the northwest corner of the parallelogram formed by the enclosure are the ruins of a vast building, probably the palace of El Mansour.—M. Victor Tissot, "Itinéraire de Tanger à R'bat."

the towers have been cut away near their summits, showing five faces below. The triangular spaces thus left at each corner, sloping downward and inward from the angle of the tower, are filled in with deeply indented stalactite work of an admirable design. A similar use of this kind of ornament has been made in several minarets in Cairo, under the cornices supporting the upper galleries. The flat wall space around and above the arched entrance is embellished with fine arabesques, deeply cut, but now much effaced; some of these designs if not, as I imagine, peculiar to this edifice, are at least rarely met with in Arab architecture; the usual shells or "coquilles" decorating each corner above the arch, which are so familiar in other Moorish gateways of this epoch, are not wanting here. It is the opinion of M. Saladin, the well-known architect and student of Arab art, that the employment of these ornaments was due to Christian traditions rather than to any precedent found in Moorish art.

As in all Moorish gateways of this early

period, the other entrance opens at right angles with the first one. On the inner side the walls still show the original warm red color, being more sheltered from wind and weather, and the designs wrought on the stone, although simpler than those in the outer side, are yet graceful and effective.

A wonderful landscape lies before us as we enter the enclosure within the walls. The hillside, encumbered with ruins, slopes abruptly down to a deep hollow filled with tall trees and tangled undergrowth, all growing within the roofless walls of a mosque; its beautiful tower, not of great height, but richly decorated with tiles, underlying the open lacework of its surface ornamentation, rises from dense green thickets. From the gate where we entered, the eye ranges beyond the mosque tower, crowned with a stork's nest, across the green, marshy plains, and the blue, winding river, to the horizontal terraces of the high table-lands, in the direction of Fez.

Descending the hill, which is honey-



Street Fountal "El Chouaz," Morocco.

combed with Roman ruins beneath the *débris* of the old Moorish palaces, and pushing aside the briars and tangled vines, we enter the vestibule of the mosque, into which we penetrate by a pointed archway. The entire wall is encrusted with a mass of still brilliant tiles or "azulejos;" three colors predominate, black, blue, and yellow, and the design resembles in some degree that over the gate known as the "Puerta del Vino" in the Alhambra. Portions of the walls which are built of red stone still show delicately chiselled arabesques, similar in design to the stucco "motifs" left by the Moors in Spain. In one of the inner courts, among weeds and vines, lie the alabaster tombs of the Caliphs. As I remember them, they are long, three-sided shafts of alabaster, with the inscriptions sculptured in sharp relief, delicately cut but still quite clear and distinct.

VII

THE short journey of three and a half days to Marrakesh from Mogador, the nearest seaport, had no connection with our sojourn in Rabat, but was undertaken at a later date, when a long season of bad weather at Tangier had obliged us to abandon the project of a winter trip to Fez. The bright summer weather which prevailed at Mogador in January, and the sleepy south wind that blew along the beach, bringing almost uninterrupted sunshine, caused us to linger on, loath to leave the most perfect climate we had ever enjoyed, and plunge into the unknown, which might not prove an agreeable change.*

The one hundred and twenty-nine miles of country between Marrakesh and the sea may be briefly described as a series of barren plateaux gradually ascending as we approach the mountains; of deserts thinly speckled with low bushes, or with dead and stunted thorn trees of a ghastly paleness, which are covered, as well as the ground below, with clusters of

small white shells; of other desert tracts where there is even less vegetation; but by way of compensation there are hordes of small ground rats capering about, or sitting curiously at the doors of their innumerable burrows. Framed by this gaunt desolation were rare strips of Swiss landscape: intensely green verdure traversed by running water, and the great snow-capped chain ever rising higher.

It was a strange landscape into which we rode as we neared the city; the sun had risen in a cloudless sky, behind the dark ramparts of the Atlas, which now seemed to tower above us where the day before the intervening plain had seemed limitless. As we rode on, now faster, the irregular dark and tufted line surrounding the mosque-tower materialized into a fringe of stately date palms rooted among green gardens, and their plummy crests arose against the dazzling snow-fields above. One has only to imagine a forest of palms at Zermatt; and although the mountains were much farther away, one hardly realized it, so clear was the atmosphere. From the place where we halted, to await the return of our men, the gray and frowning walls of the city against this luminous background seemed of interminable extent. We saw no people while we waited, and no noise or rumor reached us from the vast bazaars as we speculated vaguely on the sort of reception which awaited us within the walls. This silence and suspense were becoming oppressive, when our men appeared, followed by a Jew with a huge key—the key of a house in the Jewish quarter, as Sid Bou Bekr had rather curtly sent word that the house and garden which we wanted were occupied. When we had passed through a few of the many gates, and people had begun to thicken in the streets, my companion seemed disappointed and somewhat humiliated at the lack of attention our caravan excited, for he had confidently expected the traditional volley of stones, if not martyrdom. It happened that Christians were not regarded with the usual disfavor just at that moment, since the Moors were not ungrateful for the relief extended to the sufferers during the last famine. It had long been the custom in these inland cities of Morocco to keep the stranger as

* Here are some observations on the climate of Mogador, from the work of Messrs. Ball and Hooker. Out of 1,000 days 45 were rainy—785 clear—175 clouded—40 foggy. Mean temperature (Fahr.):—June, 70.8; July, 71.1; August, 71.2; December, 61.4; January, 61.2; February, 61.8.

far as possible a prisoner within his own gates, allowing him to traverse certain streets only, where there is little to see, to give him an indigestible feast in some remote garden, and send him home under a strong escort. This was to have been our fate, but our impatience to see the city in our own way, and to roam at will through the bazaars, could brook no delay. We rebelled successfully against the authority of the guard at our door and escaped into the streets, followed by the two guards, who dared not lose sight of us.

VIII

My reception by Bou Bekr on the following morning was more cordial than might have been expected, considering the slight attention he had shown us on the day of our arrival—in fact, I did not intend to pay my respects to him at once, but our men contrived to take me past his door, which they considered to be the proper step, and in which they were doubtless right. The functionary happened to be in an amiable frame of mind, and assented most willingly to everything I proposed, which related chiefly to sketching in the streets, a highly objectionable business to the orthodox Moor. He offered every assistance in his power, and, as it luckily happened, the most fascinating thing I had yet seen was an old street fountain, situated close by the door of his "fondak."

Sid Bou Bekr usually sat during the morning hours, from six to eight, at the door of this "fondak," which in Morocco is a warehouse consisting of an open court surrounded by two tiers of arcades. As he probably had more important sources of revenue than could be derived from a retail business in salted and malodorous hides, this morning station was doubtless a pretext for gossip with strolling acquaintances, and for observing what was going on in the quarter.

He was sitting on the threshold with his spotless drapery carefully tucked up well out of the mud, and after the exchange of the usual preliminary courtesies he sent one of his men across the street to assist mine in mounting guard,

and even went so far as to hold up a warning finger when any chance loungers halted to stare in wonder at my proceedings. The first man who approached too near was arrested and hustled off into the fondak, and after that salutary example no one ventured even to look in our direction. This fountain was perhaps the finest edifice of its kind in the city, consisting of a deep recess, overhung by a massive structure of carved cedar, and the projecting portion above was roofed with green glazed tiles. The design was extremely graceful, and the woodwork had probably been decorated with color at one time, but no trace of it now remains; the faded gray of the wood is far more attractive than the somewhat garish colors with which Moorish artists are wont to decorate these structures. A very similar design occurs in the entrance to the shrine of Sidi Bel Aziz, which still shows much of its original color, but so faded by time as to be harmonious and unobtrusive. This particular fountain, of which I do not remember the name, is probably the most ancient of any; the woodwork is cracked quite across in several places, and it certainly looks much older than the similar construction over the door of the Alcazar in Seville.

IX

THE Kotubia mosque tower is one of the few monuments in Marrakesch which at first sight appears to be intact, but on a nearer inspection this, too, is seen to be sadly out of repair. Its height of two hundred and forty feet gains in effect from the low and horizontal lines of the mosque from which it rises. The principal entrance of the Casbah recalls the one at Rabat, but is not as fine in detail, although the design is similar, and the arabesques in relief are not as deeply cut. Like the gateway at Rabat, the opening has been partly filled up and reduced in size by whitewashed masonry. The chain of snowy summits forms a superb background to the somewhat grim and sombre architecture, and is conspicuous from every public square and barren open spot in the city. According to Messrs. Ball and Hooker, the highest summits of

Jebel Miltsin do not exceed 13,352 feet. But as the long, glittering wall rises abruptly from a level plain, not much over one thousand feet above the sea, they tower above us, although at a greater distance, some thousand feet higher than the Matterhorn, or even the Dom du Mischabel above Zermatt. At the time of our visit it rained heavily for several days, and when the clouds and mist were succeeded by the usual deep blue sky they were seen to be covered down to the foot-hills with a fresh mantle of snow.

To proclaim Marrakesch in its present forlorn and decayed condition to be a centre of Moorish art might lead one to expect as much of it as of Rabat and its environs, or of Fez and Mequinez, which might be more truly termed centres, and yet there are relics of its prouder days not inferior in artistic value to those of other places; and one must remember that there is no living centre of Moorish art at the present time. Should this crumbling shell of a city be thoroughly explored, and the inner mysteries of the Sultan's palaces and of private houses unveiled, many more remains perhaps of greater interest might be brought to light.

It would be impossible to imagine a spot more deeply buried beneath the dust of ages, or bound more irrevocably to the past, and more remote in every way from the life and movement of the present. Soon after its foundation by Jusef in 1062 it must have risen rapidly to the rank of a capital, and in the time of Africanus it was considered "one of the greatest cities in the world and the most noble of Africa." The fragmentary relics of its growing days, when it was a young and ambitious city in rivalry with Cordova and Seville—the mosque towers, fountains, and gates—are dropping to pieces day by day, and the rare patches of new masonry, traces of rude and hasty reparation, are like the new bits of cloth sewn on the tattered cloak of a "Santo," that indescribable mosaic of multicolored rags stitched and pieced together, layer upon layer, until it becomes the most perfect symbol of a Moorish city.

Even the fall of Granada might count as an event of yesterday to the citizen of Marrakesch; and yet there is noise and bustle and movement to-day in the long,

covered bazaars, each, after the customary fashion, devoted to one or two trades—the bazaar where nothing but second-hand shoes are sold, yellow shoes or "babooches," is extensive enough to give the impression that it must be a populous and thriving centre which can devote so much space to that branch of commerce.

Marrakesch has a definite local color and atmosphere of its own, in which it seems more related to Cairo than to the northern cities of the empire. The walls and streets alike have a deeper, tawnier hue, in place of the universal whitewash; and the sombre black cloaks of the men of Sus are everywhere prevalent. These hooded mantles have a broad elliptical patch of deep orange on the lower part of the back, with a conventional design of red and white woven across it. An other eccentric garment occasionally seen is a sort of indigo-blue shirt profusely stitched and embroidered with quaint designs in colored silks or cotton. This garment originates in the Soudan and Senegal, and the coarse cotton of which it is made comes in rolls five inches wide, which are said to be used for small change in lieu of copper.

X

I HAD accomplished, in some measure, my object in visiting the city, but my companion had not yet brought his mission to a climax, and he had, in fact, little hope of doing so, regarding it rather as a pretext for making the journey. A Moorish merchant owed the firm with which he was connected a large sum, and being unable, after repeated efforts, to collect any part of it, he had caused the debtor to be thrown into prison, which in Mogador is no light penalty, the state of Moorish prisons being taken into account. During his confinement the prisoner had managed, by some occult and complicated process known only to Moors, to transfer his debt to the shoulders of a son and nephew, who, being at liberty, had fled at once to Marrakesch, in order to be within easy reach of "Sanctuary." Once in sanctuary on "holy ground," as every one knows, the refugee, whatever his crime, may snap his

fingers in the face of justice ; no extradition laws can touch him—nothing but the downfall of the whole fabric of Islam. With the connivance of the local authorities, who had promised my friend that justice should be done, he hoped to get possession either of the money or the men. We were not a little surprised, upon returning one day from the bazaar, to find both these gentlemanly debtors waiting for us with exemplary patience, and with numerous peace offerings in the shape of fowls, pigeons, oranges by the bushel, and offers of the most unbounded hospitality. Fine speeches and graceful salaams on both sides were the order of the day. We declined any immediate acceptance of their hospitality, urging the pressure of business as a pretext. But on the last day but one of our stay we were prevented by our discretion—cowardice would be the better word, perhaps—from enjoying what might have turned out to be a very agreeable social event, and in any case an experience to be remembered. We had been lunching heavily at a sort of *al fresco* entertainment, upon various highly spiced and oleaginous viands which politeness compelled us to swallow. This Gargantuan festival took place in a garden, in the shadow of huge olives and palms, and while we were slowly recovering from the effects of it the two Moorish debtors arrived, with their servants leading fine horses with red saddles. They had been to our quarters in search of us, and it seems they had prepared a banquet at their own house, which was now waiting to be eaten. We drew apart and walked in one of the aisles of the garden to consider what we should do. For even then, while they were heaping coals of fire upon our heads, the Governor, Eb'n Ben Daoud, was about to surround their house secretly with a cordon of soldiers, so that they might be seized in

the night and brought before the tribunal, which was Ben Daoud himself, in the morning. We knew that they had no reason to love us, and we knew that they knew it ; so we hoped that the fact of our having already feasted so largely would seem to them a sufficient reason for declining to partake of another Moorish banquet. But I must confess that at the bottom of our hesitation lay more potent reasons, for, although we were provided with emetics, which our friend in Mogador, who had been here before, had thoughtfully pressed upon us at the moment of parting, we remembered that stomach-pumps were unknown in Marrakesch, and there were no physicians nor coroners, neither was there a Christian cemetery—only the desert outside the walls and the jackals—the recent experience of our friend in Mogador was still fresh in our minds, for when he had last visited this city, in company with the man who came to write a book, they were entertained by the same potentate to whom we were accredited. Before the feast was over they were seized with violent pangs, such as are caused by a liberal dose of arsenic, and only saved themselves from unpleasant consequences by the administration of prompt but disagreeable remedies. Knowing the reputation of their host as a practical joker, they suspected either him or his cooks of trifling with their digestion. We therefore declined with regrets. When the red flag was hoisted on the Kotubia for noonday prayer on the following day our caravan was stringing along the valley of the Tinsift, heading for the sea. The plot had failed, and my companion, not in the least annoyed, was laughing softly to himself over the escape of the two Moors, who, having been privately warned, in all probability by the minions of justice themselves, were now safe in "Sanctuary."

NAUSICAA

By Arthur Colton



THE Fourteenth Infantry, volunteers, were mustered out on the last day of April. Sandy Cass and Kid Sadler came that night into the great city of the river and the straits with their heads full of lurid visions which they set about immediately to realize. Little Irish was with them, and Bill Smith, who had had other names at other times. And Sandy Cass woke the next morning in a room that had no furniture but a bed, a washstand, a cracked mirror and a chair. He did not remember coming there. Someone must have put him to bed. It was not Kid Sadler or Little Irish; they were drunk early, with bad judgment. It must have been Bill Smith. A hat with a frayed cord lay on the floor. "That's Bill's hat," he said. "He's got mine."

The gray morning filled the window, and carts rattled by in the street. He rose and drank from the pitcher to clear the bitterness from his mouth, and saw himself in the glass, haggard and hollow-eyed. It was a young face, clean-cut, with straight, thin lips, straight eyebrows and brown hair. The lips were white and lines ran back from the eyes. Sandy did not think he looked a credit to himself.

"Some of it's yellow fever," he reflected, "and some of it's jag. 'Bout half and half. The squire can charge it to the yellow."

He wondered what new thing Squire Cass would find to say to his "rascally nephew, that reprobate Ulysses." Squire Cass was a red-faced gentleman and substantial citizen of that calm New England town of Wimberton, which Sandy knew very well and did not care for. It was too calm. But it would be good for his constitution to go there now. He wondered if his constitution would hold out for another night equally joyful; "Maybe it might;" then how much of his \$80 back pay was blown in. He put on his clothes slowly, feeling through the pockets,

collected two half dollars on the way, came to the last and stopped.

"Must 'a missed one;" and began again. But that crumpled wad of bills was gone altogether.

"Well, if I ain't an orphan!"

He remembered last a place with bright glass chandeliers, a gilt Cupid over the bar, a girl in a frowzy hat, laughing with large teeth, and Kid Sadler singing that song he had made up and was so "doggone stuck on:"

Sandy Cass! A-alas!
We'll be shut up
In the lock up
If this here keeps on.

It got monotonous, that song.

Sandy Cass! A-alas!
A comin' home,
A bummin' home—

He liked to make poetry, Kid Sadler. You would not have expected it, to look at his sloppy mustache, long dry throat and big hands. The poetry was generally accurate. Sandy did not see any good in it, unless it was accurate.

Little Irish is a Catholic, he come from I-er-land;
He ain't a whole cathedral, nor a new brass band;
He got religion in 'is j'int's from the hoonin' of a shell,
An' 'is aurburn hair burned bricky red from leanin' over hell.

That was accurate enough, though put in figures of speech, but the Kid was still more accurate regarding Bill Smith:

Nobody knows who Bill Smith is,
His kin nor yet his kith,
An' nobody cares who Bill Smith is,
An' neither does Bill Smith.

It was perfectly true. Anyhow the Kid could not have taken the wad, nor Little Irish. It must have been Bill Smith.

"It was Bill," he decided.

He did not make any special comments. Something or other happens to a man

every day. He went down-stairs, through a dim narrow hallway.

"Hope there don' anyone want something of me. I don' believe they'll get it."

There were sounds in the basement, but no one met him. In the street the Ninth Avenue Elevated train roared by, a block away. He saw a restaurant sign which said, fearlessly, that a stew cost ten cents, went in and breakfasted for fifteen, waited on by a thin, weary woman, who looked at his blue coat and braided hat with half roused interest.

The cobble-stones on Sixth Avenue were shining under the Elevated. Here and there someone in the crowd turned to look after him. It might have been the uniform, the loafer's slouch of the hat, taken with the face being young and too white.

The hands of the station clock stood at ten. He took a ticket to the limit of eighty-five cents, heard dimly the name of a familiar junction; and then the rumble of the train was under him for an hour. Bill Smith had left him his pipe and tobacco. Bill had good points. Sandy was inclined to think kindly of Bill's thoughtfulness, and envy him his enterprise. The roar of the car-wheels sounded like Kid Sadler's voice, hoarse and choky, "A-alas, a-alas!"

It was eleven o'clock at the junction. The mist of the earlier morning had become a slow drizzle. Trains jangled to and fro in the freight-yards. He took a road which led away from the brick warehouses, streets of shady trees and lawns, and curved to the north, along the bank of a cold, sleepy river.

There was an unpainted, three-room house somewhere, where a fat woman said "Good land!" and gave him a plate full of different things, on a table covered with oilcloth. He could not remember afterward what he ate, or what the woman said further. He remembered the oilcloth, which had a yellow-feverish design of curved lines, that twisted snakily, and came out of the cloth, and ran across the plate. Then out in the gray drizzle again.

All the morning his brain had seemed to grow duller and duller, heavy and sodden; but in the afternoon red lights began dancing in the mist. It might have been five miles or twenty he had gone by dusk,

the distinction between miles and rods was not clear, they both consisted of brown mud and gray mist. Sometimes it was a mile across the road. The dusk, and then the dark, heaved and pulsed through blood-red veins, and peeled and broke apart in brilliant cracks, as they used to do nights in the field hospital. There seemed to be no hope or desire in him, except in his feet, which moved on. The lights that travelled with him got mixed with lights on each side of a village street, and his feet walked in through a gate. They had no reason for it, except that the gate stood open and was painted white. He pushed back the door of a little garden tool-house beside the path, and lay down on the floor. He could not make out which of a number of things were happening. The Fourteenth Infantry appeared to be bucking a steep hill, with the smoke rolling down over it; but on the other hand Kid Sadler was singing hoarsely, but distinctly, "A-alas, a-alas!" and moreover, a dim light shone through a white-curtained window somewhere between a rod and a mile away, and glimmered down the wet path by the tool-house. Someone said, "Some of it's jag and some of it's the yellow. 'Bout half and half." He might have been making the remark himself, except that he appeared to be elsewhere. The rain kept up a thin whisper on the roof of the tool-house. Gasps, shouts, thumping of feet, clash of rifle and canteen. The hill was as steep as a wall. Little Irish said "His legs was too short to shtep on the back av his neck wid the shteeppness av the hill." "A-alas! A comin' home." "Oh, shut up, Kid!" "A-alas, a-alas!" The dark was split with red gashes, as it used to be in the field hospital. The rain whispered on the roof and the wet path glimmered like silk.

It was the village of Zoar, which lies far back to the west of Wyantenaug Valley, among low waves of hills, the house the old Hare Place, and Miss Elizabeth Hare and Gracia lived there behind the white gateway.

That gateway had once been an ancient arch overhead, with a green wooden ball topping it. Someone cut a face on the ball, that leered into the street. It did not in the least resemble Miss Elizabeth,

whose smile was gentle and cool ; but it was taken down from its station of half a century ; and Gracia cried secretly, because everything would needs be disconsolate without an arch and a proper wooden ball on top of it, under which knights and witch ladies might come and go, riding and floating. It seemed to break down the old garden life. Odd flowers would not hold conversations any more, tiger-lilies and peonies bother each other, the tigers being snappish and the peonies fat, slow, and irritating. Before Gracia's hair had abandoned yellow braids and become mysterious, when she learned neat sewing and cross-stitch, she used to set the tigers and peonies quarrelling to express her own feelings about neat sewing and cross-stitch. Afterward she found the memory of that wickedness too heavy, and confessed it to Miss Elizabeth, and added the knights and witch ladies. Miss Elizabeth had said nothing, had seemed disinclined to blame, and, going out into the garden, had walked to and fro restlessly, stopping beside the tigers and peonies, and seeming to look at the arched gateway with a certain wistfulness.

Miss Elizabeth had now a dimly faded look, the charm of a still November, where now and then an Indian summer steals over the chill. She wore tiny white caps, and her hair was singularly smooth ; while Gracia's appeared rather to be blown back, pushed by the delicate fingers of a breeze that privately admired it away from her eager face, with its gray-blue eyes that looked at you as if they saw something else as well. It kept you guessing about that other thing, and you got no farther than to wonder if it were not something, or someone, that you might be, or might have been, if you had begun at it before life had become so labelled and defined, so plastered over with maxims.

The new gateway was still a doubtful quantity in Gracia's mind. It was not justified. It had no connections, no consecrations ; merely a white gate against the greenery.

It was the whiteness which caught Sandy Cass's dulled eyes, so that he turned through, and lay down in the tool-house, and wondered which of a number of incongruous things was really happening. Little Irish crying plaintively that his legs were

too short—"A-alas, a-alas!"—or the whisper of the rain on the roof.

Gracia lifted the white curtains, looked out and saw the wet path shining.

"Is it raining, Gracia?"

"It drizzles like anything, and the tool-house door is open, and, oh, aunty! the path shines quite down to the gate."

"It generally shines in the rain, dear."

"Oh!" said Gracia, thoughtfully. She seemed to be examining a sudden idea, and began the pretence of a whistle which afterward became a true fact.

"I wish it wouldn't be 'generally,' don't you? I wish things would all be specially."

"I wouldn't wi—I wouldn't whistle, if I were you," said Miss Elizabeth, gently.

"Oh!" Gracia came suddenly with a ripple and coo of laughter, and dropped on her knees by Miss Elizabeth. "You couldn't, you poor aunty, if you tried. You never learned, did you?"

Miss Elizabeth hesitated.

"I once tried to learn—of your father. I used to think it sounded cheerful. But my mother wouldn't allow it. What I really started to say was, that I wouldn't, if I were you, I wouldn't wish so many things to be other than they are. I used to wish for things to be different, and then, you know, when they stay quite the same, it's such a number of troubles."

Gracia clasped her fingers about one knee, studied the neatly built fire and the blue and white tiles over it, and thought hard on the subject of wishes. She thought that she had not wished things to be so much as to remain the same as of old, when one wore yellow braids, and could whistle with approval, and everything happened specially. Because it is sad when you begin to suspect that the sun and moon and the growths of spring do not care about you, but only act according to habits they have fallen into, and that the shining paths, which seem to lead from beyond the night, are common or accidental and not meant specially. The elder romancers and the latest seers do insist together that they are ; that such highways indeed as the moon lays on the water are translunary and come with purposes from a celestial city. The romancers have a simple faith, and the seers an ingenious theory about it. But the days and weeks

argue differently. They had begun to trouble the fealty that Gracia held of romance, and she had not met with the theory of the seers.

Sandy Cass went through experiences that night which cannot be written, for there was no sequence in them, and they were translunary and subearthly; some of them broken fragments of his life thrown up at him out of a kind of smoky red pit, very much as it used to be in the field hospital. His life seemed to fall easily into fragments. There had not been much sequence in it, since he began running away from the house of the squire at fifteen. It had ranged between the back and front doors of the social structure these ten years. The squire used to storm, because it came natural to him to speak violently, but privately he thought Sandy no more than his own younger self, let loose instead of tied down. He even envied Sandy. He wished he would come oftener to entertain him. Sandy was a periodical novel continued in the next issue, an irregular and barbarous Odyssey, in which the squire, comparing with his Pope's translation, recognized Scylla and Charybdis, Cyclops and Circes, and the interference of the quarrelling gods. But that night the story went through the Land of Shadows and Red Dreams. Sandy came at last to the farther edge of the Land; beyond was the Desert of Dreamless Sleep; and then something white and waving was before his eyes, and beyond was a pale green shimmer. He heard a gruff voice:

"Hm—Constitution, Miss Hare. That chap had a solid ancestry. He ought to have had a relapse and died, and he'll be out in a week."

Another voice said, in an awed whisper:

"He's like my Saint George!"

"Hm—Legendary? This St. G. looks as if he'd made up with his devil. Looks as if they'd been tolerably good friends."

A third voice remonstrated:

"Doctor!"

"Hm, hm. My nonsense, Miss Gracia, my nonsense."

The two ladies and the doctor went out.

It was a long, low room, white, fragrant and fresh. Soft white curtains waved in open windows, and outside the late sunlight drifted shyly through the pale green

leaves of young maples. There were dainty things about, touches of silk and lace, blue and white china on bureau and dressing-table, a mirror framed with gilded pillars at the sides and a painted Arcadia above.

"Well, if I ain't an orphan!" grumbled Sandy, feebly.

An elderly woman with a checked apron brought him soup in a bowl. She was quite silent and soon went out.

"It's pretty slick," he thought, looking around. "I couldn't have done better if I'd been a widow."

The drifting quiet of the days that Sandy lay there pleased him for the time. It felt like a cool poultice on a wound. The purity and fragility of objects was interesting to look at, so long as he lay still and did not move about among them. But he wondered how people could live there right along. They must keep everything at a distance, with a feather-duster between. He had an impression that china things always broke, and white things became dirty. Then it occurred to him that there might be some whose nature, without any worry to themselves, was to keep things clean and not to knock them over, to touch things in a feathery manner, so they did not have to stay behind a duster. This subject of speculation lasted him a day or two, and Miss Elizabeth and Gracia began to interest him as beings with that special gift. He admired any kind of capability. Miss Elizabeth he saw often, the woman in the checked apron, till he was tired of her. But Gracia was only now and then a desirable and fleeting appearance in the doorway, saying:

"Good-morning, Saint George."

She never stayed to tell him, why "Saint George." It came to the point that the notion of her yellow hair would stay by him an hour or more afterward. He began to wake from his dozes, fancying he heard, "Good-morning, Saint George," finally to watch the doorway and fidget.

"This lying abed," he concluded, "is played out."

He got up and hunted about for his clothes. His knees and fingers trembled. The clothes hung in the closet, cleaned and pressed, in the extraordinary neigh-

borhood of a white muslin dress. Sandy sat down heavily on the bed. Things seemed to be whizzing and whimpering all about him. He waited for them to settle, and pulled on his clothes gradually. At the end of an hour he thought he might pass on parade, crept out into the hall and down the stairs. The sunlight was warm in the garden and on the porch, and pale green among the leaves. Gracia sat against a pillar, clasping one knee. Miss Elizabeth sewed; her work-basket was fitted up inside on an intricate system. Gracia hailed him with enthusiasm, and Miss Elizabeth remonstrated. He looked past Miss Elizabeth to find the yellow hair.

"This lying abed," he said feebly, "is played out."

Sitting in the sunlight, Sandy told his story gradually from day to day. It was all his story, being made up of selections. He was skilful from practise on the squire, but he saw the need of a new principle of selection and combination. His style of narrative was his own. It possessed gravity, candor, simplicity, an assumption that nothing could be unreasonable or surprising which came in the course of events, that all things and all men were acceptable. Gracia thought that simplicity beautiful, that his speech was like the speech of Tanneguy du Bois, and that he looked like Saint George in the picture which hung in her room, a pale young warrior, such as painters once loved to draw and put in those keen faces a peculiar manhood, tempered and edged like a sword. Sandy looked oddly like him, in the straight lines of brow and mouth. Saint George is taking a swift easy stride over the dead dragon, a kind of level-eyed daring and grave inquiry in his face, as if it were Sandy himself, about to say, "You don't happen to have another dragon? This one wasn't real gamey. I'd rather have an average alligator." She laughed with ripples and coos, and struggled with lumps in her throat, when Sandy, through simplicity, fell into pathos. It bewildered her that the funny things and pathetic things were so mixed up and run together, and that he seemed to take no notice of either of them. But she grew stern and indignant when Bill Smith, it was but probable, robbed the unsuspecting sleep of his comrade.

"You see," said Sandy, apologetically, "Bill was restless, that was the reason. It was his enterprise kept bothering him. Likely he wanted it for something, and he couldn't tell how much I might need without waking me up to ask. And he couldn't do that, because that'd have been ridiculous, wouldn't it? Of course, if he'd waked me up to ask how much I wanted, because he was going to take the rest with him, why, of course, I'd been obliged to get up and hit him, to show how ridiculous it was. Of course Bill saw that, and what could he do? Because there wasn't any way he could tell, don't you see? So he left the pipe and tobacco, and a dollar for luck, and lit out, being—a—restless."

And Gracia wondered at and gloried in the width of that charity, that impersonal and untamed tolerance.

Then Sandy took up the subject of Kid Sadler. He felt there was need of more virtue and valor, took Kid Sadler and decorated him. He fitted him with picturesque detail. The Kid bothered him with his raucous voice, froth-dripped mustache, lean throat, black mighty hands and smell of uncleanness. But Sandy chose him as a poet. It seemed a good start. Gracia surprised him by looking startled and quite tearful, where the poet says,

Nobody cares who Bill Smith is,
An' neither does Bill Smith;

which has seemed to Sandy only an accurate statement.

But the Kid's poetry needed expurgation and amendment. Sandy did it conscientiously, and spent hours searching for lines of similar rhyme, which would not glance so directly into byways and alleys that were surprising.

A comin' home,
A roamin' home—

"I told the Kid," he added, critically, "roamin'" wasn't a good rhyme, but he thought it was a pathetic word."

Oh, when I was a lil' boy 'twas things I didn't know.
An' when I growed I knowed a lot of things that wasn't so;
An' now I know a few things that's useful an' selected:
As how to put hard liquor where hard liquor is expected.

and so on, different verses, which the Kid called his "Sing Song." Sandy's judgment hung in doubt whether the lines were objectionable. He tempered the taste of the working literary artist for distinct flavor, and his own for that which is accurate, with the cautions of a village library committee, and decided on,

An' puts them things in moral verse to uses unexpected.

"I don't know what he meant by 'unexpected,'" Sandy commented with a sense of helplessness, "but maybe he meant that he didn't know what he did mean. Because poets"—getting more and more entangled—"poets are that kind they can take a word and mean anything in the neighborhood, or something that'll occur to 'em next week."

Gracia admired the Kid, though Miss Elizabeth thought she ought to refer to him as Mr. Sadler, which seemed a pity. And she declared a violent love for Little Irish, because, "his aurburn hair turned brick red with falling down a well," and because he wished to climb hills by stepping on the back of his neck. It was like Alice's Adventures, and especially like the White Knight, his scheme to be over a wall by putting his head on top and standing on his head.

After all humors and modifications, Sandy's story was a wild and strange thing. It took new details from day to day, filling in the picture. To Gracia's imagination it spread out beyond romance, full of glooms, flashes, fascinations, dangers of cities, war and wildernesses, and in spite of Sandy's self-indifference, it was he who dominated the pilgrimage, coloring it with his comment. The pilgrim appeared to be a person to whom the Valley of the Shadow of Death was equally interesting with Vanity Fair, and who, entering the front gate of the Celestial City with rejoicing, would presently want to know whither the back gate would take him. It seemed a pilgrimage to anywhere in search of everything, but Gracia began to fancy it was meant to lead specially to the new garden gate that opened so broadly on the street, and so dreamed the fancy into belief. She saw Sandy in imagination coming out of the pit-black

night and lying down in the tool-house by the wet shining path. The white gate was justified.

Sandy's convalescence was not a finished thing, but he was beginning to feel energy starting within him. Energy! He knew the feeling well. It was something that snarled and clawed by fits.

"I'm a wild cat," he said to himself, reflectively, "setting on eggs. Why don't he get off? Now," as if addressing a speculative question, for instance, to Kid Sadler—"he couldn't expect to hatch anything, could he?"

It was such a question as the Kid would have been pleased with, and have considered justly.

"Hez he got the eggs?"

"I don' know. It's a mixed figure, Kid."

"Does he feel like he wanted to hatch 'em?"

"What'd he do with 'em hatched? That's so, Kid."

"Is he a wild cat?"

"Yep."

"He is. Kin a wild cat hatch eggs? No, he can't."

"A wild cat." The Kid would have enjoyed following this figure—"ain't an incubator. There ain't enough peacefulness in him. He'd make a yaller mess of 'em an' take to the woods with the mess on his whiskers. It stands to reason, don't it? He ain't in his own hole on a chickadee's nest."

Sandy stood looking over the gate into the village street, which was shaded to dimness by its maples, a still, warm, brooding street.

"Like an incubator," he thought, and heard Gracia calling from up the path.

"Saint George!"

Sandy turned. She came down the path to the gate.

"Aren't you going to fix the peony bed?"

"Not," said Sandy, "if you stay here by the gate."

Gracia looked away from him quickly into the street.

"It's warm and quiet, isn't it? It's like——"

Zoar was not to her like anything else.

"Like an incubator," said Sandy,

gloomily, and Gracia looked up and laughed.

"Oh, I shouldn't have thought of that."

"Kid Sadler would have said it, if he'd been here."

"Would he?"

"Just his kind of figure. And he'd be saying further it was time Sandy Cass took to the woods."

He had an irritating spasm of desire to touch the slim white fingers on the gate. Gracia moved her hands nervously. Sandy saw the fingers tremble, and swore at himself under his breath.

"Why, Saint George?"

"Thinking he was a wild cat and he'd make a yel—a—Maybe thinking he didn't look nat—I mean," Sandy ended very lamely, "the Kid'd probably use figures of speech and mean something that'd occur to him by and by."

"You're not well yet. You're not going so soon," she said, speaking quite low.

Sandy meditated a number of lies, and concluded that he did not care for any of them. He seemed to dislike them as a class.

This kind of internal struggle was new and irritating. He had never known two desires that would not compromise equally, or one of them recognize its place and get out of the road. The savage restlessness in his blood, old, well-known, expected, something in brain and bone, had always carried its point and always would; he accounted for all things in all men by reference to it, supposing them to feel restless, the inner reason why a man did anything. But here now was another thing, hopelessly fighting it, clinging, exasperating; which somewhere within him was a kind of solemn-eyed sorrow that looked outward and backward over his life, and behold, the same was a windy alkali desert that bore nothing and was bitter in the mouth; and at the ends of his fingers it came to a keen point, a desire to touch Gracia's hair and the slim fingers on the gate.

Gracia looked up and then away.

"You're not well yet."

"You've been uncommonly good to me, and all—"

"You mustn't speak of it that way. It spoils it."

It seemed to both as if they were swaying nearer together, a languid, mystical atmosphere thickening about them. Only there was the drawback with Sandy of an inward monitor, with a hoarse voice like Kid Sadler's, who would be talking to him in figures and proverbs.

"Keep away from china an' lace; they break an' stain; this thing has been observed. Likewise is love a bit o' moonlight, sonny, tha's all, an' a tempest, an' a sucked orange. Come out o' that, Sandy, break away; for, in the words o' the prophet, 'It's no square game,' an' this here girl, God bless her! But she plays too high, an' you can't call her, Sandy, you ain' got the chips. Come away."

"And that," Sandy concluded the council, "is pretty accurate, for I'm broke this deal."

He stood up straight and looked at Gracia with eyes drawn and narrowed.

She felt afraid and did not understand.

"You don't know me. If you knew me, you'd know I had to go."

The wind rose in the afternoon, and blew gustily through street and garden. The windows of Miss Elizabeth's sitting-room were closed. The curtains hung in white, lifeless folds. But in Gracia's room above the windows were open, and the white curtains shook with the wind. Delicate and tremulous, they clung and moulded themselves one moment to the casement, and then broke out, straining in the wind that tossed the maple leaves, and went up and away into the wild sky after the driving clouds.

Sandy turned north up the village street, walking irresolutely. It might be thirty miles to Wimberton. The squire had sent him money. He could reach the railroad and make Wimberton that night, but he did not seem to care about it.

Out of the village, he fell into the long marching stride, and the motion set his blood tingling. Presently he felt better; some burden was shaken off; he was foot-loose and free of the open road, looking to the friction of event. At the end of five miles he remembered a saying of Kid Sadler's, chuckled over it, and began humming other verses of the "Sing Song," so called by the outcast poet.

Oh, when I was a lil' boy, I larfed an' then I
cried,
An' ever since I done the same, more privately,
inside.

There's a joke between this world an' me'n it's
tolerable grim,
An' God has got his end of it, an' some of it's
on him.

For he made a man with his left han', an' the
rest o' things with his right;
An' the right knew not what the left han' did,
for he kep' it out o' sight.

It's maybe a Wagner opery, it ain't no bedtime
croon,
When the highest note in the universe is a half
note out o'tune.

"That appears to be pretty accurate,"
he thought. "Wonder how the Kid comes
to know things."

He swung on, enjoying the growth of
vigor, the endless, open, travelled road,
and the wind blowing across his face.



THE STAGE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. GILBERT

Edited by Charlotte M. Martin

III

I DON'T know what first induced Mr.
Daly to take his company to Europe.

I dare say that it was a sort of tit-for-tat policy. English companies came to New York, why should not a New York company go to England? Anyway, we went, first to Mr. Toole's little theatre, just off the Strand, later to the Globe, then to the Lyceum, and finally to our own theatre in Leicester Square. It has always been a mystery to me how even the managers can tell what will "take" on the other side of the ocean, what will stand the test of transplantation. Indeed, mistakes are constantly being made in these

forecasts and reckonings, and English successes are failures in America, and New York plays are wholly misunderstood in London. In his first London venture Mr. Daly had the late Mr. William Terris as his adviser, and doubtless much of his advice was excellent, but it was comically wrong in one particular. Mr. Terris seriously counselled that Miss May Irwin, who was in our company then, should not be taken to England. "Her kind of fun is peculiarly American, and would not be understood over there," was his opinion. Mr. Daly thought differently, and he carried his point, and also carried Miss Irwin to London, where she made a hit at once, just as she did in France and Germany.

* * * Mrs. Gilbert and her editor take the first opportunity which has presented itself to correct a misstatement which appeared in the February number of these Reminiscences. So far from all the Worrell sisters being dead, two are still living, retired from the stage, and settled in the West. Jennie died a year or so ago in Minneapolis at the home of her sister, Mrs. Knight, to whom and to all members of the family apologies are due for an error that had its origin in unquestioning acceptance of a newspaper report.

Miss Irwin's fun is neither American nor English, but universal. She has the real spirit of comedy in her, something of the rollicking mischief that always lived in Mrs. John Wood. Her silences were as funny as her speeches, and to see her as the respectful, but too-knowing maid, listening to Lewis in his favorite character of humbugging husband, was a treat that foreign audiences appreciated at first sight.

The English audiences were always good to us, though their critics were sometimes severe on our plays, and the country at large gasped at the liberties that Mr. Daly took with Shakespeare. It was bad enough that a "foreign," especially an American, company should come to England, and play Shakespeare without saying "by your leave"; but that an American manager should "adapt" Shakespeare, and so render his comic rôles that they were actually funny, was almost beyond belief. I have seen an audience there convulsed with laughter over Katherine Lewis and James Lewis in "Twelfth Night," and then suddenly pull itself together as if ashamed to be caught finding amusement in an English Classic!

Our London seasons became a regular and a very pleasant portion of our working year, but our playing in Germany and France was much more for the "name of doing it," although in both countries we were well received on our first visit, and always made welcome on our returns, for return we did, several times. Our first visit to the Continent was rather a daring thing, for it was not so long after the Franco-Prussian war but that hard feeling was everywhere. Then we chose to go to Germany first, and from there to France. I know the French were still so bitter that they would not accept German gold—except when you had nothing else to give them in the way of tips, and then they would not give you any change! Still, Mr. Daly presented adaptations from the German in Paris, and they were better received there even than they had been in Germany itself.

But the—well, there is really no other word for it—the "cheekiest" thing he ever did was to give his version of "*Les Surprises de Divorce*," which he called "The Lottery of Love," on our last night

in Paris, at the very theatre where it had been originally brought out by a French company, and an uncommonly good company, too. Mr. Daly had modified the play for production in America, many of the changes being made in my part—that of a fussy, interfering mother who is given to marrying her daughter to all the men in the cast, one after the other, and then getting her divorced at once for one reason or another. One of the suitors, an ardent amateur photographer, in his attempt to separate the daughter from her latest husband, flatters the old lady into posing for a professional picture, in order to compromise her with her latest son-in-law. In the original play, the mother had been a ballet-dancer, and comes in to pose for her portrait in full modern ballet costume. Mrs. John Wood adopted this costume, and the little dance that went with it in the English version she used in London, and of course it was very funny.

But Mr. Daly said he would not dream of asking me to do that, and he hit upon the happy idea of making me a woman's-rights crank—that movement was then in full swing—coming on in regulation "bloomers" and a little round hat. Then he introduced an old gentleman who had had us all on his yacht for a cruise, who, seeing me in this rig, made some reference to a horn-pipe, that was supposed to start me off in that dance, when John Drew, as the latest son-in-law, rushed in aghast and ran me off at the wings. And we did all this in Paris, for all my poor French dresser was very much troubled to find no ballet costume in my wardrobe, and did not know what to do with the "bloomers." Many of the old French company of the house were buzzing about behind the scenes, full of curiosity and amusement, and the audience was puzzled by the changes in the play; but the genuine dash and fun of the thing carried the points home to them, and the final curtain came down to a good round of applause. For myself, I doubt if I ever did harder work, and I think we were all glad that that night ended our French engagement. Yet we were pleased with ourselves, and proud of the "Governor," that he had carried his coals to Newcastle in such successful fashion.

We found the German and French au-

diences very much like the English, after all. A synopsis of the play was always printed on the programmes, just as it would be for a foreign play given in this country, and, except for some minor points, nothing seemed to escape them. As for us, we went on just the same as if we were at home in our New York house. Mr. Daly always carried along his entire company, and every detail of our travelling was thoroughly worked out, from our time-tables down to the amount of luggage we were allowed apiece. All we had to do was to follow directions, and ask no questions. Of course, when in France or Germany, Mr. Daly had to have someone to interpret between him and the scene-shifters and other workmen about the theatre, but, except for that, we went on exactly as if we were on Broadway.

And by this time the management of the company had been reduced to a very complete routine. If there is any one word that can express Mr. Daly's system, it is Watchfulness. The French saying that, to insure success, "the eye of the master" should be everywhere, could be applied to him. From whatever source he got his play, whether it were one of his own, one of his adaptations, Shakespearian or otherwise, or an original work of some other man, the first thing Mr. Daly did was to read it to the company. He read very well indeed, too. Then he gave out the parts, and rehearsals began. He was not a severe rehearsaler, as far as long hours went. We were usually "called" for eleven in the morning in the early days, but later, when Miss Rehan was not so strong, and had to be spared, we would often not begin until after one—after Mr. Daly's own lunch—and then things would drag on, rather. Often, of course, rehearsals would be called for the general company only, and then we principals would not have to go.

Mr. Daly was very exacting in his training of the subordinates, and would not tolerate anyone standing about as if uninterested in the action of the piece. I have no wish to set myself up as a critic of his methods, but it sometimes seemed to me that he had even too much movement in some of his scenes. With us principals he rarely interfered seriously, letting us work out our own ideas of our parts,

although everything had to pass his final approval before it could stand, and he would cut out our pet lines at the last moment, if he saw fit. Then, too, he would have sudden inspirations. I remember once I had an entrance to make, and, just as I crossed the threshold, something pulled me back. Of course I threw up my hands and flung back my head, and the effect was comic, and, as it happened, in keeping with the part. When I turned round to see what had done it, there was the "Governor," holding on to my gown, and laughing. After that he gave orders that there should always be someone there to twitch me backward for that entrance, and he was often there to see that that order was properly carried out, too.

At rehearsals Mr. Daly's chair was placed at one side of the stage, its back to the house. There he would sit, when he was content to sit at all, and make suggestions and give directions. But more often he was in among us, telling us what to do and showing us how to do it. Once, I remember, Miss Irwin, in the character of an eavesdropping maid, had to lean against the corridor side of a door and then fall headlong into the room when the door was suddenly opened. She did it half-heartedly, for it is very difficult to make a spirited tumble just at rehearsal, and the "Governor" was on his feet in a moment, showing her how it should be done. "It must be like that," he said, picking himself up and dusting himself off. She looked him up and down—he was tall and slender, you know—and answered saucily: "I never could reach so far; I haven't the length, you know." "Then you must do it breadthwise," he retorted, and she had the good sense and the good fun to acknowledge that the joke was turned on her, for even then she was very stout.

Mr. Daly would permit no "gagging," and quite right too! But we who worked together all the time struck sparks out of one another, as it were. And inspirations would come in all sorts of odd ways. Still, I never would make a point, or say a thing, no matter how funny it might be, unless it was in keeping with the especial person I was doing, something she, not I, would say. Once, I know, in "A Woman's Won't," when we sat down to our table and began

with our oyster-broth, real broth it was, and uncommonly good too, Mr. Lewis said, "Pass me the crackers." Now, there were no crackers as it happened, and we were at a loss for the moment. I could think of nothing better to say than the current slang of the day: "They're in the soup." It was funny, and I could see the "Governor," at his station in the wings, double up in his amusement. No crackers were allowed on the table after that, and I was always given a chance to get off my slang. Sometimes, though, Mr. Daly would tire of these interpolations, or would fancy that they lost their point and their freshness with too frequent repetition. Then he would stop them short.

Once toward the end, when we were rehearsing "Cyrano de Bergerac," I unconsciously made a contribution to the "business." It was in the scene where the two pages come in with *Cyrano* to serenade *Roxane*. I was standing by as the duenna. The music was very pretty and catchy. My feet always answered to the sound of music anyway, and this time, having nothing in particular to do, I began to "step it out," and was having a great dance all to myself when I heard Miss Rehan whisper: "Governor, look at Grandma!" He looked and nodded. Of course the *Cyrano* (Mr. Richman) looked too, and that brought me back to my part as staid and proper as a duenna should be, making a pretty finish to the scene. Mr. Daly made us rehearse it thoroughly, and it became part of the performance. He used to say I need never be out of the cast, for I could always dance, even if I had no lines to say. Once he introduced a Sir Roger de Coverely, just to bring me on. It was then that I teased my friends, telling them that I had been promoted to the front row of the ballet, and must put all the photographs of my men friends out of my rooms when their wives called, so as not to compromise them.

Mr. Daly would work with the rest of us, and often more than the rest of us. I have seen him help shift a scene, and then come down to the front again with his hands dirty, and his face dirty too, sometimes, and go on with his work without a thought of himself. Then the day

would come when his chair would disappear from its usual place, and we knew we were in for our hardest trial, for "the 'Governor' is out in front." The front of the house would be all dark, and we could never see him, but we could hear his voice—now from the orchestra chairs, now from the gallery—whenever anything did not go quite right. I never attempted to mark down any directions on my part until after Mr. Daly had seen a rehearsal "from the front." For there is no question but that the "front of the house"—the audience, in other words—gets a point of view and a grasp of the stage picture that the actors, and even the stage manager himself, can never get from the other side of the footlights.

On the first night of every play, Mr. Daly always prompted the piece himself, standing by the prompter and holding the book. This led to an amusing incident one night. There was a line to be spoken off the stage, and knowing how important it was that it should be done just right, Mr. Daly determined to say it himself. But he miscalculated distances, or something of the kind, for when the line was due, he wasn't in the right place to say it. The prompter could do nothing, for Mr. Daly had the book, and we who were about dared not prompt him. Of course the line was given eventually, but it hung fire in a way that would have made trouble if anyone but the "Governor" had been responsible!

Even after the rehearsals and the first night were over, even when the play was before the public, Mr. Daly was always on the watch. If anything went wrong, and some of us said: "Thank fortune the 'Governor' didn't see that," there he was at one's elbow. But often at morning rehearsal he would make some comment or criticism on the performance of the night before that would mystify us all, for none of us had seen him anywhere. Finally, I asked him one day: "Look here, 'Governor,' where did you use to be, that you saw everything we did?"

"If you really want to know," he answered, "I was up on the paint-screen." There he had been perched up among the flies, on the great rack that the scene-painters use for their work, with his head over the edge, watching every action on his

stage, night after night. Of course that was in his early days. Later, when he had his company thoroughly trained, and had made his reputation as a manager, Mr. Daly was content to watch from his box. And either he or Mrs. Daly was always there. She was a Miss Duff, daughter of the famous manager, and she knew the stage and stage-life thoroughly, from Mr. Daly's own point of view. She was a good wife to him and a great helper in every way. She knew her husband's business thoroughly, and never told a word of it, and that is saying a great deal, for curious people would often ask her questions about affairs when they would not dare ask her husband. And she was always pleasant and merry with him and with everybody else. They say he used to come home at night and fling himself down on the sofa, wholly worn out with the day's hard work, and say: "Tell me a funny story, May, and take my mind off all this." And she always had the story ready.

A lovely trait of Mr. Daly's character was his tenderness and thought of children. I never knew him to pass a little news-boy on the street without buying a paper, and he always took the paper with a look in his eyes as much as to say: "We must help the boys to get a living." A beautiful trait, not giving as charity but buying what the boy had to sell.

People may say that Mr. Daly's place can be easily filled, that his influence will not last, and all that. But the longer we are without him, the more I seem to miss him. He was so watchful, so keen to see any falling off in one's rendering of a part, so quick to modify any little mannerism or foolish trick in a beginner's work; to me there doesn't seem anyone left to say: "*Don't!*"

I was fond of the "Governor"; when I knew him first he was so brilliant, so versatile, so undaunted by failure. I watched him go through so much, saw him put heart and soul into everything he did, and often lose everything but his splendid courage. I saw him make mistakes and retrieve them, build up fortunes and spend them, and in those early days he never lost his wonderful resourcefulness. He changed afterward in many ways, and I dare say I changed too. Perhaps I am too jealous for the old company, but I cannot help

feeling that all the comic-opera business of later years, with its crowd of pretty faces and young actresses "to be placed," was a step-down for Mr. Daly. Once, I remember, just at the last, there was a general "call" for the entire company. We none of us knew what it was for, but I never questioned a "call," and down I went. The stage was full; there were a few of our company there, but most of them were young people—chorus girls and the like. The "Governor" was busy sorting them and arranging things generally when he spied me, and crossed over to me.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"There was a call for the entire company, and I suppose I still belong to it," I answered.

"But I don't want you," he said. "I am only dividing these people up into the different companies for the light-opera stuff." Then he looked all over the stage, and down at me with a little frown: "You don't like all this, Grandma?"

"No, I don't. Not on my own account at all, but this isn't like you, a bit." And it wasn't.

For in its later days the company was so modified, and his own interests were so widespread, that the whole business did not seem so typically "Daly's" as in its earlier days. Only Miss Rehan and I remained of the "Big Four." Success had taken John Drew from us, and dear "Jimmie" Lewis, with all his lovable ailments and failings, had died.

Then came Mr. Daly's death, in the summer of '99, a dreadful shock to us all, bringing with it, as it did, the breaking of all the old ties. He was a man of such vitality that death had seemed always a remote possibility only, and, in his many ventures, that was the only factor he left entirely out of the reckoning. So his affairs were left in a good deal of a tangle, and, for a time, we none of us knew what was going to happen. Then, for a time, too, we thought that the theatre was to be retained by the heirs and run on the old lines; and so, many members of the old company looked upon themselves as bound by their original contracts. But when the various interests were carefully reviewed, the risks involved proved to be too great, and it was decided to sell the theatre, and to settle as many of the out-



James Lewis.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Mrs. Gilbert.

lying ventures as possible, Miss Rehan retaining certain of the plays, and arranging for her own starring tour as soon as her health should permit.

By this time the summer was well forward and we were all scattered. I was staying with some friends in Siasconset, a little out-of-the-way town on the Island of Nantucket. It was there that the news came to me of the sale of Daly's Theatre, and a real shock it was! I suppose that that was taken by other managers to mean that Mr. Daly's old company was disbanded, for soon afterward I received a letter from Mr. Charles Frohman, about a part he thought would suit me in a new play he was putting on in the autumn. A certain

sense of loyalty to Miss Rehan and to the old company—such as was left of it—held me back for a time; but, as the days dragged on in that quiet island town, I began to get anxious about my own affairs, and finally wrote to Miss Rehan's business manager, asking him if I were to consider myself free to make engagements on my own account. Back came a telegram asking me not to do anything until I had received the letter that was to follow by the next post. I waited one mail, two or three mails, and nothing came. Then I wrote to Mr. Frohman. Several letters were exchanged, but letters are unsatisfactory things at best, and I arranged for a personal interview at eleven o'clock of a cer-

tain morning. For me it meant quite a little journey; first, from Siasconset to Nantucket town, by the Central Railroad of Nantucket—about a yard long it is, for all its big name—then by boat to New Bedford and rail to Fall River, and finally by the Sound boat to New York.

The interview on the morning of my arrival settled all outstanding questions between Mr. Frohman and me in most pleasant fashion, and after a few hours of shopping I began my return journey by the same route at five o'clock of that afternoon, with my immediate future comfortably assured. The newspapers got hold of my flying business trip, and made a very pretty story out of it. The newspapers have always been good to me, their praise has been pleasant reading, and their little warnings have often helped me. Still my feeling has always been that an actor ought to come somewhere near his own ideal, satisfy his manager, and please his audience, before he gets eager to read what is printed about him.

In the early days I had no time to study newspaper criticisms, and my husband seldom told me about them. Perhaps he thought I might get spoiled, but it is more probable that he feared that I would become discouraged. He used to say: "Just go ahead and do your work as well as you can and don't worry about the critics." I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday the first time my attention was drawn to a newspaper notice of my work. We were playing in the West under Lewis Baker's management; the play was "Romeo and Juliet," the *Juliet* Avonia Jones, the *Romeo* her mother, I

think, although of that I will not be positive. I was the nurse, my first attempt at the part, indeed, my first attempt at any such important part, and I was as nervous as a witch. I know that during the performance I was in the box that used to be built inside the proscenium arch so that the actors themselves could watch the

stage during their waits, and get almost the same point of view as the audience. Mrs. Jones was there, too, and she gave me many a good bit of advice, among others that I should always, every night on returning from the theatre, carefully go over the *rôle* I had just done, before beginning any new work. Our lives were too busy to keep always to that rule, but the advice was good in itself. The morning after this performance, Louis Mestayer, who had been the *Mercutio*, was very happy over the capital notice the local paper

had given him. That evening, I said to my husband: "Mestayer is very proud of the criticism of his work last night."

"It's not a bit better than the one you got," answered Mr. Gilbert, as quick as a flash. And he was the man who pretended to disregard the newspapers! Of late days my English nephew has carefully gathered all the printed stuff he could find about me, and has carefully pasted it in a book. And now I go on collecting, more to please him than for anything else. By the way, there is one bit of criticism in my nephew's collection that is amusing, and worth quoting in the light of subsequent events. It is from the *Cleveland Daily Review*, and the date is June 29, 1857.

"Her peculiar forte, we think, is gen-



James Lewis.

From an early photograph by H. G. Smith, Boston. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.



Mrs. Gilbert.

From a photograph by Houseworth, San Francisco. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

teel comedy, though it is difficult to decide this question positively where she appears in such a variety of parts."

The only time I resented newspaper chatter was when I had my spectacles stolen. They were snatched from my belt, the case I wore there being torn away. I spoke of it to Mr. Dorney, and the story went round the theatre. Somehow the reporters got hold of it, and they made a great to-do about it. It was really too bad of them! I felt it the more, because I had managed to keep a much more serious theft

an absolute secret. That was at the time when so much fun was being made of the "robbery-of-jewels" form of theatrical advertisement. I had a very valuable pair of ear-rings taken from my pocket most cleverly. And I was on my way to play for a charity, too! However, I kept my loss quite to myself. And then to be brought before a sympathetic public as the loser of a pair of spectacles!

Stories and incidents come into my mind, now that I am in the way of thinking back, that I had forgotten for years. These



James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert in the Comedy of the "Big Bonanza."
From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

things are little and unimportant enough in themselves, but when I sit thinking, as I do sometimes, they bring back my whole life. Did I ever tell you how I took in the "Governor" without knowing it? It was in the first Fifth Avenue Theatre days, and we were doing "Major Wellington de Boots." I had had a terribly sore toe, a matter of poultices and I don't know what all, but had managed to keep my misery pretty much to myself. I wore black satin gaiters, I know, and I cut a slit in the top of the foot part, putting something black under it. But of course I limped badly all through the piece. Years afterward Mr. Daly revived this farce. When we were rehearsing, he began to fidget and worry.

"You've forgotten something of your part," he told me.

"Why, no," I said, "I think I have all the old business."

"When you did it before, you had a perfect limp."

"Limp? Limp?" Then I remembered: "That wasn't a limp," I laughed, "that was just a sore foot."

"Never mind what it was, I want that limp!" And of course he got it.

Then, I remember, I broke "Jimmie" Lewis all up one night in "7-20-8." He never liked his own photographs, and there were one or two that he fairly hated, and we loved to tease him about them.

This night, in the last act, I was sitting at a desk with my back to the audience, writing something, and he was sitting facing me, and so of course facing the audience, too. He was all curled up and



James Lewis and John Drew in "Pique."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

very meek and miserable, for I had caught him in his escapade. When I was supposed to be reading what I had written, I was really holding the photograph he hated most up under his nose! He curled up more miserably than ever to hide his twitching face.

Here is another scene that is still as fresh as ever before my eyes. Long ago, when we were coming home from the Pacific coast, the company had its special car at the end of the train. Mr. Daly always insisted upon this; you see no one could make any excuse for going through our car then, and we had the rear platform as a sort of balcony. I had my own compartment, and had been sitting close to the window, watching the strange, barren country we were passing through. In a sort of cutting we slowed down, and

finally stopped for a little. There were no trees, no grass even, and everything was stony and gritty. Nearly alongside of me was an incline, of perhaps some eight or ten feet, and at the top a cabin, not more than one room, I should think, but very bright and clean. The owner was sitting at his door in the miner's dress-up afternoon costume, a white shirt—really white—and blue overalls. Beside him was a granite slab, almost like a table, and on it, in an old battered tin can, the most superb bunch of wild flowers I ever saw, they were so brilliant and so well arranged. Near by was a dog asleep with his nose between his paws, so absolutely still that to this day I don't know whether he was alive or not. It made a picture of bright homelikeness that was good to see in the midst of those dreary plains. The ladies on the train be-

gan teasing for the flowers, beckoning and laughing, but the man shook his head. At last, just as the train was starting again,

flowers were lovely, many of them highly colored relatives of our Eastern flowers, some of them absolute strangers to me. I



Mrs. Gilbert and James Lewis in "7-20-8."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

he spied me at my window. I smiled and nodded, and he smiled and nodded. Then I pointed to the house, to the dog and the flowers, and smiled and nodded again, trying to express my pleasure in the whole picture. To my surprise, he grabbed up the flowers and plunged down to the train, just managing to reach the back platform. "Give them to the old lady," I heard him say, and he handed them to Mr. Dorney. I got to the back platform and waved my thanks before we were out of sight. The

kept them as long as I could, and used up all the books I had with me in pressing them. The younger members of the company used to tease me for outdoing them about the "man with the flowers," as they called him. I suppose my old face at the window had stood to him for everything he had left in the East; for his mother's face at her window, for home, and all the old friends he ever had. I have never seen him since, of course, but I believe I should know him to-day.



Mrs. Gilbert. Miss Virginia Dreher. Miss Ada Rehan. Miss May Irwin.

"A Night Off."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York. In the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

Coming to greet my old New York public, under a different management, and with other than my old associates, has been like a new birth to me, and the reception that met me on my entrance in "Miss Hobbs" was a complete surprise. It was not the applause alone that prevented me beginning my lines that night; I had a good big lump in my throat. Then came my birthday. Not the eightieth, please, as they said; it is not quite long enough since 1821 for that. And besides, Mr. Daly gave me my seventieth birthday party at the Savoy Hotel, in London, in 1891. But I had thought that, with the leaving of the old life, I was leaving all those who remembered the old anniversaries. To be sure, Mr. Richman, who had been a member of our company, knew the date, but I never suspected him of "telling on me." Even when Miss Russell asked me to come to her after the performance that evening, I was simple enough to think it was to be only a little supper at her home. Instead came public speeches at the theatre, and the public presentation of the silver that, to me, stands for the personal affection of many dear friends, old and new. I have been trained to self-control all my life, else I really believe that the surprise and the warm-hearted kindness of it all would have upset me quite! That kindness seems to be about me all the time now. Miss Russell has made the Lyceum Theatre like home to me, and I am very happy.

One good friend of mine says that if she had such beautiful silver she should give up acting, and simply stay at home and have tea all the time. It sounds attractive, but if I did that, I should have serious doubts as to the supply of tea, to say nothing of the other necessities of life.

ANNE HARTLEY GILBERT.

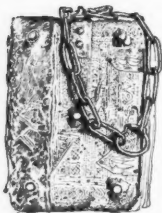


The Market Place, Cordes.

CORDES

By Ernest C. Peixotto

WITH THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS*



Lue Libré Ferrat—the Book of Iron.

THE traveller on the road from Paris to Toulouse, just after passing through the wild valley of the Aveyron, if he keep a sharp lookout, will notice, in the distance to the left, rising above the intervening hills, a city, strangely perched on an isolated cone, piling upon its steep slopes its ruinous, red-roofed houses and bearing, like an aigrette, upon its summit the belfry of its church. It is Cordes.

As we approach, its picturesqueness becomes more and more apparent, until, as the last rolling hill-side is surmounted, the uniqueness of its situation and the strange contours of its mediæval masses of masonry are clearly seen.

* See, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1899, August, 1900, and February, 1901, similarly illustrated papers on Chinon, Loches, Carcassonne, and Albi, by the same author.

Before us stretches a smiling, sunlit valley, perhaps three miles wide and as many long, through which winds a swift-flowing river, the Céron. This valley is bounded on all sides by well-cultivated, gently sloping hillsides, rising in an amphitheatre to the height of about four hundred feet. Just in the middle of this amphitheatre stands an abrupt hill, entirely isolated, its sharp declivity about the same on all sides. On its top is perched the city of Cordes. And how strange a site for a city, thus elevated above the land which forms its base, with its lowest walls raised to the level of the hill-tops which bound the horizon, but separated from them by a natural moat, three hundred feet deep and a mile to two miles in breadth! Only one means of communication with the valley below is at first apparent—a steep, winding road—so steep as to be absolutely impassable for horses. We find afterward, however, that on the east side, the town has

gradually descended the hillside by a zig-zag road and joined its suburb of La Bouteillerie in the valley below.

The reason for building a city in such a position is readily guessed. Cordes is old; its act of birth was written by Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse, in the early part of the thirteenth century, when he granted permission to the citizens of St. Marcel, whose town near by had been pillaged over and again by roving bands of soldiers, to build upon this isolated hillside, whose natural defences are apparent to the most unskilled eye.

The buildings were begun on the highest land, and important buildings they were too, for Cordes counted many wealthy citizens. To protect them, a great encircling wall was built, with two gates, both of which yet remain in ruins—one toward the west, the *Porte des Houmets*, the other facing the east—the *Porte des Roux*.

Only two streets traverse the town between these gates, and in the centre, on the very apex of the hill, is the market-place. Here has always been the focus of the city life, and with this market-place most of the history of Cordes is connected.

Twelve years after the foundation of the city, when the Council of Toulouse had just established the Inquisition, Cordes saw three *frères prêcheurs* enter her walls, and a few days after an old woman was burned for heresy in the market-place. Another execution was about to follow when the people arose, killed the inquisitors and threw their bodies in the city well. The Pope, not receiving satisfaction for this misdeed, excommunicated the city, and it remained under his ban for nearly a hundred years, when a solemn ceremony was held and the Papal Bull was revoked. The

Pope ordered the city well to be walled up, and an iron cross, which still stands near one of the pillars of the market-place was erected over it and to this day we read, on one of the flagstones near by, *Ici est un puits de cent mètres de profondeur.*

During this stormy period in the life of Cordes, when her citizens showed such a

strong will of their own, the *libré ferrat* (as it was called in *patois*) was written. It is an ancient book, written by the monks as only the monks could write, in fair and beautiful Latin, engrossed with ornamental capitals and exquisite borders. It is bound in leather, richly tooled, and strengthened with heavy iron corners and brass clasps. It is thickly studded with nails and rivets and was attached by means of a chain to one of the pillars of the market-place. Its first part consists of the Book of the Evangelists, on which all oaths were taken; then follows, in detail,

the laws and customs of Cordes. The book was public property, and all—rich and poor alike—could consult it at any time and settle their disputes. As I fingered its well-thumbed pages with my friend the *archiviste*, he pointed out some of its curious clauses, written in the *patois*—a corruption of Spanish and French—which still prevails in the southwest of France. One, for instance, tells that at Christmas-tide, the heads, feet, and tails of all animals killed should revert as tithes to the lord of the manor.

In the sixteenth century the market was roofed over. Twenty-four stone pillars were built to support the massive roof-beams, and until recently there was also a granary above. One of the pillars is hollow and was used as a measure, the grain being let into it from the upper storehouse,



A By-way, Cordes.

and when the column was full, the purchaser filled his sack from a tap at the bottom. The market is smoothly paved in flagstones, and has always served as the place of meeting for local reunions, and now, to the tune of the flute and violin, the merry men and maidens, arm in arm, dance on the historic well, whose presence cost their forefathers such sore distress.

Saturday is market day. Then the peasants gather from all the country round, and toil up the steep hill to arrange their wares in and about the *place*. Here they barter and trade while the townsfolk lay in their weekly provision. Farmer's wives carry long white sacks into which they put their purchases, tying a knot over each article, so that finally the bag has the appearance of a long string of Frankfurt sausages. The country-people bring well-filled baskets of luncheon, and at eleven o'clock regale themselves on good bread and cheese, a bottle of the sparkling wine of Gaillac and a big piece of salted goose. The salted goose is a famous dish, and its abundance in Cordes is easily accounted for. *Puté de foie gras* is a staple product, and of course necessitates the fattening and killing of many geese. After the liver is removed, the fowl must be put to some use, so the meat is salted, and really makes a very appetizing dish served with large, fresh brown beans.

After the busy hours of the market, quiet settles over the old town and, as I sit sketching, I recognize the familiar sounds of the humdrum daily life; of the tradespeople working in their shops; the shuttle of the loom, as the weaver throws it back and forth—clack, clack as the frame falls after each thread is passed; the creak of the treadle as the wife winds the bobbin; the fall of the hammer as the shoemaker drives in each hobnail until the sole is quite covered and ready to aid some brave man or woman to climb the slippery, rock-paved streets; the sound of the saw, as old *père* Aurillac (who is ninety and bent double with the burden of his life) cuts in pieces the pile of wood which I watched him carry up the hill on his back—a load so large that it almost completely hid him and only his poor faltering feet were visible.

In the Grande Rue are most of the

great houses—seven of them, all more or less similar in style and strangely reminiscent of the palaces on the Grand Canal in Venice. They are beautiful specimens of the domestic architecture of the thirteenth century. The ground floor of each façade is composed of a series of Gothic arches. The first and second floors are pierced by two or three openings, each composed of several windows, whose pointed arches repose on clustered columns with foliated capitals of exquisite design. Most of the sculpture is lavished on these windows or on the string-courses which run across the design at the bases of the window openings and the spring of the arches. Quadrapeds, birds, figures, walk upon these courses or decorate their extremities—whole scenes of the hunt even embellish one house.

As the city increased in size, the original nucleus in the topmost wall grew too small for its needs and it jumped over the barrier and a new rampart was built, only to be succeeded by another and another, each enclosing a larger area than its predecessor until the inner city was surrounded by a quintuple wall pierced by more than fifty gates, many of which yet remain. The town has never overlapped the fifth wall, below which the hill-slopes remain a succession of grain-fields and vineyards with the cemetery, cypress grown, clinging close to the lowest western wall.

One day I saw a funeral winding its way to the little graveyard, through a dark and narrow street—so dark indeed, that the candles carried by the altar-boys shone clearly in the midday light and so narrow that, to let it pass, I must needs take refuge in a doorway. Ahead walked the priest chanting, with the choir-boys—then the bier carried by hand—three stalwart men on each side, for the town's thoroughfares are so steep that no hearse drawn by horses could be led through them. It was a strange and impressive sight—impressive from its utter simplicity—with the long train of black-robed mourners—the men and then the women hobbling along over the rough rock pavements.

The streets of the town, if such they may be called, for they are more like by-ways, backing and twisting on themselves, or following the old *chemin de ronde* by

the dismantled ramparts, are crowded with half-ruined houses, many of them rearranged from fine old buildings. Ugly little modern windows are opened in the corners of beautiful casements of the Renaissance, Gothic windows *en croix* or entirely walled up, with perhaps near them a headless column, or a fantastic gargoyle.

One interesting by-way, leading to the Tour de l'Horloge, is called the Stairway of the Pater Noster. A chapel, belonging to the Brothers of St. Joseph, stood near the head of these steps. At the bottom was the residence of the brothers, so that in going to and from service, they climb the stairs, of which there are just the same number as there are words in the pater

noster. Thus, by saying one word on each step, the prayer could be finished when the top or bottom was reached.

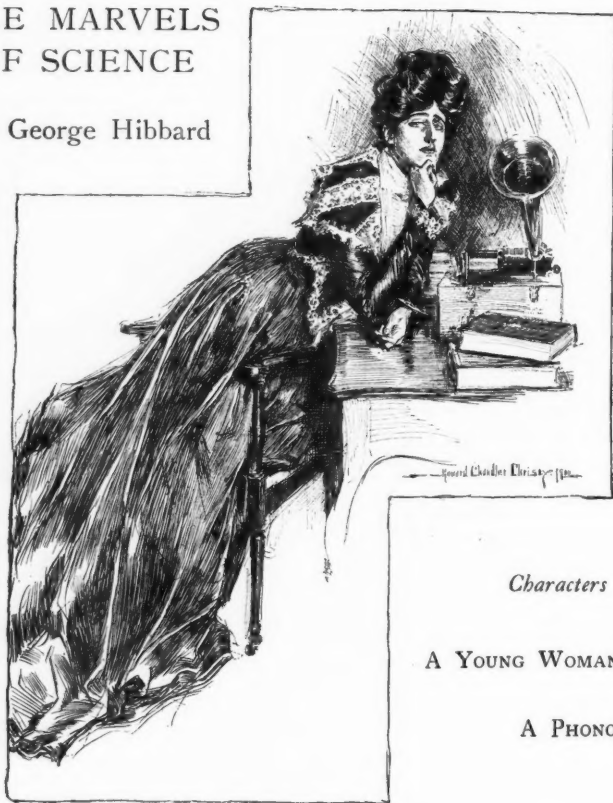
To-day the town is sleepy and almost devoid of any activity, and its population has dwindled from three thousand to eighteen hundred souls. Created for struggle and resistance in a time of bloody quarrels, Cordes could only maintain her importance in more peaceful commercial ages by coming down from the summit to which she owed her originality and her strength. This she has refused to do. Now the railroad has left her isolated, so that she has entered upon a period of long and incurable decay, which will eventually leave her a mere ruin, proudly perched on her far-away hilltop.



Stairway of the Pater Noster, Cordes.

THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE

By George Hibbard



Characters

A YOUNG WOMAN

A PHONOGRAPH

SCENE: *The natural and usual habitat of the YOUNG WOMAN, being a room luxuriously furnished and variously ornamented. A reproduction of Botticelli's "Allegory of Spring," and photographs of Rossetti's pictures being interspersed with occasional "sporting prints;" while a cast of the "Victory of Samothrace" dominates a collection of miscellaneous objects among which are to be seen a fox's "brush" and several "cups" won in "foursomes"—all indicating the varied tastes of the occupant.*

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*kneeling on the floor and undoing the knot of the string fastening a large package before her*). It isn't Christmas, and it isn't anywhere near my birthday, and *why* should I receive a present? For it must be a present, since I haven't ordered anything anywhere—particularly nothing of this monumental size, which I'd certainly remember. And it isn't the First of April, so it can't be one of those silly jokes. No, it surely must be a present. And who can

have sent it? This didn't come by express, so it can't be from Aunt Imogen, and I can't positively think of anybody else. (*Struggling with the knot.*) Oh, what a fearful knot! Of course if Mr. Pendleton and I were—as we have been, it might be *he*. But then, to be sure, he never sent me anything but flowers and books, while this is huge enough to be—almost a white elephant. And certainly since we had our last interview, when we quarrelled so fearfully, it couldn't possibly

be he at all. There, I've almost got it undone. Not, of course, that our quarrel was my fault, for I gave him every opportunity to explain—every possible opportunity. To be sure, if he said things that were not true, I had to contradict them at once; while if some of his speeches were so ridiculous that I couldn't allow him to go on, and others were so exasperating that I couldn't let him finish—why—I was not to blame. But he can't say anything, for I gave him every chance to make the fullest explanations—the very fullest. And after I had waited for him to go to see those stupid pictures, and he never came at all until the next day! Oh, I should have known before that he never liked me—that that he hated me, but I know now, and it's all over, and there won't be any more mistakes. (*Brushing her hand across her eyes.*) I wonder why I can't see the way this hateful knot is tied. Oh, it can't be that I'm actually crying! It sha'n't be! I won't! I'll forget him, or if I think of him I'll only think unpleasant things—like the things that I told Lucilla Lamb—that I didn't believe then, but that I believe now—that I'm *going* to believe now. For I did like him then. And Lucilla, if she is such an idiot, is so awfully, so stupidly pretty. I was really afraid that, if she thought him nice, she would be interested in him—and actually feared that he would see it—and men are so vain—that he might be attracted by her, so I *did* tell her that I disliked him particularly. I know that I said that I considered him most disagreeable, and that I didn't see how any woman could think of wasting a moment on him. And the little goose, she believed me and actually thanked me for telling her—and said that she'd be careful not to let him annoy her. Oh, I don't suppose that I should have done it, but she is so fearfully—fearfully pretty, and then I did care such a lot about him—then. (*Unfastening knot.*) There, I've got it undone at last! (*Taking off the string and unloosening the wrapping-paper.*) A box! An enormous box! What can it be? (*Lifting off the cover.*) Oh! A phonograph! A phonograph? There must be some mistake. (*Looking at wrapping-paper.*) No, there is my name, "Miss

Lucile Irvine." Now who could have sent me a phonograph—and why? (*Looking into the box.*) There may be a note. No. (*Taking out piece of paper.*) No, nothing but this—the printed directions for using it. Really, it is most strange. I can't understand it at all. And I've never heard one. I wonder what it is like. As it's here, even if it is a mistake—and, in spite of the name, it *must* be one—I might try it. I was just wishing for something to distract me, and make me forget, and this may do it for a few minutes. (*Taking out THE PHONOGRAPH and placing it on the table.*) Let me see! (*Looking at the printed directions.*) You put this big trumpet thing here—and then you place that there—and then you do this—and then you do that—and—

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with its peculiar banjo-like quality of tone, but still rendering unmistakably a young and manly voice*). Miss Irvine—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*starting back in consternation in the momentary pause made by THE PHONOGRAPH*). His voice! Mr. Pendleton's voice.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing*). If you have not received any note with this—one of the marvels of science—it is because I believe that the spoken word is always better (*manifestly speaking with deep meaning*) when it may be employed, and I thought that I could tell you why I have sent it.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as the PHONOGRAPH again pauses*). Oh! oh! I feel so—strangely.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming with great gravity*). You said once that—singular as it was—you had never heard a phonograph. Recollecting this, the thought occurred to me that such being the case you might be inclined to—(*with a marked accentuation of the word*) listen—

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing in the former unbroken tone*). Without the constant questions, the ceaseless accusations, the unjust reproaches which made it, at our last interview, impossible for me to get in a word edgewise. For you will remember every effort that I made to speak was checked almost before I was able to open my mouth, and when I did

occasionally succeed in beginning a sentence, it was at once cut short.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*furiously*). Oh, how can he say it when I gave him every opportunity—every opportunity?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing inflexibly*). When, in short, any attempt to make an explanation was utterly impossible and all chance of righting myself taken from me by your unending interruptions. I have always understood that there was no arguing with a woman. I find that there is no possibility of explaining to one. Therefore I have ventured to take this way of obtaining a hearing. I resort to it as a desperate measure—a forlorn hope—because it is with me a question of honor to make that explanation which I have had no chance to offer and to which you must listen—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*touching a key that checks THE PHONOGRAPH in the full flood of its speech with something the same suddenness with which an electric light is abruptly cut off*). But I won't! The directions said this was the way; and I can stop him—it, and I won't be accused unjustly when I *did* give it—him, every opportunity—every *reasonable* opportunity. No, I won't stand here and be abused so shamefully when I am sure that I was most gentle and kind. (*Gazing at THE PHONOGRAPH as it rests impassively on the table*.) Oh, you—the horrid thing! But what could be more provoking? There it calmly stands, and no matter what I say it doesn't make any difference. I declare that it is perfectly maddening. But I *can* stop it, that is one comfort, and I need not hear what it says. As if I were so unreasonable that I wouldn't and even couldn't listen to an explanation—and interrupted with "constant questions and ceaseless accusations and unjust reproaches." It's exactly the kind of thing that men are always saying to women just as they say that they are—curious, and all the other absurdities. Oh, how could I ever have liked him so much that if he had only been nicer—who knows? But he has behaved abominably! And there *that thing* stands and it doesn't do any good, or rather any harm to it, to tell it so, while if I let it speak I can't answer it. Oh, was a woman ever placed in such a position?

But I will not let myself be disturbed by such a trifle. I will be calm and I'll show—well—*myself* that I can be above such annoyance. (*Touching key of THE PHONOGRAPH*.) There!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*serenely resuming as if nothing had happened*). To which you will listen, I believe, because your woman's curiosity will be too strong not to make you want to know all that I may have to say. So you will hear me to the end, although you will have to endure what will be so trying for a woman, and that is having to go without the power of making any reply.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*swiftly shutting off THE PHONOGRAPH*). Now I will not listen! Indeed! It is positively insulting! Oh, I call it—cowardly, to speak so to a poor defenceless girl when she can't make any answer, or say anything that's of any use. Oh! Oh! (*To THE PHONOGRAPH*.) You—you monster! If I could only make it—him hear, I could make him—it sorry that it ever said anything, and wish that it had never spoken. Oh, I could—and how I wish I had the chance. But that awful brazen thing, that doesn't care in the least, I can't make any impression on it. Oh, I wonder what fearful thing it would have said next—of what *new* rudeness it could be capable! I should really like to see how far it would go—of what further insults it would be guilty. And, after all, what is it? A mere machine! I will not condescend to lose my temper with simply an inanimate thing. And it can't know after all—and he can't know—whether I'm listening or not. I shall simply let it go on—not that I am curious—but it is the more *dignified* course to adopt under all the circumstances. I couldn't really look myself in the face in the looking-glass if I thought that I did not have more self-control. I don't care what it says, but as a matter of self-discipline—I'll let it finish. (*Again touching key*.) I wonder what will come next.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming impressively*). I shall make no counter-charges—as I might very easily—reminding you of the treatment that I have received from you at various times. I will, for example, say nothing of the occasion when we were staying at the Barboulds, and, al-

though you had promised that you would ride with me, you did not come back until hours after the time from a drive with Jim Conyers, declaring that you got lost. (*With stern indignation.*) Lost! In a country that you both knew perfectly well, and where, anyway, it wasn't any more possible for anyone to be lost than for a checker on a checker-board.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*speaking eagerly as THE PHONOGRAPH pauses for a moment, evidently with the intention of giving effect to the last statement.*) But you know that you had asked Daisy Chatterly first, and of course— Oh, it's only *that* thing, and how absurd my talking to it.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing majestically.*) I will say nothing of the time at the Welbecks's ball when, knowing that you were engaged to me for the dance, you deliberately went and sat it out with Johnny Caton, who was going to the dogs as fast as he could, and also was engaged to your great friend Letitia Leigh—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*promptly and with decision shutting off THE PHONOGRAPH.*) Really that is *too* outrageous, and I can't be expected to listen to *that*. Why, as if that wasn't the very reason, and I did it just because he had been engaged to Letitia, and they'd quarrelled, and she was the only one who could save him from—"the dogs" and (*breathlessly*) I wanted to reconcile them, and I did. Oh, if my very best actions are to be brought up against me I don't know what I may not expect! (*Fiercely.*) But I will not flinch. I will not turn away. (*Firmly.*) I will go through with this. My just indignation may have got the better of me for a moment, but (*again setting THE PHONOGRAPH going*) I shall not forget myself again.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing on the even tenor of its way.*) I will also refrain from speaking (*with emphasis*) at any length of the fact that you asked "Dormy" Jones to play with you in the "mixed foursomes" instead of myself, and I may mention incidentally that you lost the cup by it.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*instinctively and inadvertently touching the key that stops THE PHONOGRAPH.*) As if I cared anything for their old cup! And (*apostrophizing THE PHONOGRAPH*) you ought to

have seen that I only did it because—because—but I mustn't confess that—though what difference does it make since you can't understand?—you *stupid—stupid* thing—why—that I only did it because I wanted to try to make you—him jealous. As if anyone could care anything for "Dormy" Jones, and as if it were not an insult to have anybody suppose that one could. Oh, I've turned it off. (*Again setting THE PHONOGRAPH going.*) Now!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with the same calm containment*). And there is even another line of defence. I might remind you how often I have kept out of your way, and have striven, since Fate seemed to take a malicious pleasure in throwing us together, to save you from as much annoyance as possible, understanding as I did how disagreeable my presence was to you.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*anxiously*). Now, what does that mean?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*proudly inexorable*). Yes, knowing all that I did, I realized how unpleasant it must be for you to see me—though why you seemed to take pleasure in making chances to be disagreeable to me and seeking occasions for trying to humiliate me I cannot even yet quite understand. Of course there were other times when you were so charming that I could almost have doubted your dislike. But at once you would change, and I should be assured by some new slight or some new mockery that you had only been doing as you had to lure me to my destruction—to lead me to make a greater idiot of myself.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*reproachfully*). Couldn't he see? Couldn't he see?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*uninterruptedly*). Indeed I should have known the way that you felt even without the information that had already made all clear—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in anxious suspense*). What can he mean?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*after a slight break*). For although there were, as I have said, moments almost of uncertainty, still the one unmistakable fact ever stood in my memory from which there was no escaping. You will undoubtedly know what I mean.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH is silent for a moment*). Oh, why

doesn't it go on? This is maddening. Oh, what can it have been?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming*). I may be guilty of an indiscretion—indeed, I fear it may be called something more—but I cannot refrain from mentioning a fact of such importance in my desire to have you understand how awkwardly—how unfortunately I was placed. I cannot think, though, that I am doing too wrongly, when it is in no spirit of blame that I speak—for I find that I can truthfully say that I am glad, under the circumstances, for what happened.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH again pauses for a moment*). Oh, why doesn't it go on? Why doesn't it get to the point?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing with deliberation*). I am sure that what was done was from the best motives and inspired by the kindest intentions. Certainly it was unpleasant to learn the truth so directly, but (*with biting emphasis*) I must always feel obliged to Miss Lucilla Lamb—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in consternation*). Lucilla!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*distinctly*). For what she told me.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*breathlessly*). She told him!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*judicially*). Since looking at the matter calmly, I feel convinced that she spoke with the desire to save you—her friend—from probable annoyance, and me—whom she had known for a long time—from possible mistake. For, although not brilliant, Miss Lamb has a good heart—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*fiercely*). The little idiot!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with the same even tone*). And I now understand that she did as she did for what she thought the interest of all concerned. Of course after all that you said— Let me see!

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in agitation*). Oh, what could I have said!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*after a short pause for reflection*). After I had been assured on such authority that it was a trial to meet me, a penance to talk to me, and a torture to dance with me—that I did not possess a particle of good looks or the vestige of an idea—

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH again pauses*). Oh, I surely couldn't.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with steady enumeration*). Oh, yes; and that I had the voice of a poll parrot, and the manners of a dancing bear—

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh!

THE PHONOGRAPH. And that you could not see how any girl could look at me, much less speak to me; that you had done everything to avoid me, and that every girl that you knew did the same—why—after such an arraignment it could hardly be expected that at any time I should make any very great effort to overcome an opinion that was so clearly fixed. Therefore, if at times I have appeared indifferent and perhaps even rude, you can readily understand that this was perhaps only natural. This is one part of the explanation that I so vainly strove to give you, and for which you allowed me no opportunity. That I should have kept you waiting when you expected to go to see the pictures—I will now add—for this I was in no way to blame. Knowing as I did how you disliked me, you can imagine my amazement when I received your note asking me to take you *to-morrow*. I could not conceive why you should desire the presence of the person whom it was a trial to see, a penance to talk to, and a torture to dance with.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*once more shutting off THE PHONOGRAPH*). Now, if it is going to be sarcastic and horrid in that way I simply won't listen to it. Oh, to remind me that it was I that made the engagement! Oh, it is ungenerous, and unbearable. And so Lucilla repeated to him all the things that I told her on purpose to make her dislike him and they have only made him hate me. Was anything ever so awful! I—I could—oh—I don't know what I couldn't do to Lucilla! Why didn't I understand! Perhaps I was a little abrupt when he tried to explain and didn't give him quite all the chance to speak that I should. And now, of course, he simply hates and abhors me, and I—I like him so much—and it was only because I liked him so absurdly all the time that I behaved in the way I did. Oh, it was foolish and it was wrong to say those things to Lucilla. I can see it

now, and if he thinks bad things of me I deserve them, and deserve to have him say them, and deserve to *hear them*. (*Resolutely turning on THE PHONOGRAPH.*) And I will!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*continuing more in sorrow than in anger*). But for me there was nothing to do but accede to your wishes and follow your directions. That I was not at the house at the time you expected me was not my fault. I understand now that you must have written the note on Wednesday evening, though you did not send it until the following day. Therefore when I received it on Thursday I concluded, I think naturally, that "to-morrow" meant Friday, and so did not present myself until then. I cannot think that I was to blame, and this is another part of my explanation.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH is for a moment silent*). Oh, could I have done that? How stupid of me! Of course it was my fault, and now what can I do—how can I make him understand how sorry I am?

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with great seriousness*). I hesitate because I cannot know whether I should say more, but having said so much by way of explanation, perhaps I had better tell you the rest—(*with emotion*) reveal all. I am going away.

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with increasing pathos*). I find that it is better—"best for you and best for me," since my absence will free you from what must have become an intolerable annoyance to you—and spare me many a bitter pang. I shall be saved from many a miserable hour, when, after seeing you, I have met with some fresh evidence of your disfavor. Ah, I know that it is what I should have done long ago, and that I did not was because I was not able, for, Lucile—(*with intense fervor*) I love you.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*drawing back quickly*). Oh!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*heartbrokenly*). I realize that it is in vain that I tell you this, but I should rather that you knew. Ah, like the poor moth, I have not been able to help fluttering about the light, but now—farewell!

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*hurriedly and instinctively*). Oh, no! No!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with melting tenderness*). It will be some consolation to me to think that, at last, knowing the truth, you may remember me with a greater kindness, and because you now understand my great folly that perhaps some of your contempt will be lost in pity. I should not have been so weak, knowing, as I did, how hopeless was the case, but my love was stronger than I, and I lingered often, I am afraid, to your intense annoyance. But that is past. You will not see me more, or not at least for a very long time. I had to tell you before I went, and this is really what I began to tell you when I was trying to make you listen to me and understand; for, after all, when I wished to explain, it was to make you finally this explanation that must explain all—I love you.

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH is abruptly silent*). Oh, what shall I do? What *shall* I do? What can I do? Was ever a girl so placed? To be made love to by machinery! To receive a proposal of marriage from a machine! And I can't say anything, or if I do, it can't make any difference. And he is going away, and he believes that I don't love him.

THE PHONOGRAPH (*resuming suddenly*). Lucile, if I have spoken so calmly it is not because I have felt calmly. (*With burning fervor.*) Ah, if you only knew, my beloved, how I long to clasp these arms about you and hold you forever as my own!

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*in dejection*). Oh, to have such things said to one by brass and iron!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*with increasing passion*). How ardently I desire to press my lips upon your brow—perhaps your cheek—I am bold enough to think even your lips! But such thoughts are madness, and so—farewell—good-by!

THE YOUNG WOMAN (*as THE PHONOGRAPH once more stops suddenly*). Oh, to stand here and listen in such a way to such words from the man you love! And now that all is over. What a situation! Oh, no girl ever had to endure this!

THE PHONOGRAPH (*again suddenly, but more composedly*). I have paused to think whether there was anything else. Oh, there is much, for there have been mo-

The Play

ments when I have hoped against hope ! But enough of this ! On this subject for the future I am dumb ! There is, however, one matter I may say almost of business. You have not, of course, forgotten that when your Russian poodle was under the weather you entrusted him to me to be treated by my groom. I am able to report that he is now well and in the best of spirits. I should prefer to deliver him directly into your hands. Perhaps you will find no reason why we cannot meet in regard to an affair of this

strictly matter-of-fact sort, and on the chance that you will see me I shall be at the house at five. There need be no explanation, and I shall simply deliver up my charge and say good-by.

THE YOUNG WOMAN. Oh, what a relief ! I mean what assurance ! (*As a clock strikes five.*) It's just five ! He may be at the door this very minute ! (*Turning to go.*) I shall not be at home—to anyone else. But there shall be explanations, and I shall have a chance to be heard at last.

THE PLAY

By H. Arthur Powell

THE play is on. They sit ;

She sees the stage

And watches every action there portrayed.

He sees but her, and seeing her sees all—

Her face a page

Whereon the play is scriven, bit by bit ;

He reads, and when she smiles, unconscious maid,

His lips into the mold of hers do fall.

Love loses ; on her cheek

There shines a pearl.

Love triumphs ; in her eyes there sits a song.

Dreams he : if Imitation claim a tear,

Then, tend'rest girl,

What, what would Passion claim?—nay, fool and weak,

You want not tears and pity, but you long

To make the love-light in those eyes appear !

Below them, pipe of wood

And rosined string

All vibrate softly, whispering of Hope ;

Then as his heart beats higher with the thought

Of reigning king,

Burst into strains of triumph. Leap, O blood !

The curtain's down. Lights up!—the play is o'er.

She sighs ; he sighs ; and Romance is no more.

THE LAST LAUGH

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE AMATEUR CRACKSMAN

By E. W. Hornung

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. VOHN



SI have had occasion to remark elsewhere, the pick of our exploits, from a frankly criminal point of view, are of least use for the comparatively pure purposes of these papers. They might be appreciated in a trade journal (if only that want could be supplied), by skilled manipulators of the jemmy and the large light bunch; but, as records of unbroken yet insignificant success, they would be found at once too trivial and too technical, if not sordid and unprofitable into the bargain. The latter epithets, and worse, have indeed already been applied, if not to Raffles and all his works, at least to mine upon Raffles, by more than one worthy wielder of a virtuous pen. I need not say how heartily I disagree with that truly pious opinion. So far from admitting a single word of it, I maintain it is the liveliest warning that I am giving to the world. Raffles was a genius, and he could not make it pay! Raffles had invention, resource, incomparable audacity, and a nerve in ten thousand. He was both strategian and tactician, and we all now know the difference between the two. Yet for months he had been hiding like a rat in a hole, unable to show even his altered face by night or day without risk, unless another risk were courted by three inches of conspicuous crape. Then thus far our rewards had oftener than not been no reward at all. Altogether it was a very different story from the old festive, unsuspected, club and cricket days, with their *noctes ambrosiane* at the Albany.

And now, in addition to the eternal peril of recognition, there was yet another menace of which I knew nothing. I thought no more of our Neapolitan organ-grinders, though I did often think of the moving page that they had torn for me out of my friend's strange life in Italy.

Raffles never alluded to the subject again, and for my part I had entirely forgotten his wild ideas connecting the organ-grinders with the Camorra, and imagining them upon his own tracks. I heard no more of it, and thought as little, as I say. Then one night in the autumn—I shrink from shocking the susceptible for nothing—but there was a certain house in Palace Gardens, and when we got there Raffles would pass on. I could see no soul in sight, no glimmer in the windows. But Raffles had my arm, and on we went without talking about it. Sharp to the left on the Notting Hill side, sharper still up Silver Street, a little tacking west and south, a plunge across High Street, and presently we were home.

"Pajamas first," said Raffles, with as much authority as though it mattered. It was a warm night, however, though September, and I did not mind until I came in clad as he commanded to find the autocrat himself still booted and capped. He was peeping through the blind, and the gas was still turned down. But he said that I could turn it up, as he helped himself to a cigarette and nothing with it.

"May I mix you one?" said I.

"No, thanks."

"What's the trouble?"

"We were followed."

"Never!"

"You never saw it."

"But you never looked round."

"I have an eye at the back of each ear, Bunny."

I helped myself, and I fear with less moderation than might have been the case a minute before.

"So that was why——"

"That was why," said Raffles, nodding; but he did not smile, and I put down my glass untouched.

"They were following us then!"

"All up Palace Gardens."

"I thought you wound about coming back over the hill."

"Nevertheless, one of them's in the street below at this moment."

No, he was not fooling me. He was very grim. And he had not taken off a thing; perhaps he did not think it worth while.

"Plain clothes?" I sighed, following the sartorial train of thought, even to the loathly arrows that had decorated my person once already for a little æon. Next time they would give me double. The skilly was in my stomach when I saw Raffles's face.

"Who said it was the police, Bunny?" said he. "It's the Italians. They're only after me; they won't hurt a hair of *your* head, let alone cropping it! Have a drink, and don't mind me. I shall scare them off before I'm done."

"And I'll help you!"

"No, old chap, you won't. This is my own little show. I've known about it for weeks. I first tumbled to it the day those Neapolitans came back with their organs, though I didn't seriously suspect things then; they never came again, those two, they had done their part. That's the Camorra all over, from all accounts. The Count I told you about is pretty high up in it, by the way he spoke, but there will be grades and grades between him and the organ-grinders. I shouldn't be surprised if he had every low-down Neapolitan ice-cream in the town upon my tracks! The organization's incredible. Then do you remember the superior foreigner who came to the door a few days afterward? You said he had velvet eyes."

"I never connected him with those two!"

"Of course you didn't, Bunny, so you threatened to kick the fellow down-stairs, and only made them keener on the scent. It was too late to say anything when you told me. But the very next time I showed my nose outside I heard a camera click as I passed, and the fiend was a person with velvet eyes. Then there was a lull—that happened weeks ago. They had sent me to Italy for identification by Count Corbucci."

"But this is all theory," I exclaimed. "How on earth can you know?"

"I don't know," said Raffles, "but I should like to bet. Our friend the blood-hound is hanging about the corner near the pillar-box; look through my window, it's dark in there, and tell me who he is."

The man was too far away for me to swear to his face, but he wore a covert coat of un-English length, and the lamp across the road played steadily on his boots; they were very yellow, and they made no noise when he took a turn. I strained my eyes, and all at once I remembered the thin-soled, low-heeled, splay yellow boots of the insidious foreigner, with the soft eyes and the brown-paper face, whom I had turned from the door as a palpable fraud. The ring at the bell was the first I had heard of him, there had been no warning steps upon the stairs, and my suspicious eye had searched his feet for rubber soles.

"It's the fellow," I said, returning to Raffles, and I described his boots.

Raffles was delighted.

"Well done, Bunny; you're coming on," said he. "Now, I wonder if he's been over here all the time, or if they sent him over especially? You did better than you think in spotting those boots, for they can only have been made in Italy, and that looks like the special envoy. But it's no use speculating. I must find out."

"How can you?"

"He won't stay there all night."

"Well?"

"When he gets tired of it I shall return the compliment and follow *him*."

"Not alone," said I, firmly.

"Well, we'll see. We'll see at once," said Raffles, rising. "Out with the gas, Bunny, while I take a look. Thank you. Now wait a bit . . . Yes! He's chucked it; he's off already; and so am I!"

But I slipped to our outer door, and held the passage.

"I don't let you go alone," I said.

"You can't come with me in pajamas."

"Now I see why you made me put them on!"

"Bunny, if you don't shift I shall have to shift you. This is my very own private one-man show. But I'll be back in an hour—there!"

"You swear?"

"By all my gods."



"May I mix you one?" said I.—Page 483.

I gave in. How could I help giving in? He did not look the man that he had been, but you never knew with Raffles, and I could not have him lay a hand on me. I let him go with a shrug and my blessing, then ran into his room to see the last of him from the window.

The creature in the coat and boots had reached the end of our little street, where he appeared to have hesitated so that Raffles was just in time to see which way he turned. And Raffles was after him at an easy pace, and had himself almost reached the corner when my attention was distracted from the alert nonchalance of his gait. I was marvelling that it alone had not long ago bewrayed him, for nothing about him was so unconsciously characteristic, when suddenly I realized that Raffles was not the only person in the little lonely street.

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Another pedestrian had entered from the other end, a man heavily built and dressed, with an astrakhan collar to his coat on this warm night, and a black slouch hat that hid his features to my bird's-eye view. His steps were the short and shuffling ones of a man advanced in years and in fatty degeneration, but of a sudden they stopped beneath my very eyes. I could have dropped a marble into the dented crown of the black felt hat. Then, at the same moment, Raffles turned the corner without looking round, and the big man below raised both his hands and his face. Of the latter I saw only the huge white mustache, like a flying gull, as Raffles had described it; for at a glance I divined that this was his arch-enemy, the Count Corbucci himself.

I did not stop to unravel the subtleties of the system by which the real hunter lagged

behind while his subordinate pointed the quarry like a sporting dog. I left the Count shuffling onward faster than before, and I leaped into some clothes as though the flats were on fire. If the Count was going to follow Raffles in his turn, then I would follow the Count in mine, and there would be a midnight procession of us through the town. But I found no sign of him in the empty street, and no sign in the Earl's Court Road, that looked as empty for all its length, save for a natural enemy standing like a waxwork with a glimmer at his belt.

"Officer," I gasped, "have you seen anything of an old gentleman with a big white mustache?"

The unlicked cub of a common constable seemed to eye me the more suspiciously for the flattering form of my address.

"Took a hansom," said he at length.

A hansom! Then he was not following the others on foot; there was no guessing his game. But something must be said or done.

"He's a friend of mine," I explained, "and I want to overtake him. Did you hear where he told the fellow to drive?"

A curt negative was the policeman's reply to that; and if ever I take part in a night assault-at-arms, baton *versus* revolver in the back kitchen, I know which member of the Metropolitan Police Force I should like for my opponent.

If there was no overtaking the Count, however, it should be a comparatively simple matter in the case of the couple on foot, and I wildly hailed the first hansom that crawled into my ken. I must tell Raffles who it was that I had seen; the Earl's Court Road was long, and the time since he vanished in it but a few short minutes. I drove down the length of that useful thoroughfare, with an eye apiece on either pavement, sweeping each as with a brush, but never a Raffles came into the pan. Then I tried the Fulham Road, first to the west, then to the east, and in the end drove home to the flat as bold as brass. I did not realize my indiscretion until I had paid the man and was on the stairs. Raffles never dreamt of driving all the way back; but I was hoping now to find him waiting up above. He had said an hour. I had remembered it suddenly. And now the hour was more than up. But

the flat was as empty as I had left it; the very light that had encouraged me, pale though it was, as I turned the corner in my hansom, was but the light that I myself had left burning in the desolate passage.

I can give you no conception of the night that I spent. Most of it I hung across the sill, throwing a wide net with my ears, catching every footstep afar off, every hansom bell farther still, only to gather in some alien whom I seldom even landed in our street. Then I would listen at the door. He might come over the roof; and eventually someone did; but now it was broad daylight, and I flung the door open in the milkman's face, which whitened at the shock as though I had ducked him in his own pail.

"You're late," I thundered as the first excuse for my excitement.

"Beg your pardon," said he, indignantly, "but I'm half an hour before my usual time."

"Then I beg yours," said I; "but the fact is, Mr. Maturin has had one of his bad nights, and I seem to have been waiting hours for milk to make him a cup of tea."

This little fib (ready enough for a Raffles, though I say it) earned me not only forgiveness but that obliging sympathy which is a branch of the business of the man at the door. The good fellow said that he could see I had been sitting up that night, and he left me pluming myself upon the accidental art with which I had told my very necessary tarradiddle. On reflection I gave the credit to instinct, not accident, and then sighed afresh as I realized how the influence of the master was sinking into me, and he Heaven knew where! But my punishment was swift to follow, for within the hour the bell rang imperiously twice, and there was Dr. Theobald on our mat, in a yellow Jaeger suit, with a chin as yellow jutting over the flaps that he had turned up to hide his pajamas.

"What's this about a bad night?" said he.

"He wouldn't sleep, and he wouldn't let me," I whispered, never loosening my grasp of the door, and standing tight against the other wall. "But he's sleeping like a baby now."

"I must see him."



Straightway he burst into a low torrent of words.—Page 488.

"He gave strict orders that you should not."

"I'm his medical man, and I——"

"You know what he is," I said, shrugging; "the least thing wakes him, and you will if you insist on seeing him now. It will be the last time, I warn you! I know what he said, and you don't."

The doctor cursed me under his fiery mustache.

"I shall come up during the course of the morning," he snarled.

"And I shall tie up the bell," I said, "and if it doesn't ring he'll be sleeping

still, but I will not risk waking him by coming to the door again."

And with that I shut it in his face. I was improving, as Raffles had said; but what would it profit me if some evil had befallen him? And now I was prepared for the worst. A boy came up whistling and leaving papers on the mats; it was getting on for eight o'clock, and the whiskey and soda of half-past twelve stood untouched and stagnant in the tumbler. If the worst had happened to Raffles, I felt that I would either never drink again or else seldom do anything else.

The Last Laugh

Meanwhile I could not even break my fast, but roamed the flat in a misery not to be described, my very linen still unchanged, my cheeks and chin now tawny from the unwholesome night. How long would it go on? I wondered for a time. Then I changed my tune: how long could I endure it?

It went on actually until the forenoon only, but my endurance cannot be measured by the time, for to me every hour of it was an arctic night. Yet it cannot have been much after eleven when the ring came at the bell, which I had forgotten to tie up after all. But this was not the doctor; neither, too well I knew, was it the wanderer returned. Our bell was the pneumatic one that tells you if the touch be light or heavy; the hand upon it now was tentative and shy.

The owner of the hand I had never seen before. He was young and ragged, with one eye blank, but the other ablaze with some fell excitement. And straightway he burst into a low torrent of words, of which all I knew was that they were Italian, and therefore news of Raffles, if only I had known the language! But dumb-show might help us somewhat, and in I dragged him, though against his will, a new alarm in his one wild eye.

"Non capite?" he cried when I had him inside and had withstood the torrent.

"No, I'm bothered if I do!" I answered, guessing his question from his tone.

"Vostro amico," he repeated over and over again; and then, "Poco tempo, poco tempo, poco tempo!"

For once in my life the classical education of my public-school days was of real value. "My pal, my pal, and no time to be lost!" I translated freely, and flew for my hat.

"Ecco, signor!" cried the fellow, snatching the watch from my waistcoat pocket, and putting one black thumb-nail on the long hand, the other on the numeral twelve. "Mezzogiorno—poco tempo—poco tempo!" And again I seized his meaning, that it was twenty past eleven, and we must be there by twelve. But where, but where? It was maddening to be summoned like this, and not to know what had happened, nor to have any means of finding out. But my presence

of mind stood by me still; I was improving by seven-league strides, and I crammed my handkerchief between the drum and hammer of the bell before leaving. The doctor could ring now till he was black in the face, but I was not coming, and he need not think it.

I half expected to find a hansom waiting, but there was none, and we had gone some distance down the Earl's Court Road before we got one; in fact, we had to run to the stand. Opposite is the church with the clock upon it, as everybody knows, and at sight of the dial my companion had wrung his hands; it was close upon the half-hour.

"Poco tempo—pochissimo!" he wailed. "Bloombeere Ske-warr," he cried to the cabman; "numero trentotto!"

"Bloomsbury Square," I roared on my own account, "I'll show you the house when we get there, only drive like be-damned!"

My companion lay back gasping in his corner. The small glass told me that my own face was pretty red.

"A nice show!" I cried; "and not a word can you tell me. Didn't you bring me note?"

I might have known by this time that he had not, but I went through the pantomime of writing with my finger on my cuff. But he shrugged and shook his head.

"Niente," said he. "Una quistione di vita, di vita!"

"What's that?" I snapped, my early training coming in again. "Say it slowly—andante—rallentando!"

Thank Italy for the stage instructions in the songs one used to murder! The fellow actually understood.

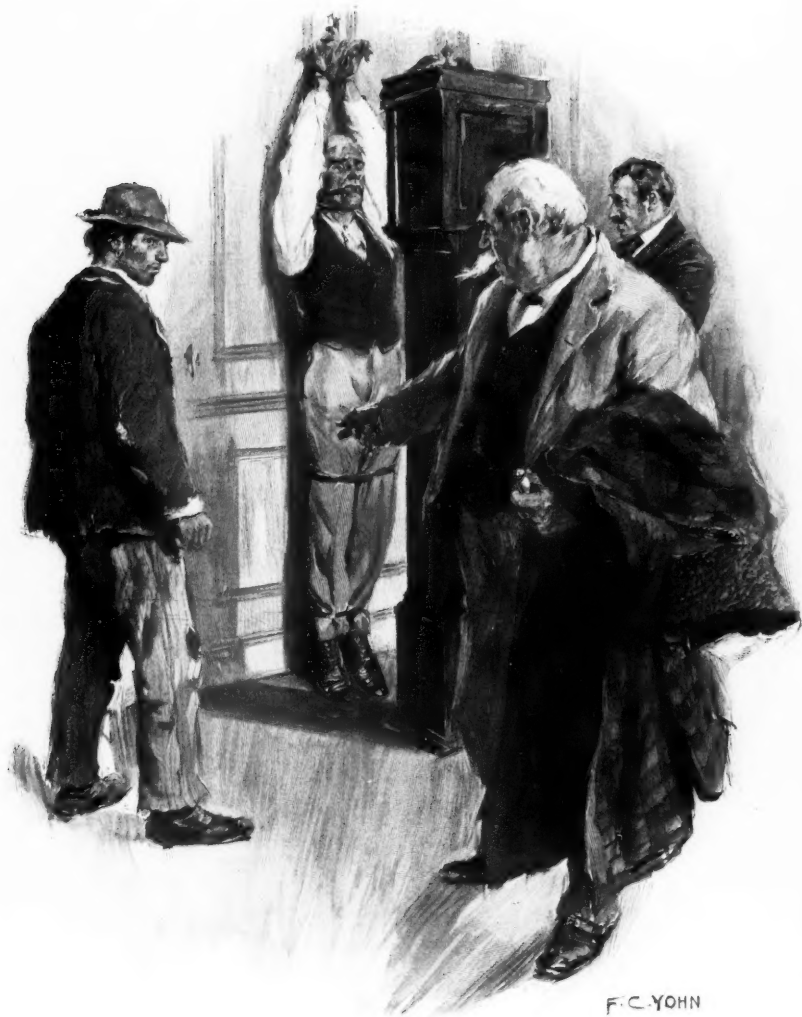
"Una—quistione—di—vita."

"Or mors, eh?" I shouted, and up went the trap-door over our heads.

"Avanti, avanti, avanti!" cried the Italian, turning up his one-eyed face.

"Hell-to-leather," I translated, "and double fare if you do it by twelve o'clock."

But in the streets of London how is one to know the time? In the Earl's Court Road it had not been half-past, and at Barker's in High Street it was but a minute later. A long half-mile a minute, that was going like the wind, and indeed we had



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"A sniff would have settled us both."—Page 494.

done much of it at a gallop. But the next hundred yards took us five minutes by the next clock, and which was one to believe? I fell back upon my own old watch (it was my own), which made it eighteen minutes to the hour as we swung across the Serpentine bridge, and by the quarter we were in the Bayswater Road—not up for once.

"Presto, presto," my pale guide murmured. "Affrettatevi—avanti!"

"Ten bob if you do it," I cried through the trap, without the slightest notion of what we were to do. But it was "una quistione di vita," and "vostro amico" must and could only be my miserable Raffles.

What a very godsend is the perfect hansom to the man or woman in a hurry! It had been our incredibly good fortune to jump into a perfect hansom; there was no choice, we had to take the first upon the stand, but it must have deserved its place with the rest nowhere. New tires, superb springs, a horse in a thousand, and a driver up to every trick of his trade! In and out we went like a fast half-back at the Rugby game, yet where the traffic was thinnest, there were we. And how he knew his way! At the Marble Arch he slipped out of the main stream, and so into Wigmore Street, then up and in and out and on until I saw the gold tip of the Museum palisade gleaming between the horse's ears in the sun. Plop, plop, plop; ting, ling, ling; bell and horse-shoes, horse-shoes and bell, until the colossal figure of C. J. Fox in a grimy toga spelled Bloomsbury Square with my watch still wanting three minutes to the hour.

"What number?" cried the good fellow overhead.

"Trentotto, trentotto," said my guide, but he was looking to the right, and I bundled him out to show the house on foot. I had not half-a-sovereign after all, but I flung our dear driver a whole one instead, and only wish that it had been a hundred.

Already the Italian had his latch-key in the door of 38, and in another moment we were rushing up the narrow stairs of as dingy a London house as prejudiced countryman can conceive. It was panelled, but it was dark and evil-smelling, and how we should have found our way

even to the stairs but for an unwholesome jet of yellow gas in the hall, I cannot myself imagine. However, up we went pell-mell, to the right-about on the half-landing, and so like a whirlwind into the drawing-room a few steps higher. There the gas was also burning behind closed shutters, and the scene is photographed upon my brain, though I cannot have looked upon it for a whole instant as I sprang in at my leader's heels.

This room also was panelled, and in the middle of the wall on our left, his hands lashed to a ring-bolt high above his head, his toes barely touching the floor, his neck pinioned by a strap passing through smaller ring-bolts under either ear, and every inch of him secured on the same principle, stood, or rather hung all that was left of Raffles, for at the first glance I believed him dead. A black ruler gagged him, the ends lashed behind his neck, the blood upon it caked to bronze in the gaslight. And in front of him, ticking like a sledgehammer, its only hand upon the stroke of twelve, stood a simple, old-fashioned, grandfather's clock—but not for half an instant longer—only until my guide could hurl himself upon it and send the whole thing crashing into the corner. An ear-splitting report accompanied the crash, a white cloud lifted from the fallen clock, and I saw a revolver smoking in a vice screwed below the dial, an arrangement of wires sprouting from the dial itself, and the single hand at once at its zenith and in contact with these.

"Tumble to it, Bunny?"

He was alive; these were his first words; the Italian had the blood-caked ruler in his hand, and with his knife was reaching up to cut the thongs that lashed the hands. He was not tall enough, I seized him and lifted him, then fell to work with my own knife upon the straps. And Raffles smiled faintly upon us through his blood-stains.

"I want you to tumble to it," he whispered; "the neatest thing in revenge I ever knew, and another minute would have fixed it. I've been waiting for it twelve hours, watching the clock round, death at the end of the lap! Electric connection. Simple enough. Hour-hand only——"

We had cut the last strap. He could not stand. We supported him between us to



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I've been waiting for it twelve hours."—Page 490.

a horsehair sofa, for the room was furnished, and I begged him not to speak, while his one-eyed deliverer was at the door before Raffles recalled him with a sharp word in Italian.

"He wants to get me a drink, but that can wait," said he, in firmer voice; "I shall enjoy it the more when I've told you what's happened. Don't let him go, Bunny; put your back against the door. He's a decent soul, and its lucky for me I got a word with him before they trussed me up. I've promised to set him up in life, and I will, but I don't want him out of my sight for the moment."

"If you squared him last night," I exclaimed, "why the blazes didn't he come to me till the eleventh hour?"

"Ah, I knew he'd have to cut it fine, though I hoped not quite so fine as all that. But all's well that ends well, and I declare I don't feel so much the worse! I shall be sore about the gills for a bit—and what do you think?"

He pointed to the long black ruler with the bronze stain; it lay upon the floor; he held out his hand for it, and I gave it to him.

"The same one I gagged him with," said Raffles, with his still ghastly smile; "he was a bit of an artist, old Corbucci, after all!"

"Now tell me how you fell into his clutches," said I, briskly, for I was as anxious to hear as he seemed to tell me, only for my part I could have waited until we were safe in the flat.

"I do want to get it off my chest, Bunny," old Raffles admitted, "and yet I hardly can tell you after all. I followed your friend with the velvet eyes. I followed him all the way here. Of course I came up to have a good look at the house when he'd let himself in, and damn me if he hadn't left the door ajar! Who could resist that? I had pushed it half open and had just one foot on the mat when I got such a crack on the head as I hope never to get again. When I came to my wits they were hauling me up to that ring-bolt by the hands, and old Corbucci himself was bowing to me, but how he got there I don't know yet."

"I can tell you that," said I, and told how I had seen the Count for myself on the pavement underneath our windows.

"Moreover," I continued, "I saw him spot you, and five minutes after in Earl's Court Road I was told he'd driven off in a cab. He would see you following his man, drive home ahead, and catch you by having the door left open in the way you describe."

"Well," said Raffles, "he deserved to catch me somehow, for he'd come from Naples on purpose, ruler and all, and the ring-bolts were ready fixed, and even this house taken furnished for nothing else! He meant catching me before he'd done, and scoring me off in exactly the same way that I scored off him, only going one better, of course. He told me so himself, sitting where I am sitting now, at three o'clock this morning, and smoking a most abominable cigar that I've smelt ever since. It appears he sat twenty-four hours when I left him trussed up, but he said twelve would content him in my case, as there was certain death at the end of them, and I mightn't have life enough left to appreciate my end if he made it longer. But I wouldn't have trusted him if he could have got the clock to go *twice* round without firing off the pistol. He explained the whole mechanism of that to me; he had thought it all out on the vineyard I told you about; and then he asked if I remembered what he had promised me in the name of the Camorra. I only remembered some vague threats, but he was good enough to give me so many particulars of that institution that I could make a European reputation by exposing the whole show if it wasn't for my unfortunate resemblance to that infernal rascal Raffles. Do you think they would know me at Scotland Yard, Bunny, after all this time? Upon my soul I've a good mind to risk it!"

I offered no opinion on the point. How could it interest me then? But interested I was in Raffles, never more so in my life. He had been tortured all night and half a day, yet he would sit and talk like this the moment we cut him down; he had been within a minute of his death, yet he was as full of life as ever; ill-treated and defeated at the best, he could still smile through his blood as though the boot were on the other leg. I had imagined that I knew my Raffles at last. I was not likely so to flatter myself again.

"But what has happened to these villains?" I burst out, and my indignation was not only against them for their cruelty, but also against their victim for his phlegmatic attitude toward them. It was difficult to believe that this was Raffles.

"Oh," said he, "they were to go off to Italy *instantly*; they should be crossing now. But do listen to what I'm telling you; it's interesting, my dear man. This old sinner Corbucci turns out to have been no end of a boss in the Camorra—says so himself. One of the *capi paranze*, my boy, no less; and the velvety Johnny a *giovano morato*, Anglicé, fresher. This fellow here was also in it, and I've sworn to protect him from them evermore; and it's just as I said, half the organ-grinders in London belong, and the whole lot of them were put on my tracks by secret instructions. This excellent youth manufactures iced poison on Saffron Hill when he's at home."

"And why on earth didn't he come to me quicker?"

"Because he couldn't talk to you, he could only fetch you, and it was as much as his life was worth to do that before our friends had departed. They were going by the eleven o'clock from Victoria, and that didn't leave much change, but he certainly oughtn't to have run it as fine as he did. Still you must remember that I had to fix things up with him in the fewest possible words, in a single minute that the other two were indiscreet enough to leave us alone together."

The ragamuffin in question was watching us with all his single eye, as though he knew that we were discussing him. Suddenly he broke out, in agonized accents, his hands clasped, and a face so full of fear that every moment I expected to see him on his knees. But Raffles answered kindly, reassuringly, I could tell from his tone, and then turned to me with a compassionate shrug.

"He says he couldn't find the mansions, Bunny, and really it's not to be wondered at. I had only time to tell him to hunt you up and bring you here by hook or crook before twelve to-day, and after all he has done that. But now the poor devil thinks you're riled with him, and that we'll give him away to the Camorra!"

"Oh, it's not with him I'm riled," I said frankly, "but with those other blackguards, and—and with you, old chap, for taking it all as you do, while such infamous scoundrels have the last laugh, and are safely on their way to France!"

Raffles looked up at me with a curiously open eye, an eye that I never saw when he was not in earnest. I fancied he did not like my last expression but one. After all, it was no laughing matter to him.

"But are they?" said he. "I'm not so sure."

"You said they were!"

"I said they should be."

"Didn't you hear them go?"

"I heard nothing but the clock all night. It was like Big Ben striking at the last—striking nine to the fellow on the drop."

And in that open eye I saw, at last, a deep glimmer of the ordeal through which he had passed.

"But, my dear old Raffles, if they're still on the premises——"

The thought was too thrilling for a finished sentence.

"I hope they are," he said grimly, going to the door. "There's a gas on! Was that burning when you came in?"

Now that I thought of it, yes, it had been.

"And there's a frightfully foul smell," I added, as I followed Raffles down the stairs. He turned to me gravely with his hand upon the front-room door, and at the same moment I saw a coat with an astrakhan collar hanging on the pegs.

"They are in here, Bunny," he said, and turned the handle.

The door would only open a few inches. But a detestable odor came out, with a broad bar of yellow gaslight. Raffles put his handkerchief to his nose. I followed his example, signing to our ally to do the same, and in another minute we had all three squeezed into the room.

The man with the yellow boots was lying against the door, the Count's great carcass sprawled upon the table, and at a glance it was evident that both men had been dead some hours. The old Camorrist had the stem of a liqueur-glass between his swollen blue fingers, one of which had been cut in the breakage, and the livid

flesh was also brown with the last blood that it would ever shed. His face was on the table, the huge mustache projecting from under either leaden cheek, yet looking itself strangely alive. Broken bread and scraps of frozen macaroni lay upon the cloth and at the bottom of two soup-plates and a tureen; the macaroni had a tinge of tomato; and there was a crimson dram left in the tumblers, with an empty fiasco to show whence it came. But near the great gray head upon the table another liqueur-glass stood, unbroken, and still full of some white and stinking liquid; and near that a tiny silver flask, which made me recoil from Raffles as I had not from the dead; for I knew it to be his.

"Come out of this poisonous air," he said, sternly, "and I will tell you how it has happened."

So we all three gathered together in the hall. But it was Raffles who stood nearest the street-door, his back to it, his eyes upon us two. And though it was to me only that he spoke at first, he would pause from point to point, and translate into Italian for the benefit of the one-eyed alien to whom he owed his life.

"You probably don't even know the name, Bunny," he began, "of the deadliest poison yet known to science. It is cyanide of cacodyl, and I have carried that small flask of it about with me for months. Where I got it matters nothing; the whole point is that a mere sniff reduces flesh to clay. I have never had any opinion of suicide, as you know, but I always felt it worth while to be fore-armed against the very worst. Well, a bottle of this stuff is calculated to stiffen an ordinary roomful of ordinary people within five minutes; and I remembered my flask when they had me as good as crucified in the small hours of this morning. I asked them to take it out of my pocket. I begged them to give me a drink before they left me. And what do you suppose they did?"

I thought of many things, but suggested none, while Raffles turned this much of his statement into sufficiently fluent Italian. But when he faced me again his face was still flaming.

"That beast Corbucci!" said he—"how can I pity him? He took the flask; he would give me none; he flicked me in the face instead. My idea was that he, at least, should go with me—to sell my life as dearly as that—and a sniff would have settled us both. But no, he must tantalize and torment me; he thought it brandy; he must take it down-stairs to drink my health . . . Can you pretend the least pity for a hound like that?"

"Let us go," I at last said, hoarsely, as Raffles finished speaking in Italian, and his second listener stood open-mouthed.

"We will go," said Raffles, "and we will chance being seen; if the worst comes to the worst this good chap will prove that I have been tied up since one o'clock this morning, and the medical evidence will decide how long those dogs have been dead."

But the worst did not come to the worst, more power to my unforgotten friend the cabman, who never came forward to say what manner of men he had driven to Bloomsbury Square at top speed on the very day upon which the tragedy was discovered there, or whence he had driven them. To be sure, they had not behaved like murderers, whereas the evidence at the inquest all went to show that the defunct Corbucci was little better. His reputation, which transpired with his identity, was that of a libertine and a renegade, while the infernal apparatus upstairs revealed the fiendish arts of the anarchist to boot. The inquiry resulted eventually in an open verdict, and was chiefly instrumental in killing such compassion as is usually felt for the dead who die in their sins.

But Raffles would not have passed this title for this tale.

UNION SQUARE

ALL the day long, and weary day on day
At this high window I am chained to stay :
A dismal eyrie, whence I watch below
The restless tide that hath nor ebb nor flow.

Nor ebb nor flow it hath ; with all the suns
Of all the seasons still at flood it runs,
And who, as I, shall constant vigil keep,
Were not his heart of stone, must weep and weep.

Must weep and weep ; for everywhere he sees
The huddled wrecks of what were argosies
Full-freighted once, with morning on the sails
Well set and trimmed to catch the favoring gales.

The favoring gales for them how briefly blew !
The sun of morning all they ever knew ;
Long ere the eve, behold them tempest-tossed
Then hope of port all gone, their rudders lost.

Their rudders lost, mere empty hulks of Being,
Drifting beyond the reach of human seeing,
We know not where they go, nor whence they came ;
A nation's menace and a city's shame.

A city's shame ! leave we the idle trope.
Who hath bereft our fellows even of hope ?
What the fell power and wielded by what hand
To fix upon the brow so deep a brand ?

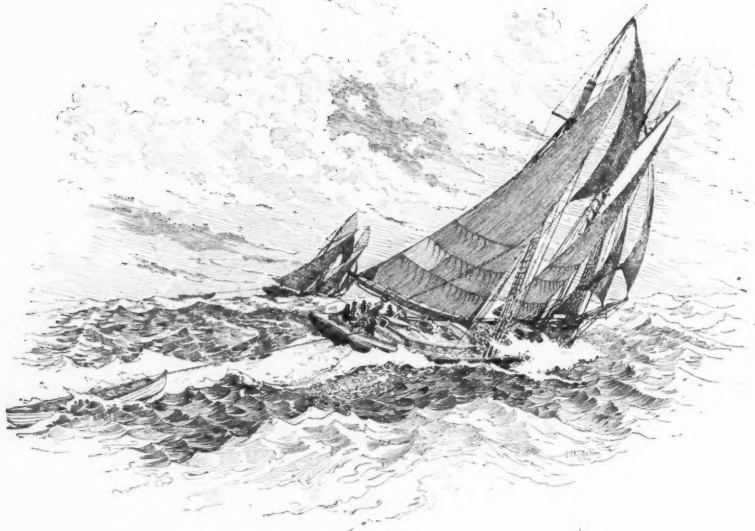
So deep a brand that hardly can we see
For that which is, the thing which ought to be :
Courage and high resolve and potent will—
No trace ! yet these—these are our brothers still.

Our brothers still ; and not a heart that glows
Or melts or trembles for its own, but knows
The more defaced by want, or spent by sin,
More deep the bond, more sure the claim of kin.

Our brothers still ; behold them as they pass,
And in their faces see, as in a glass,
Unkindness mirrored ; think you they shall bear
Alone, the burden of the soul's despair ?

Our brothers still ; scan once again the street :
Who is it now that comes with lingering feet ?
You had not guessed the truth until she smiled—
Even so ; at once a harlot and a child !

Our brothers still ; else were the Voice a dream
That spake, long ages since, by Jordan's stream
Words which of blessing or of ban may be :
"What to this child ye do, ye do to Me."



She's an able, handsome lady,
And she's go-o-ing home.

A CHASE OVERNIGHT

By James B. Connolly

THE Gloucester seining fleet had been cruising off Georges Bank, when one of those New England north-easters came swooping down on them. Thereupon, as nothing was to be gained by hanging on (you cannot set for mackerel in a gale), every vessel in the fleet made fast its dory in the waist, looked to the painter of the seine-boat astern, and then seventy or eighty seiners took on a beautiful slant and made a roaring regatta of it to Provincetown, the nearest port of refuge.

In the early morning hours this gale had struck in on Georges. It was somewhere along in the middle of the afternoon when the first of the fleet showed their noses past the little light-house that marks the entrance to the harbor of Provincetown. One after the other they came leaping past the light. It was a quick look to see how things lay, a haul over for one last leg, a rush across the harbor, a shoot into the wind, and then, after the fashion of tired gulls with wet wings, a

lowering of sodden sails and a thankful settling into handy anchorages.

By dusk of this stormy day most of the seining fleet was safely in. Of this Provincetown was soon made aware, for among these ten or twelve hundred robust fishermen there had to be the inevitable boisterous percentage with some tormenting energy to work off and who were not to be hushed. Such started in at sundown; and from then on, until dawn of next morning in many cases, they did what they could to keep that staid hamlet from drifting into a too early sleep.

But, after all, only a small number of the fishermen were of the riotous kind. The greater part, indeed, were sensible men, who preferred to stay aboard their own vessel for the evening, or to drop over and see an old shipmate or two on some other craft near by. These knew of old the delights of a fo'c's'le night in a snug harbor, with no watch to keep, no work to do; where one has only to talk

or listen, to "smoke up" and "mug up"; to keep his pipe going and to help himself to hot coffee off the stove and good grub out of the locker; to enjoy himself to the utmost in that region of bliss, where there is no hurry and all things are dry; to let one's soul simmer in that delicious atmosphere of tuneful song, stirring story, and reflective blue smoke; to hearken to the wailing of the winds without and to know, in delightful, reposeful security no less, that this time they are wailing for somebody else.

These deep-sea fishermen, in their heartiness of hospitality, are the chosen of the Lord. With them, the best in the locker is ever ready for the caller, be he castaway stranger, chance acquaintance, or cherished friend. Of the ways of their mates all fishermen are, of course, aware. And so, when two, who had been mildly celebrating ashore, dropped into their dory at the end of a long, planked dock, and set out in the direction of the harbor lights in Provincetown this night, it is likely that they were anticipating an agreeable finish to their evening. It was only midnight and there were yet some cheering hours to sun-up, when, by skippers' orders, the seining fleet would be standing out to sea again.

One of these two was a big man, "able-looking," a fisherman would have said; the build of the other signified less. The big man was easily in command. He sat on the after thwart, set the stroke, directed all movements, and attended to the hailing. It was well he owned a voice of rare power; one of only moderate force would have succumbed early to the opposition of the shrieking gale and the reluctance of comfortable people below to come up and answer bothersome questions.

They were looking, it would seem, for that reliable craft, the William Walker, which all men should know by her new-painted green sides, with gold stripe along the run, white mast-heads, and blue seine-boat towing. But a description dealing merely in color is but a poor guide at night, as many, many disturbed crews explained.

When the two left the long dock, the position of the William Walker had been plainly defined. "No'west by nothe—about; and ten minutes steady rowin'—about." Could anything be clearer? So,

when the two set out, their confidence had been a perfect thing. The big man, indeed, taking account of the blackness, had said: "We don't even need to get near enough to see her, Martin. Just a smell of her and we'll know her—" which was possibly true, but unfortunately, as was explained later, the wind was off-shore that night.

So round and round they rowed. The big man threw his voice into the recesses of comfortable bunks, and from these, wrathful men, who desired not to be disturbed, had to climb out and ascend to rain-swept decks, to answer curious questions as to the location of a lively schooner, the William Walker by name, with green-painted sides and gold stripe along the run, with white mast-heads, and blue seine-boat towing. The searchers were treated to some plain language after the first round of their uncertain route, notably from over the rails of that bunch of fine, able fishermen, the Eliza Parkhurst, the Norumbega, the Grayling, the Harry Belden, the Richard Wainright, all of Gloucester, and particularly when they disturbed the slumbers of those redoubtable old hookers, the Herald of the Morning and the Good Will to Men, also of Gloucester, from where, it is said, they hailed as privateersmen in their palmy days.

The two men in the dory had made the fleet pretty well acquainted with the distinguishing marks of their vessel, with the green-painted sides and the gold stripe along the run, with the white mast-heads and the blue seine-boat towing, but to no effect; and many times had they robustly hailed, "Aho-oy the Wil-l-iam Walker," but no William Walker rose up to greet them from out of the darkness of the night.

It was while they were waiting for the anathematic responses from the deck of the Good Will to Men (it was the third series from her deck), waiting for the voice of wrath to die down the wind, that the big man came to a final decision.

Resting dejectedly on his oars, the big man said: "Seventy-odd seiners here and every blessed one of 'em with a riding light up, and which is ours, Martin? It's as bad as the candles and the lookin'-glasses goin' 'round, ain't it? Look at 'em."

"Yes, 'tis kind of puzzlin'. What'll we do now?"

A Chase Overnight

"Do? We'll go aboard the next vessel we find awake. We made a good try and even the skipper couldn't kick now. Pick out any one where there's a light below and we'll go aboard."

"Well, there's a fellow to wind'ard. I can't see onto her deck from here, but they must have a light below, for they're noisy enough for a christening. Listen to 'em."

"Yes. What's that they're singin'? Catch it?"

"Wait; they'll start again. There, hear it?"

Being to the leeward of the vessel indicated, the words came clearly enough to the men in the dory when they stopped rowing for a stroke or two.

She's the schooner Lucy Foster,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
She can go.

The song seemed to inspire the big man. He at once set a stroke that made his dory mate pant. He explained by saying, "Martin, boy, but I must get into that. I don't know who they are, but I used to be seine-heaver on the Lucy. Hit her up." He put his broad back into the rowing and hummed the words while the chorus went on:

The way she'll walk to wind'ard,
You would think that nothing hindered,
She's an able, handsome lady,
See her go.

That brought them to the side of the vessel. The big man was over the rail with a vault and a "Look to the painter, you, Martin." Onward went the fo'c's'le choir:

For—

She can sail to set you crazy,
Not a timber in her's lazy.
She's the handsome Lucy Foster
And she's go-o-ing home.

The big man was down the gangway in time to swell the great tide that surged up to all throats for that last line.

"And she's go-o-ing home," he roared. "That was the girl, the Lucy. Hulloh, Johnnie Hardy! When'd you get in? Hulloh, Dannie—hulloh, Mike—hulloh, Ezra—hulloh, everybody. Drive her

again, boys. Drive her now." He swirled his great arm through the thick smoke by way of marking time, and the whole fo'c's'le, waving pipes or mugs to add emphasis, followed him with extreme unction. Men sitting on lockers, men lounging in bunks, men standing by the galley stove, made a stop in their eating, drinking, or smoking, to add vigor to the chant:

When she swings the main boom over
And she feels the wind abaft,
The way she'll walk to Gloucester'll
Make a schooner look a raft.

"Hurroo, fellows! Drive her! Here's the best part of it. Now!—"

Oh, the Lucy's left the ground,
And there's nothin' standing 'round
Can hold the Lucy Foster
When the Lucy's homeward bound.

"She was the girl, I tell you; warn't she, Johnnie Hardy? All hands, now, heave away and haul the Lucy home. Now then—whoop!—"

For she's the Lucy Foster,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
And she's go-o-ing home.

"That's what, boys. Let Martin and me mug up and get over near the fire to dry out, and we'll have it again."

"And when did you get in, Steve Perkins?" shouted an uproarious half-dozen at once.

"Just before dark. But we went ashore, Martin and me, and we've been pullin' all over the bay tryin' to find the William Walker again. Seen anything of—"

"Aho-o-oy, aho-o-oy!" roared Hardy. "Seen anything of the William Walker 'round here? Green-painted sides, with a gold stripe along the run, white mast-heads and a little blue seine-boat towin'? Ho, ho," roared Hardy.

"Blessed Lord! How'd you know?"

"How? Have we no ears, man? And that was you, Steve? If we'd known, we'd have hove you a line. But we only says, 'Who in hell's that crazy man?' and didn't mind."

"That so? Well, what vessel's this?"

"Henry Clay Parker."

"No? The old Henry Clay?"

"Yes, sir, the old Henry C. Been fixed up down here a bit. New wood-work here and there, and a few planks for'ard since that last jam-up she had. Changed her looks some inside here, but she's the same old Henry you used to know, Steve."

"Good old Henry. The only vessel that ever beat the Lucy. Remember that, Johnnie?"

"M-m—. That was a race, that one. I was telling the boys here awhile ago—the date brought it up—and I got started telling what the Lucy could do. Five year ago to-night it was, Steve, and a night like to-night, outside. Blow? M-m—."

"It did blow, didn't it? There's lots of us glad to be here to-night with our gear safe; but that night we came through with everything that'd hang onto the hoops, didn't we, Johnnie?"

"Yes, sir. And it's queer now, Steve, you was on the Parker that time and I was on the Lucy."

"Yes; you with the Irishman and me with Billie Simms. There was a des'p'rate pair of fishermen for carryin' sail, Billie and the Irishman, and if an able seaman ever sailed out of Gloucester (and there's been one or two out of there, I guess), there was a pair of 'em. And that Irishman could sail a vessel, couldn't he?"

"Could he? Man, but he was a driver. But he was pretty shrewd, too, Stevie, outside of sailin' a vessel. He'd molded in thirty tons of lead next to her keel 'bout a month before that race, prayin' to catch the Parker in a breeze."

"Didn't we hear of it? And when Billie put into Halifax two trips before that—that time he said he'd have to get a new seine—didn't he make it his particular business to lay pig-iron enough under her floor to stiffen a kettle-bottomed coaster? Oh, you never heard anybody say, I guess, that Billie Simms didn't have all his senses any time, did you? And so, when the Lucy stood down to us that evenin', Billie began to grin to himself, for he knew what the Irishman was after."

"I mind the time well, Stevie. The Irishman sings out: 'Hello, Billie, you'll be headin' to the west'ard by the look o' things, soon?'"

"'Pretty soon, perhaps,' says Billie.

"'That's what I was thinkin',' says the Irishman, with his nice little breeze working easterly. 'I had it in my mind to run to market myself. And I says to myself, now I've got a couple of hundred barrels nice fat mackerel below, and, by the looks o' things, Billie Simms he's got a couple of hundred, too. Why, we ought to be fine company goin' home, thinks I, and while we're about it, we might try tacks on the way home, or have a fine run of it, if the wind stays easterly.'"

"'You mean you want to race the Lucy again the Henry?' says Billie.

"'Och, no. 'Tisn't me would be wantin' to make such a boast as to sail the little Lucy agin a big, able vessel like the Par-r-ker, Billie.'"

"And mind you, Stevie, they were the one tonnage—the Lucy a bit deeper, but the Henry a mite wider.

"'When it comes to heavy weather,' goes on the blarneyin' Irishman, 'the whole fleet knows the Par-r-ker, but just for the pure love of it, or for a bit of money, if you like it better, we might satisfy ourselves on a disputed p'int or two of sailin'.'"

"'You mean to race from here to Boston—to T wharf?' asks Billie.

"'Well, now, it might look like a race, but seein' that it's fair wind comin' and we're both goin' to market anyway,' and the Irishman and Billie went on—you know how they went on, Stevie."

"Yes. They both wanted to race bad enough, but the Irishman wanted to have it to say afterward that he didn't come lookin' for a race, and Billie wanted to make it look as though the Irishman caught him kind of unready like and forced him into it—there'd be more credit in winnin', if they could make people believe something like that.

"And both of them primed for it, with ballast just right for a blow, and fish and salt stowed as careful below as if it was for th' America's cup. Well, to shorten up the story, boys, they bet their share of the trip; that is, what would be coming to them from their share as one of the crew, their skipper's percentage and their share as owner—each of them owned half his vessel. That was it, warn't it, Johnnie?"

"That's right. Twelve hundred and odd dollars apiece put up on that race."

A Chase Overnight

"That's it, twelve hundred and a few dollars—thirty-seven something, I think."

"And the Irishman thought it was just as good as his before they started at all. When we put after the Parker, he says: 'B'ys, there'll be somethin' for all hands out o' this. Nobody turns in to-night. Crack everything onto her now when she comes about—tops'l, stays'l, big jib and balloon—and we'll put after the Par-r-ker. There's a man knows the Georges, Billie Simms. He'll do for our pilot and we'll keep him in sight.' The Irishman was only two years out of Galway then, and he wasn't acquainted with the Banks like your skipper, Steve."

"As far as that went, Johnnie, there warn't many of 'em knew the Georges like old Billie. And you'd better believe that when Billie 'greed to race he knew just what he was about. He had no sentimental notions about the Henry Clay. He knew well's anybody that the Parker couldn't hold the Lucy Foster in fair, straight sailin'. He said as much when he pointed her up and takes a look at the Lucy over into the wind astern."

"'Boys,' says Billie, 'it's goin' to be a gale in a hurry, the way things is lookin' now. And there ain't no vessel of her tonnage afloat 'll beat the Lucy Foster into port with the Irishman aboard in heavy weather. They talk about her bein' a summer-weather boat and all that sort of foolishness, but I know better. She'll stand up if she's druv to it and there's the man'll drive her to it. But for all that we'll come pretty near beatin' the Irishman t'night. Put her kites on and let her roll into it. We'll hang onto 'em's long's we can.'

"So we put on every stitch and she began to roll into it for fair. We could just make out the Lucy then. That was about seven o'clock and we'd just got our lights up."

"I remember it, Steve. We was trailin' your green light's close as we could. The Irishman said he was going to stay on your quarter till we were off the Banks. Once clear of the shoals he said he was goin' to say good-by."

"Yes. Billie figured the Irishman'd play it about that way. You know what real shoal spots there is all along to the west'ard of where we were then. Billie

knew them so well that he had a chart of his own. He had things down on that chart that weren't down on any gover'ment chart. Soon's we got fair away he gave me the wheel and went down and got out that private chart of his and began to study it on the cabin floor. He had the lead kept goin', too. Billie was a 'genius cuss with charts. He had red, blue, and green colored ink on this one for diff'rent shoals. One bad shoal was all in red; sixteen feet of water's all there was there. Billie kept his finger on that spot a long time and studied all 'round it. Every once in a while he'd sing out, 'See what's under us now,' and Archie Nickerson'd heave the lead and sing out what it was there. And Willie'd say, 'Keep her as she is for a while, Steve,' and I'd keep her jammed up to it, almost due no'the—'bout half a point east. We was certainly goin' along then."

"Bime-by, Billie comes up from his chart and takes a look at the bottom of the lead and begins to study. Pretty soon he sings out all at once: 'Stand ready to blow out the side-lights when I give the word—a man to each and both together. Steve,'—he turns to me—'you and me'll hold this wheel the rest of this night. We'll let her go off now four points good. Yes, more yet—there—'bout no'west. Let her run that way. Now let that lead go again there. We'll shake up the Irishman afore a great while.'"

"Then the lead goes and we gets twenty fathom. Pretty soon comes fifteen fathom. Then it comes fourteen, thirteen—twelve—eleven—ten-n-n. When it got to ten fathom it held awhile. We was thinkin' you fellows on the Lucy, Johnnie, was feelin' kind o' queer 'bout then—ten fathom and shoalin'. Of course you kept the lead goin'?"

"You better believe we kept it goin' and watched it comin'. When it got down to ten fathom the Irishman began to get interested. 'Ten fathom, is it?' he says. 'Faith, it's deep enough in itself, but that's gin'rally as shoal as I sail my own vessel at night in a blow on Georges. But Billie knows where he's goin' or if he don't, then he ought to.' Then we got nine fathom. He didn't say anything. When it came eight, he didn't open his head, either; but he begins to watch the compass and from that to lookin' ahead after the Parker's

green light—we could see your starboard light all the time, we being to wind'ard. When it comes seven fathom, he begins to get warmed up. 'Blessed Mother,' he says, 'but Billie Simms will be taking us off Georges by a short cut. Keep the lead hove and—up' for'ard there—don't lose sight of the Par-r-ker's light.'"

"And how'd he take it when it got still shoaler?"

"When we sings out 'Si-i-ix,' he only says, 'Skatin' pur-rty close, that, b'ys.' And then we says 'Fi-i-ive,' and we roars it out, because we were beginning to get worried, knowing the desp'rate kind of a man he was. But he only walks backward and for'ard, nervous like, between the house and the rail to wind'ard and says, 'Well, b'ys, it's but six inches in draught betune us, and what's six inches?—where there's a channel for the Par-r-ker we'll find one for the Lucy. Hould as near in her wake as you can'—to Archie Drum at the wheel. 'Don't let her light get away from you, Archie b'y, or we'll be bakin' in pur-r-gatory before mor-r-nin'."

"Then we sung out—'Fo-our and a ha-a-alf-f!' and then—'Fo-o-our-r! Thre-e-e and a ha-a-alf-f, THREE-E-E AND A HA-A-ALF-F'—we hollered it twice, just to wake him up to it. In twenty-one feet of water and it shoalin' and we drawin' fifteen! and goin' into it at about fourteen knots an hour. The Irishman runs for'ard at that, jumps into the fore-riggin' and looks ahead. We gets three fathom. We roared it out so you could hear us a mile, I guess, and then——"

"The Lucy's lights went out, Johnnie."

"Yes, just then I guess it was, Stevie; for the lookout hollered out somethin' and the Irishman comes jumpin' back aft."

"'Hard up, hard up!' he yells to Archie. 'Swing her off, swing her off, the Parker's gone under—Billie drove her to it, by hell! Swing her off, or we'll find bottom, too! Let jibs, tops'l and stays'l tacks and sheets run! Turn loose balloon halliards and take in on downhaul! Stand by to ease fore and main sheets! Jump to it, b'ys, jump to it!' Well, sir, I don't know whatever saved that vessel from capsize with the sail she had on. We worked like streaks, but she had to come 'round in a hurry, and the way that the

Irishman and Archie at the wheel drove them spokes up was a caution.

"She laid over to it till the sea was in the companion-way. She laid over so fast that we thought it was all up—rolled over on her side, and so fast that Archie Drum let go the wheel; let go and would have left it altogether, only the Irishman grits out: 'Hang on, man, hang on. Blessed Mother! don't you know better than to let her come up with all that water on her deck? Hold her to it till she gets a chance to roll it over the way it came!' Yes, sir, that was the Irishman for you. He let her have it for fair—buried her under it. We grabbed hold of ring-bolts and sheets to keep from sliding overboard to le'ward. But she came up. 'I knew she'd come,' says he, 'far 'twas meself that saw to her ballast and she had to come, b'ys—if the ballast didn't shift.' She was sure enough a vessel and we didn't blame the skipper then for the way he was stuck on her. But what did you fellows do on the Parker then, Steve?"

"Well, when we saw the Lucy's port light work out of sight and then the green light go swingin' across our stern and then the port light again go tearin' away from us, we knew how it had been on the Lucy. How Billie cackled! 'There,' he says, 'he's the Mad Irishman, sure enough; but I'll bet something nice that them three-fathom soundings and our lights goin' out with it made him hop. Ho, ho! and another cable length and he'd been clear over it and in water as safe as the middle of the Atlantic.' Then Billie ordered in the light sails. 'We've been takin' too many chances with them, tryin' to set a pace for the Lucy.' And then what do you suppose he did? Headed her more westerly than she was before. Yes, sir; west no'west—straight for Cape Cod. There was a short cut for you. 'And hold that course till we're by Highland Light, he says, 'and then we'll put her straight's she'll go for Minot's. Ha, ha!' laughs Billie. We could hear him above the wind—'Think of the Irishman beatin' to the no'th'ard and we gettin' it two points abaft the beam under all we can carry! Ha, ha!' My, but Billie laughed."

"Yes, and we'd ha' been beatin' to the no'th'ard yet, I guess, Steve, if the Irishman hadn't got to thinkin' over the way

the Parker went out of sight. It was gettin' on toward midnight. We'd shortened sail after we thought the Parker went down, and we was feelin' pretty blue, thinkin' of all you fellows gone. We were all up on deck, when all of a sudden the Irishman began to swear. He was swearin' so fast that we couldn't keep up with him—half of it in Irish.

"'Let her wear 'round,' he yells, to Dannie Hickey at the wheel. 'Let her come 'round till the wind's over the quarter. Put her west half no'the—that will be bringin' us to Highland Light. I don't believe that dom Billie Simms is gone down at all. Cr-a-ack on all she's got now, b'ys. We'll get them yet, we'll get the devils yet. Would you think a Christian'd play such a thrick? But we'll get them, we'll have them be mor-r-nin'. We'll show them yet what the little gur-rl can do.'"

"You must have come then, Johnnie?"

"Come? Man, she was an ocean liner hooked up. You must know, when the Parker came a hundred and twenty miles or so in nine hours, how we came. Come? She fair leaped with every for'ard jump. On my soul, I thought she'd pull the spars out of herself. She was boiling along, fair boiling, man. She'd stand up on her rudder and throw her breast at the clouds, then she'd bury her knight-heads under. But she didn't carry all her sail long. That fancy six-hundred-yard balloon, the sentimental summer-gauze balloon, as the fleet called it, didn't stay on a great while. W-ur-r-up! and 'twas up in the sky. But she went along. 'Can you sail, you little devil, can you sail?' the Irishman kept sayin'. 'We'll show them, we'll show them. Go it, my Lucy, go it.' Man, but we came along. She fair screeched, did the Lucy, that night. Just think of it, Steve—she, with that howling no'th-easter over the quarter and the Parker somewhere ahead! Could they fix things better for her to sail? Yes, sir, she screeched and the Irishman stampin' up and down between the house and the wind'ard rail. And never a let up all that night. I'll bet old Billie was some surprised when he saw us in the mornin'."

"Warn't he! Warn't all of us on the Parker? 'Twas barely sun-up and we were inside Minot's Light, fair in the harbor,

you might say, and Billie'd just said: 'Well, boys, I guess we can let up on her now. The wind's jumpin' to the no'west and risin' too. I wonder where the Irishman is now, with his circular no'therly courses.' He hadn't half said that when somebody hollered: 'Hi, skipper, who's that astern?'

"We all looked and damned if there warn't the Lucy. She warn't too plain—it was a dark kind of a sun-up, you know—but anybody could tell the Lucy as far as they could see her.

"Billie looks. 'What the devil—the Lucy!' he says. 'And drivin'? My soul, look at her comin'! Make sail!' he hollers. 'Up with them tops'ls and balloon. Up with them!' he hollers. 'Somebody shift tacks for that fore tops'l there. We'll jibe over and shoot through The Narrows. Bend on that stays'l, boys! Fly—fly—boys! the devil himself is after us now.' We made sail. It was howlin' from the no'west now, mind you, and we tackin' up The Narrows.

"Whis-s-st! went the big balloon from the bolt ropes. Whis-s-st! went the fore tops'l—nothing left of that but a few rags and the bolt rope bangin' round on the hoops. And we wasn't a bit sorry when the tops'l went—shiftin' tacks in a bloody no'wester, ain't no joke up aloft, not the way the Parker was diving."

"We saw them go, Steve. Oh, the Irishman hopped around and laughed. 'We'll get them yet! We can carry them!' he was yellin' and then the gale took an extra good grip on the Lucy's foretops'l that she'd carried all night long and pulled it out by the roots. Our two topmast heads was springin' together all this time like they was two whips, and the Irishman fit to be nailed up in a mackerel barrel, he was so mad. And then when he saw the Parker shoot into The Narrows—! The Narrows, of all the places in a no'wester—The Narrows in Boston Harbor with a big fisherman at that tide!"

"Well, Billie knew his business that time, Johnnie. It was tack, tack, tack, all the way through. Eight times we tacked before we were clear of it. You see, Billie figured he could take more chances than the Irishman here, he knew the harbor so well. 'Twas like the short cuts on Georges. But the devil was in the Irishman. Where

we went he followed. We took some chances on the Parker, but imagine the Lucy pilin' on behind us and the skipper barely knowin' the regular channel—a Galway fisherman two years out!"

"Well, we came to the last reach. 'I'm doubtful about this one, boys,' says Billie. 'But I don't care much if she does hit. If I don't crowd her by and we have to put back, the Irishman 'll beat us in. And I'd just as soon have the Henry pile up anywhere along here, as have that happen this trip now. If she can't get by, why she can't, that's all; but we'll know we made a try for it. If the Lucy comes after us, she's takin' more chances yet.'

"But the fairies were with us, as the Irishman would say. We slid by and out, and then we humped it for the dock. We looked to see how you fellows made out, Johnnie.

"My soul, but he's a game one,' says Billie, watchin' the Irishman. 'Look at him bangin' her right up where we went. I know he's never been through The Narrows in his life. But it don't matter—the devil and a steamer couldn't get us now, if nothin' parts.'

"Billie began to take more short cuts. We went over places I'll swear charts said we couldn't. But we had to—there was the Irishman comin' hand over fist. Wherever the Parker went, there was the Lucy along pretty soon. It was a race and it warn't ended till both vessels were at the wharf.

"Well, Billie just barely got it. When we made to shoot into the slip, there was the Irishman roundin' to under our stern. He was standin' aft by the wheel himself. When he comes abreast of us in the dock—our stern-line was barely made fast when his was hove upon the wharf—he shakes his fist at Billie.

"You win in all truth,' Billie Simms, 'but which vessel, think ye, is the best after all?'

"Oh,' says Billie, laughin', 'this ain't been no' race. We just happened to be ready to run to market, as you remarked last night, and here we are. This old pung 'll do to carry home fish in a pinch, but if I had a good vessel, a real good vessel, like some I know in the fleet—'

"A good vessel? Go and get one, Billie Simms. Build one of the Lucy's

tonnage and I'll race you vessel agin vessel and the winner take them both. I'll show you the way, Billie Simms, from here to Georges and back again, or from here to hell—and back again, if we can get back.'

"Oh, don't get so hot over it. I'm not sayin' the Lucy ain't a pretty good vessel. In summer breezes now, I ain't the least doubt she'd keep up with most any of the seinin' fleet—most any of 'em."

The big seine-heaver halted here in his narrative while he poured himself out a mug of coffee from the boiler on the stove and helped himself to a wedge of pie from the grub locker. But some of the crew rose up from lockers and bunks and quered impatiently, "And what did the Irishman say to that?"

"H-m-m—. What did he say? Ask Johnnie there—he was nearer than me to him. What did he say, Johnnie?"

"What did he say? Well, let it go, what he said. Some of you young men wouldn't be improved by hearin' what the Irishman said to Billie. I couldn't repeat it in cold blood. I'd have to have provocation, like the Irishman, you see. But the two of them got over it. After they'd sold their fish, they get together in the Parker's cabin and Billie admits that so far as he knew the Lucy was the fastest vessel of her tonnage, take her on all-'round sailin', goin' out of Boston or Gloucester. Of course, that pleased the Irishman and he said that Billie always was an able seaman, and then—this was after they'd sold their fish and settled up—Billie let him make a copy of that private chart of the Georges. And while the Irishman was makin' it, Billie says: 'I never before let anybody make a copy of that chart—nobody but you. It 'll be worth a lot to you, that chart,' says Billie.

"At that the Irishman looks up at Billie. 'Will it be worth twelve hundred dollars to me ever, d'ye think?'"

"H-m-m,' says Billie, 'I dunno; but it's been worth twelve hundred to me,' and then he laughs, and then the Irishman laughs. And afterward they went up on Atlantic Avenue and had a few drinks together. And I guess nobody ever worked any short cuts or beat the Irishman off the Georges since."

"No," said the big man, replacing his

empty mug in the locker. "No, I'll bet they didn't. Boys, I could talk till this fo'c's'le was black about the Lucy and the Irishman. I was seine-heaver on her for two seasons. But me and Martin 'll have to be goin' along and hunt up the William Walker. In this light I guess we'll be able to make out her green sides and blue seine-boat. Good-by, Johnnie; good-by, everybody."

From the rigging of the Parker they picked out their vessel easily enough in the growing light. On the way they passed the famous Lucy, clear white at this time, with a gold stripe along her run. Steve stopped rowing to admire her.

"She cert'nly do look beau-ti-ful, the Lucy. She's a man for strength and a woman for good looks. A lady's yacht lyin' there, but a fisherman when there's somethin' doin'—able for the highest wind and the biggest sea that ever came out of the North Atlantic. Give me the Lucy in a gale, before all the three-stack liners that ever steamed out of New York. She'll shake you up—she'll jump—my soul but she'll jump! She's a little thing

and needs to be lively to get out of the way, but, man, she'll bring you home at last, and that's the main thing with men that fish on the Banks. Watch her, Martin. Watch her an hour from now, when the sun's lookin' up over the Cape Cod shore and see the way she'll trip in and out among the fleet. When you see her round The Race and lay her thirty-odd foot spike bowsprit s'uth-east by east—about—then you'll surely know the seining fleet is standin' out to sea. For

' At three o'clock the cook he stirred
To bake the fine hot bread,
At four the skipper passed the word
That jumped us out of bed;
In half an hour we'd made all sail
And broke the mud-hooks free,
At five o'clock the seining fleet
Was standing out to sea."

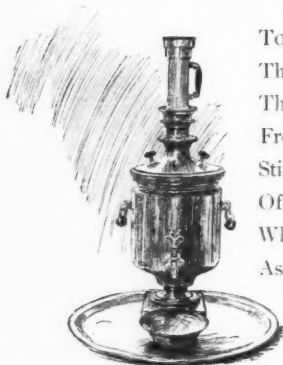
And once again the big man roared it out:

And at fi-ive o'clock the sei-eining fleet
Was standing out to sea.

And with that he and Martin boarded the long-sought William Walker.

TO A RUSSIAN SAMOVAR

By John Cadmus



To me thou art the Russian's avatar,
Thou sullen yet peace-purring samovar;
The bitter tea of thy pan-slavic brew,
From leaves that once in Chinese gardens grew,
Stirs all the nations' tongues to gossiping
Of fleets and forts and world-partitioning;
While thou, all hearing, art as taciturn
As any sombre cinerary urn.



THE POINT OF VIEW

MR. HOWELLS, reviewing Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology," observed toward the close of his appreciative comments that an alien critic, summing up his impressions of a hundred years of American poetry, might conceivably feel in the record a "comparative thinness."

American
"Tempera-
ment."

As to that presumable feeling of the foreign critic, it was not quite clear whether or not Mr. Howells, in a measure, shared it. But a few remarks which he made concerning that "stuff of poetry" that may be considered the highest, bore significantly on the point in question. The best material for great poetry, said Mr. Howells—and no one will dispute it—is that yielded by a half-mythical, heroic past; nor can great "national epochs" take the place, for the purposes of poetry, of such a past. In other terms, it is not out of national consciousness that great poetry springs, but out of *personal* feeling: the sort of feeling that, in the epic, can centre about semi-mythical personages and situations, and pour itself forth in a passion of ideality, a wealth of imagination, founded on the experiences of reality yet unhampered by them. As it might be objected that the highest period of American poetry coincided with a great "national epoch," that of the struggle against slavery, Mr. Howells very rightly made clear the share, that feeling—feeling for humanity—had borne in that national crisis. It was because that share was so large, because that feeling was so deep, that the resultant poetry was so good.

This matter is very interesting just now that so much has been done by Americans in all the arts as to make an American art-influence a real thing, or, anyway, a potential thing, in the world. Time was when nothing of the kind existed. But one may well ask now, and try to find out, what the distinctive element may be that Americans are apt to bring into the arts. Such investigations are difficult, since every art must create special faculties in its adepts. We shall, at least on the surface, not be able to recognize in the American painters of the day, for ex-

ample, the same characteristics as in the American novelists. The best of our artists are particularly noted among foreign critics for their technic. The fault, on the other side, that the average British critic to-day finds with the average successful American novel is that its workmanship is inferior; inferior to its plot-building and invention. And so with further comparisons that one might make between one art and another. All the same, there is one trait that belongs in common to every artistic effort of Americans, and that is the *cerebrality*, if the word may pass, of such effort.

That is saying that we Americans bring less temperament into what we do in the arts than other people. And to say this, again, is to explain the cause of that "comparative thinness" in American poetry which Mr. Howells, forestalling a verdict that seemed to hang in the air, suggested as possibly striking a stranger. What produces temperament in a people? Is it that half-mythical, heroic past which feeds the imagination? Must a people have had a long past, and a great deal of varied history, to possess temperament? Will climatic conditions bestow it? Whatever the conclusion, it is impossible not to perceive an apparently inevitable tendency, on the one hand, to great cleverness, ingenuity, dexterity, device, in all art-expressions of Americans, and, on the other, a fear, as it were, of the fundamental *feeling* which first started the impulse toward art-expression on its way. Looking below the surface, one sees that it is this ingenuity, this Yankee handiness, that makes, in their field, the splendid *faire* of certain of our representative painters; just as it makes the "go" and the story-telling facility of the contemporary American novelist in his. The head is always in the ascendant. The proper art-impulse, however, is, in its origin, not a cerebral phenomenon; it is always a mode of the thing which we call temperament.

Temperament is probably best defined as a great love of life in all its forms. Such love of life as this was in Shakespeare, in Michael Angelo, in Richard Wagner. It would be

absurd to affirm that without it nothing really great has ever been done. Some of the immortal things in art have been inspired by a spiritual mood so lofty that it looked quite beyond life; beyond, that is, its earthly circumstances. Yet the warm, close place in the hearts of men is always for those whose art has reflected the multitudinous existence of this planet with a passion for it all. The American loves life enough, in all conscience; overflows enough with vitality. It is a part, nevertheless, of the elements that have gone to shape him that he has, as to certain outlets for vitality, as to certain forms of life, his definite reserves. As students of ethics we may honor him the more for that reason. As students of the art-product it is another matter. The fear of too much feeling, the avoidance of the personal, lyrical outburst—or simply the absence of either—are merely impoverishment there. Temperament is only the raw material of art, and the better judgment will never much care to see it exhibiting itself quite in the rough—a thing which, on occasion, has been possible to the art-product of Americans as well as to that of others. But it will wish to be conscious of a withheld hint, in poet and painter, sculptor and musician, of those many-sided temperamental possibilities that give body and thickness to what they do. And whether it will be more conscious of this as time goes on, is really the vital question concerning the future status and quality of all American art.

FEW things ought to have more interest for the reflective mind than to trace the birth and course of development through the centuries, of those various paramount ideals—such as the worship of ancestry, the desire for personal liberty, etc.—that at different times have profoundly influenced

The New Interest in Posterity. the thoughts and conduct of men. There are signs just now that appear to indicate that another of these is about to enter upon its career among us. Interest in posterity is really, so far as practical manifestations go, quite a new ideal. Of course there has been an indefinite belief for ages that a type of man would come into being in time that would be as superior to the man of to-day as the man of to-day is superior to the ancestral cave-dweller. But it has certainly hitherto not occurred to any considerable number even of the most intelligent individuals to regard themselves as

personally and actively committed to the furthering of that ultimate consummation. People in general have, in plain words, had a very small interest in posterity. After them the deluge has been their sentiment; and after the deluge there might be—what there might be. The idea of the eventual possible moral and physical magnificence attainable by mankind on this globe, any idea such as that of Nietzsche's *Übermensch*, was something to conceive of theoretically with vague complacency. But the imagination did not often take actual hold of the thought, much less make it vivid, present, compelling. Very few were the persons who cared enough about that far-off prospect of perfection to feel that it laid any duty upon them, individually. The coming race would only come by propagation of the best human traits. But not many were goaded by a very strong desire, perhaps, to begin to propagate for their own part only such traits, in order that the coming might be the surer.

Perhaps it would not be easy to show that there is much change in this respect now. Nevertheless, it cannot escape a close observer that the sense of duty to the race, of obligation to posterity, is growing gradually to mean to the more intelligent portion of society what it has not meant heretofore. And the significant example is, of course, the altered attitude of parents toward their children—of all elders toward the young. Since the days of the Roman fathers, whose authority was absolute over every action of their middle-aged sons, we have travelled far. There is a disposition, steadily on the increase, to look upon the individuality of every child—positively of every infant—as a sacred possession of his own from which (in the main) parents and teachers should keep their hands. Possibly we owe this different view of the rights of parental control to the awed modern perception of that law by which no motion, no action, can take place in any direction whatsoever without producing consequences practically endless, and never wholly to be foreseen, somewhere else. This law, which science knows as the conservation of force, and poetry defines as inability to

Stir a flower
Without troubling of a star—

once grasped, at least in its more general implications, men and women are apt to be-

come much more chary of coercion of others, even of those "belonging to them"—and far less confident in moulding a growing personality, without appeal, upon their own notions. Whatever may be the cause, this is certain—that where there is enlightenment to-day there is also an increasing suspicion that the right of one generation to extend its influence in arbitrary personal ways over the next generation is distinctly limited.

This new, almost timid bearing of the actual generation toward the on-coming one, this inclination to minimize the value of acquired experience whenever it comes in conflict with the claims of a strong young personality, is very much deprecated in many quarters, as everyone knows. It is a current phrase that there is no more absolute training of children; that there is no more reverence for authority in the home. Those who take instinctively the gloomier view have a feeling that, with things going on at this pace, there will soon be a complete loss of some of those finer graces that can only be instilled in young people by tradition.

Fears of this sort may possibly be founded. Yet this tendency to yield consideration, respect even, to the idiosyncrasies of the next generation is so strongly marked throughout the whole of our life, and is supported by so many other characteristics of our time, that we shall evidently be obliged to accept it with all its results, good and bad. Hard as the fact may be to many of our inherited reverences, great and subtle in many directions as may be the changes that we can foresee in consequence, it seems to be as clear that we are passing into a period of idealistic interest in posterity as it is certain that we have passed out of the period of idealistic worship of ancestry. The next generation is, practically, the whole of posterity to any man. It is the whole of posterity to him in so far as he will have any direct effect upon it. Individualize sharply the children that are given to you, and presently you begin also sharply to individualize the entire conception of Race. The new position of youth defines the altered view that society is beginning to have of the whole subject of its earthly future.

The first idea that comes to a parent who is no longer very sure that his theories and preachments are infallibly the best possible for sons and daughters with an individuality entirely distinct from his own, is that the

safest influence he can, after all, rely upon is good example. That will be his idea, at least, if he be an intelligent parent. In short, he may moralize less, but he will mind his own steps a little more. And this, naturally, is all that is required for the eventual improvement of the whole human stock. By all of which we may see how many excellent average persons, regarded by their friends as a little "weak" in the management of their offspring, are to-day, without being in the least conscious of it themselves, moving in the line of the latest ideals; demonstrating practically the new interest in posterity, and—always without being aware of it—preparing zealously the way for that problematical Coming Man.

TO anyone taking an interest of a sober kind in the various aspects of the "feminist" question, there is much suggestiveness in the views that M. Ferdinand Brunetière has repeatedly expressed concerning the contributions of women to literature. The eminent French critic believes that the new interest in social problems that gives to the contemporary fiction of all countries its distinctive stamp is largely due to women writers; and lauds them, and congratulates society in general, in consequence of the fact. As to his own countrywomen, he holds their work in letters, however, in such high esteem altogether, and reckons their influence at so great a figure, that he has declared that without them the literature of France would never have been what it is.

Women as Individualists.

These are striking opinions coming from one who could not be accused of a sentimental bias in his judgments; and it must be said that they seem particularly so in an English-speaking country. For while English-speaking countries are the countries that give to women most of their rights and liberties, those who live in them do not usually hear the contributions of women to any department of the intellectual life seriously classed as indispensable. It is rather curious, when we think about it, that this should be so. But the fact is plain. Yet, in the case of women of letters, the person who rapidly goes over in his mind the names of those French women who have gained celebrity, and compares them with the women writers of different lands, does not perceive in the work which they stand for any superiority

over that of others. The great women of letters of France do not seem to have been greater than the great women of letters of England. In the one instance, nevertheless, we have a careful and conservative critic maintaining that the feminine note could not be eliminated from a great literature without making the whole incalculably the poorer; and, in the other, we have an absence apparently of belief that this same note (however greatly valued in concrete cases) is really vital. French literature would not be what it is without women; but English literature would be what it is if no woman had ever written.

Perhaps this last statement has not actually been made; but certainly it would not be denied, either. And if the gifts of the writers have been equal in degree on both sides, why should they be rated so differently? M. Brunetière would reply, because the social element has been more defined, is better developed, in the literary output of his countrywomen. It is open to novel-readers to prefer George Eliot to George Sand, or the other way about: to prefer one to the other for style, for choice of matter, and so forth. Yet the really important point to note in the comparison, according to M. Brunetière, would evidently be that the Frenchwoman was much more a social being than the Englishwoman, and that her books testified to the fact. The extra-social utterances of George Sand belonged to the creed of her storm-and-stress period. As she grew in maturity as a writer she took more and more the common, the collective stand-point in all things. In George Eliot, on the other hand, while she felt deeply the claims of the common humanity and labored to express them, there remained always something of the solitary; a disposition which made the portrayal of the Felix Holts, the Derondas, whom the chances

of blood or circumstance keep a little aloof and prevent quite from fusing with their kind, always rather congenial to her. George Eliot, in short, was an individualist; as the Brontë sisters were individualists; and as very few French women of letters have been individualists ever. George Eliot and the Brontës shared in what is the genius of English literature in its entirety. The women writers showed the same individualistic tendencies as the men; even as in France they show that element of sociality in what they do which M. Brunetière himself has so often insisted upon as constituting the "essential character" of French letters. The deduction is simple: as individualists, expressing themselves among men who are individualists also, women have not the power which as socializing agents, working in communities where the social element ranks high, they assuredly possess.

Is this to be regarded as a substantial presentation of the situation? If so, the light thrown on the "proper field" of the mental activity of women is significant. They do not authoritatively impose and impress themselves as individualists because, as such, they are not in their own line. And our complaint—and it is very frequent in English-speaking countries—that the sex does not invent, reform, create, as much as it might, shows deficient primary understanding of the basis of the problem of feminism. Our Gallic neighbors know better. They know that it is the business of women, rather, *not* to be original. Not to invent the new, but to arrange, systematize, decently dispose the old. Not to reform, but to conserve. As they don't ask of the sex what it can't give, they appreciate the more what it can. And their insight and common-sense in the matter, and their delicate perception of values, are an admirable lesson to us.

THE FIELD OF ART



From a copyrighted photograph
by Klackner, New York.

THE STORY OF A PAINTED CEILING

EVEN to the producer, the genesis of a work of art is frequently difficult to trace. Before even a minor work is completed so many mental and technical processes have been followed each in its turn that the initial step is forgotten. It has been necessary therefore for the writer to choose in a numerous and varied production one of his works which from its first conception has followed a somewhat orderly progression in order to make clear to a lay-reader the history of the decorative ceiling here reproduced.

It was a cloud gilded by the late afternoon

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sun which gave the initial impulse for the picture whose history I have undertaken to relate.

It was toward the close of a long day devoted to a design for a book-cover. There was an apparently endless amount of repeated ornament in the design which in the earlier hours had held interest for me, but the repetition of the same fixed forms found me late in the day in a state of mind familiar to designers of ornament—weariness in head and hand and eye. The golden tinted cloud floating past my studio-window sufficed for a diversion and prompted me to that species of relaxation which change of character of work

frequently brings to the artist. I took a clean canvas and a few pastels and began, in a half-purposeless way—I hardly knew what.

It was early autumn, and through the day, as my hand followed mechanically the curves and intricacies of my ornamental design, there had run in my mind the line from Buchanan Read's "Closing Scene"—

Like some tired reaper in his hours of ease.

This, added to the rosy cloud, may have served as a point of departure. A few random strokes, and there first appeared the inclusion of a pyramidal form evolving itself into three figures within a circle. One of the figures standing upright, the other reclining at her feet almost forming a right angle, did not, in studio parlance, "compose" well, and a third figure, kneeling, came, naturally enough, to form at an angle on the left a conjunction between the two. Then it occurred to me, and not till then, that the figure stretched at ease on the ground might express the "tired reaper," and the addition of a sickle, and a few cut sheaves of grain, as a couch, came in their turn. The kneeling figure on the left was then endowed with another sheaf which, uplifting as an offering to the upright or principal figure, might (by the license which traffickers in allegory allow themselves) be thought to typify the transition of the grain into wheat. This thought dictated the employment of the remaining figure, which was given a sieve through which the winnowed wheat fell in a golden stream to the right, forming the completing line of the pyramidal composition and the completion of the thought, such as it was.

The thought, the subject of the composition, may thus be taken as representing the progression of the harvest. In color the whole was conceived upon the basis of the golden cloud, and draperies of orange, faded rose-color and warm green contributed to the effort to realize the title of "Golden Autumn," which the sketch and its later realization received.

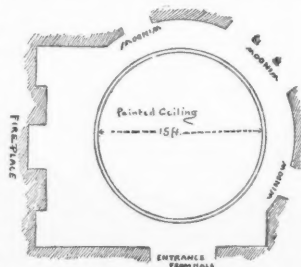
This particular sketch, born of the lassitude of an exacting task, of a floating cloud and a line of poetry, shared the fate of many similar efforts to preserve some record of a passing mood. It was either lost or, more

probably, some other and for the nonce more insistent composition was painted over it.

At all events, it had disappeared and was apparently forgotten when, eight or ten years later, I was asked to undertake the decoration of the ceiling of a drawing-room in a private residence in New York City.

In the brief history of our nascent decorative painting our artists have been asked too often to decorate rooms existing only in the architect's drawings, and our modern haste is such that the painted panel, frieze, or ceiling must be ready when the building is finished. Hence the artist is called upon to execute his task with only a theoretical knowledge of what the surroundings of his work will be, and the elements of quality and scale of ornament, of the general color and of the lighting of the room, must all be imagined upon a basis of former experience or pure divination. Fortunately this particular house had been built for some years, and I was able to put into practice the golden rule which governed the greatest of modern decorative painters, Puvis de Chavannes. It was once my privilege to have him describe to me his method of preliminary study. "When I was asked to do the Hemicycle of the Sorbonne," he said, "I arranged to pass the better part of my days in the hall and before the space which my painting was to occupy. There I stayed, studying the lighting, the proportions of my panel, its distance from the spectator, until, little by little, the vision of my picture appeared to me, so very like what I ultimately placed there that you would be astonished could you see it as I did."

Intent upon following such a precedent, I sought the room which I was to decorate. It is in a house designed by the late Richard M. Hunt, and built upon a corner lot on upper Fifth Avenue, facing Central Park. A tower occupied the angle formed by the avenue and the intersecting street, giving to two sides of a room, nearly square in proportion, the form of a large segment of a circle, the other two sides remaining rectangular. The subjoined plan of the room will show its proportion and form, as well as the position of the windows by which my work was to be lit. The





room is panelled in wood painted a warm ivory white, covering the walls up to twelve inches of the ceiling, which is flat and without cornice or moulding at its junction with the wall. A rug, in pale yellow and old rose colors, covers the floor, and the same tones are repeated in the hangings, to which I was asked to make my work conform.

The room is about twenty-five feet square, which is a generous size as drawing-rooms in the closely built area of Manhattan Island go, and the ceiling was thirteen feet from the floor. Here arose a difficulty, for with a ceiling of such moderate height a painted decoration would be only about eight feet away from the eye of a spectator standing, and within ten feet from one sitting down. It was, therefore, impossible for me to use the scale of nature for the size of my figures, and after several essays I finally decided to make them five feet in height, trusting to their nearness to the eye to give them about the size of life. A scale so little less than life is always dangerous to employ, lest the figures appear dwarfed; a scale much smaller, departing more frankly from that of life, was, however, hardly possible, for the space to be covered was comparatively large and the extreme simplicity of the room prohibited a complicated composition containing many figures. Another difficulty to be faced was

the shape of the ceiling. I tried tentatively a number of compositions covering the whole ceiling, but its form was ungrateful. After much thought I decided that the circular form given by the corner tower demanded to be accented, and from a group of figures composed in a circle on the field of the ceiling I progressively decided to make my whole composition enclosed in an arbitrary circle. I determined to make this circle fifteen feet in diameter, leaving a space all around my decoration which would enable the spectator to draw back a few feet from it and thus increase his field of vision, which was tantamount to elevating the ceiling in the degree of the distance formed by the angle of vision. Then came the question of the subject to be treated. Here I found that my client had a decided opinion. History, for a private drawing-room, was of course out of the question, and mythology, the mine in which all decorators, ancient and modern, have delved, was no more to his taste. He held, as a plain citizen of New York, that "heathen gods and goddesses" meant nothing to him or his family, but we came to a ready agreement when he consented that some phase of nature, something which would bring into a city house some breath of the country, should suggest the subject.

It is curious that during all this preliminary

study the memory of the sketch which I had made years before never came to me. On the contrary, a number of other schemes suggested themselves which, one after the other, I rejected as not serving the purpose. Undoubtedly, however, in some cell of the brain the subject of "Golden Autumn" was lying dormant, and one day, in the midst of other work, it suddenly came back to me. I asked my model to rest, and rapidly made the pencil sketch here reproduced, which is in the main a repetition of that made ten years before. It found favor with my client, and I then made a color-sketch which, by a strange coincidence, was identical with my first conception, and yet by its harmonies of gold, orange, and rose color entered into the tonality of the room where it was at last to find a place.

Not to linger too long over the description of technical processes, I simply enumerate the next steps of my work, which embodied the ordinary methods by which a small sketch is elaborated into a large decoration.

Separate drawings of the figures, from life and nude, were first made, and then, by means of the draped model or by arranging drapery on a lay-figure, these studies were grouped together and completed to a scale of one-quarter the full size. This scale can, of course, vary according to the habit of an individual artist.

Over the surface of this completed drawing or small cartoon were then drawn a series of lines crossing at right angles, forming, in their interstices, small, square spaces, and the process was repeated on the large canvas, the spaces being enlarged in area according to the scale adopted. Within these squares, which were, of course, equal in number upon the small cartoon and the large canvas, it was comparatively easy to repeat the drawing until the whole design was accurately copied. The usual processes of oil-painting were then followed, care being taken to use a medium which would dry without gloss, as, in the cross lights to which a ceiling or panel in a room is subjected, the completed work would otherwise shine in a disagreeable manner.

When the work thus painted is finished—for the ancient method of painting in fresco on the plastered surface of the wall is now

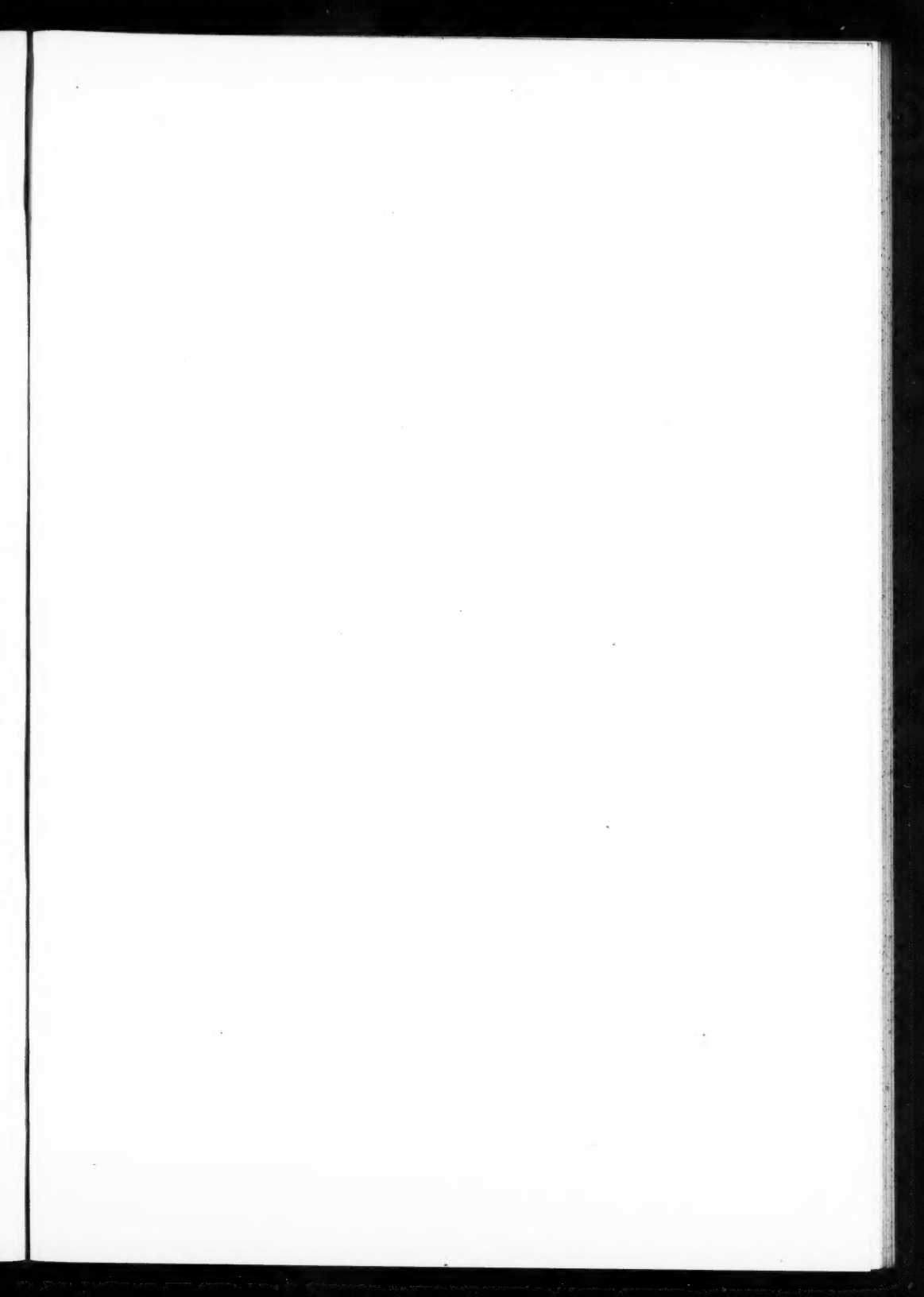
seldom practised—it is fastened in place by a thick paste composed of white lead and damar varnish, which is spread upon the wall, and the canvas is then pressed firmly against it. This hardens in a short time so thoroughly that in one instance a ceiling painted by me had for some hours an inch or more in depth of water spread over the back of the canvas, owing to a defect in plumbing in a room above, without any harm resulting.

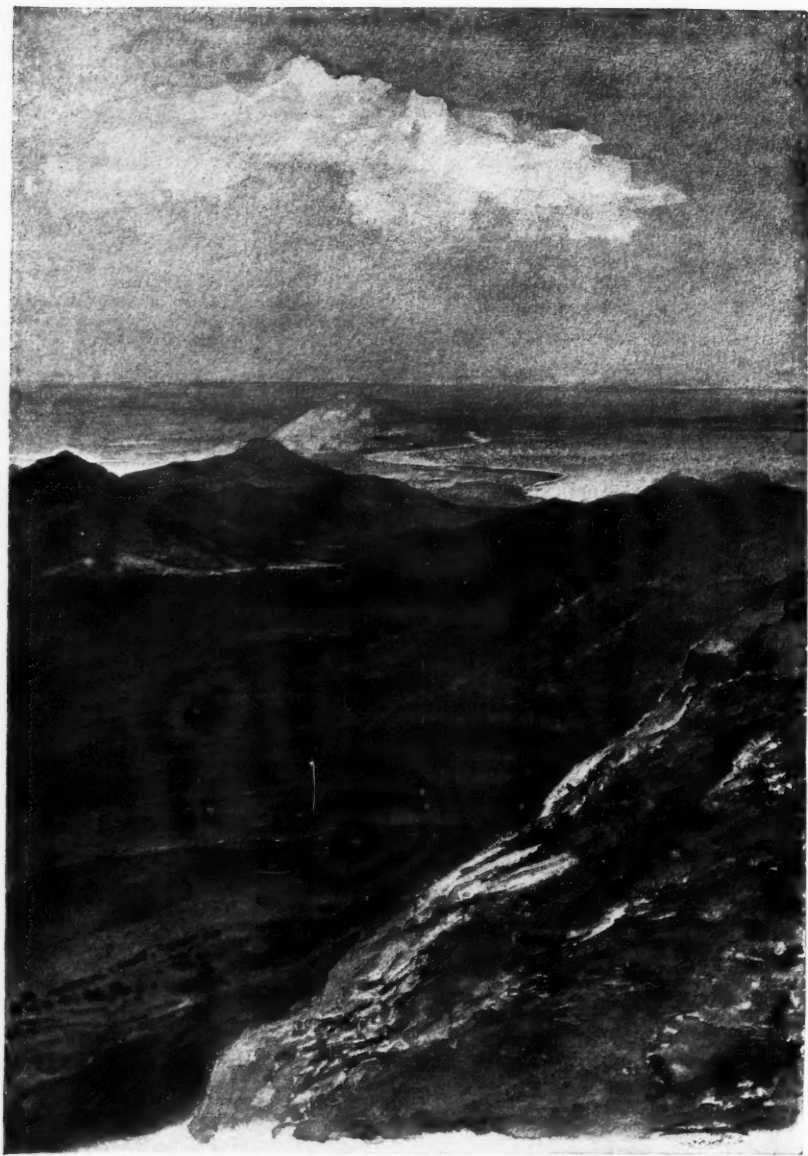
When the particular ceiling decoration of which I write was finished it was fastened to the wall in the manner described, and a moulding in relief, raised from the ceiling about three and one half inches, composed of stalks and heads of wheat, was placed around it. The ceiling outside of the field of the circular painted panel was then gilded with metal lacquered to a tint of pale gold. This was applied in a manner which left the edges of the sheets of metal showing so that a delicate mosaic-like effect was obtained. The pale glow of the lacquered metal introduced a note which enhanced the color of the painted decoration, gave life and transparency to the ceiling which had theretofore been of white plaster, and apparently increased its height. In conjunction with the painting it also corrected the somewhat austere character of the room, making it more fitting as a place of family reunion or of social entertainment.

While the choice for description of this particular work was dictated partly by a clear memory of the various phases of its development, there was yet another reason. The problem, which I solved to the best of my ability, is that which may arise at any moment in our city or our country. The room which I was called on to decorate had not been designed with any thought of its future decoration; in fact, at times when studying the problem I imagined that, on the contrary, pains had been taken to prevent any such effort.

It is not likely that we shall ever see repeated in our country, for that matter, the lofty rooms which in the patrician houses of Venice, or the palaces and châteaux of France, gave so free a field to the decorator. It is, therefore, under conditions such as I have described that the American decorator will be most often called upon to work.

WILL H. LOW.





Drawn by John La Farge.

VIEW FROM THE GREAT PALL.

(The great precipice on the Island of Oahu, a short distance inland from Honolulu.)

—"Passages from a Diary in the Pacific."